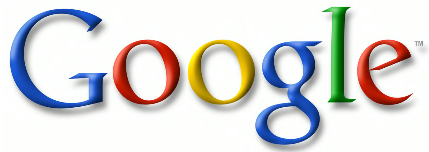

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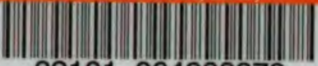

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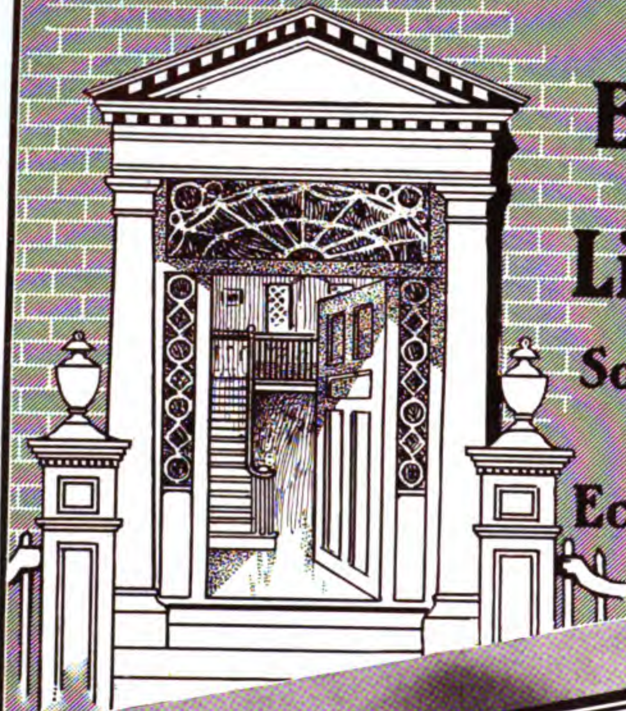

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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XLVIII

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CO., Publishers
FREDERICK W. BURROWS, Editor
Pope Building, Boston, Massachusetts

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SEPTEMBER 1912

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Beautiful New England

Studies of the Distinctive Features of New England Landscape

New London Harbor

AMONG the resources of New England that seem destined to a new and more appreciative measure of value, we should include the many smaller harbors which the varied contour of a rugged shore supplies. Such is the harbor of New London, Conn., at the mouth of the river Thames, illustrations of which we are using as our "Beautiful New England" feature this month. The recent meeting of the Waterways Convention in New London made known to a gathering of experts the technical advantages of this commodious and safe little harbor. Its development commercially is certain to follow. For years it was a port of great importance, but latterly has been known principally to the seekers for recreation, and the beautiful waters of the river and bay are enlivened with the graceful lines and busy errands of yachts and small boats from early spring to late autumn. The Yale-Harvard regatta particularly gives an annual occasion for what might be called a dress parade of North Atlantic pleasure boats.

But dotted with these miniature vessels or sheltering the great carriers of the coastwise trade, it will still be beautiful New London harbor, a perpetual delight to the lover of natural beauty.

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TEA ROOM OF THE COPLEY-PLAZA HOTEL, BOSTON

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII SEPTEMBER, 1912 NUMBER 1

THE MODERN DIME NOVEL

READ THIS — IT IS PLAIN TALK

THE principal source of trouble in the United States to-day is the sensational press. There is no slough that needs the muck-rake so badly as do the muck-rakers, whose conscienceless exploitation of discoverable and nonexistent evils for their own financial advantage has deceived the people.

No branch of business in the United States to-day is so dishonestly conducted as that of these publications. One great self-styled "reform" newspaper openly boasts that "fear is a better producer of advertising than love." They may escape the letter of the law against blackmailing, but they are blackmailers none the less. I deliberately declare and charge that strong-arm methods of securing money are common practice of many great and so-called "popular" publications, impudently, brazenly, and outrageously posing as "friends of the people."

My own first direct knowledge of these practices arose accidentally from the circumstance of my having turned in a story in relation to a certain public service corporation to a newspaper upon which I was doing "space." My article was rewritten in the office of the newspaper by men who had no knowledge of the facts, and was perverted into a vicious attack upon the corporation in question. Nothing in this attack was founded on fact, but the whole was built upon a deliberate perversion of the facts that I turned in.

Our sensational and so-called popular magazines are the worst publications that ever emanated from the press in any country or in any age of the world. They are worse than the so-called anarchistic literature of Russia, for in that is a streak of moral earnestness gone mad; but in this literature of ours there is no motive but the dollar that is made out of it, and no conscience for truth beyond the necessity of keeping out of jail.

The circulation methods of these publications are as vile and

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dishonest as the material that they publish. The advertiser, deceived by cunningly devised falsehoods, pays the bill for a circulation, not a tenth part of which is of the slightest value to him.

These publications do not, year in and year out, contribute one line to the permanent literature of the land. Their editors do not know good literature, and their publishers do not wish to print it. The state of literature in this country to-day is most deplorable, and largely because the big money is paid for material not fit to read and not fit to print.

The public that chooses to stultify itself by reading this ribald, vaunting, boastful, empty, false, and hypocritical stuff is, of course, to blame for the poisoning of mind that follows. It is time for an awakening. Without the false notions that have been inculcated during the last ten or fifteen years by these irresponsible and criminal purveyors of malice and falsehood, the present political situation could not exist. The attackers are themselves worse in their methods than the men whom they attack.

Big corporations are essential to the conduct of the business of our day. To attack them is not progressive, but reactionary in the extreme. Under the name of progress, demagogically used for the selfish ends of selfish men, progress is being blocked.

We are being asked to return from efficient to inefficient methods; but it will never be done.

The first step in the mental revival of our country is to hound out of existence the vicious, muck-raking sensational magazines and newspapers.

They make of us a spectacle for the amazement and ridicule of all mankind. There are wicked and dishonest men in places of power, in and out of corporations, but the present wild furore of attack upon all that represents the constructive work of the business brains of the nation for the past twenty-five years is the most uncalled for and cowardly defamation of character.

One of these publications claims a circulation of two million copies, I understand. It is not to the credit of our country if the claim is true; but there are still eighty-eight millions who, by their own confession, do not read the worthless sheet. The hope of the land is in those eighty-eight millions who refuse to stultify their own intelligence.

Such circulation statements are, of course, largely false. I learned, for example, of one magazine of which eight tons of unsold copies went to the junk dealer in a single month.

Still, the total, actual circulation is very large, particularly in the Middle West, the serious-minded youth of which section are mentally poisoned by it. At a distance from the actual workings of most large

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business, they imagine that our great corporations are a mass of corruption. They have been told so in luridly written, luridly illustrated, scream-covered publications that are more vicious and mind-poisoning than any dime novels that were ever written.

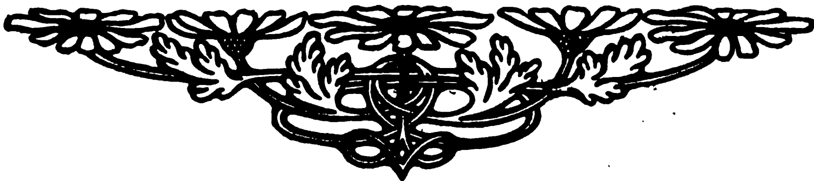
The facts about our great corporations are that they are conducted with an increasing care for the public interests, particularly by the younger group of corporation men who are mostly college-bred fellows of the very highest ideals.

There has been greed and exploitation, a survival of old business methods, to which the attackers would fatuously have us return. This has been by older men, trained in an earlier age, for the most part, while the younger generation of corporation men represent a type of business man as much above anything the world has known before as modern science is above the astrology and alchemy of the past. The moment this truth is grasped, nine-tenths of the so-called "reform" wave collapses, for it has been rolled up by discontent aggravated by sensational falsehoods. What we need is a little more self-respect, a little more reverence for our own institutions and for the culture and brains of our own country.

The advertising men of the country have a duty to perform in this struggle for decency. As long as they will give advertising to mediums simply on the basis of big circulation, however obtained and however worthless, there will be a support for periodicals that are essentially business-destroying and credit-destroying engines.

Mr. Advertiser, you are not out buying circulation only, or you ought not to be. You ought also to be buying decency and supporting sound morals and healthy literature.

This is not sentiment. It is absolutely essential to the business welfare of your clients.



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Picturesque Boston

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ONLY three considerable cities in the United States can be truthfully characterized as picturesque, — Boston, Charleston, S. C., and New Orleans, each rendered so by the permanence of a tradition, and of these Boston is by far the most surprising, as the commercial prosperity and growth in population of this metropolis of New England might be expected to efface all but the most clamorous and insistent modernity. But the molding power of a great tradition can render the new as picturesque as the old. In Boston the tradition is one of restraint, inherited from generations of Puritan training. And that spirit of restraint is generally visible even in the street architecture of the city. Outsiders do not often fathom it, and they laugh at us, but they come again and again, drawn by a charm the secret of which they do not grasp. Boston is the least wearying of all our great cities, because it is almost certain to stop short of the extreme. Also, the city has no unsavory "tenderloin" to flaunt in the face of a disgusted nation and no commercial monstrosities for the creation of social and economic problems. There is still a touch of homely sincerity that is almost quaint in the directness and simplicity of the street life.

It would require a very subtle pencil indeed to portray this prevailing tone of the city. But in addition to that, which is almost an atmosphere, there are many nooks and corners and buildings new and old that achieve the picturesque in a more direct and perceptible way.

Trinity Church is, all told, the most picturesque building in the United States. Its great shadow-masses high above the pavement achieve the picturesque in spite of all shortcomings, and to a degree found in no other building in this country.

The Boston water front is unique. In its byways are old wharves and dismantled hulks, while its main roads are alive with present-day shipping. We have interesting bridges and a tangle of coastwise traffic, fishing vessels, and the other side issues of maritime life that relieve the ponderosity of the great tows and heavy barges that carry on the great trade of the nation.

To be picturesque is, perhaps, the least important advantage of which a city might boast. And if it meant merely that the attrition and decays of time had wrought a mellowing and quaint effect, the characterization might even be undesirable. In that particular we are glad to have those who come to Boston expecting to find a city moss-grown and lichened with its quite respectable antiquity severely disappointed.

But the quality of a fine tradition persisting through years of vast, almost immeasurable change, that indicates the spirit of a citizenship that lives not for bread alone, may well awaken civic pride and claim the studious attention of the visitor.

Because Boston is, and always has been, something more than a money-making and money-spending center, it will not be satisfied merely with the latest expression of modernity, but will always be looking for some touch of intrinsic excellence.

There has always been in Boston a pride that has refused to accept the latest *dicta* of art or of business method without some reservations in favor of

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LANDSCAPE GARDENING ON A GREATER BOSTON ESTATE

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SCENE IN A QUINCY QUARRY

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AN OLD-TIME RESIDENTIAL STREET

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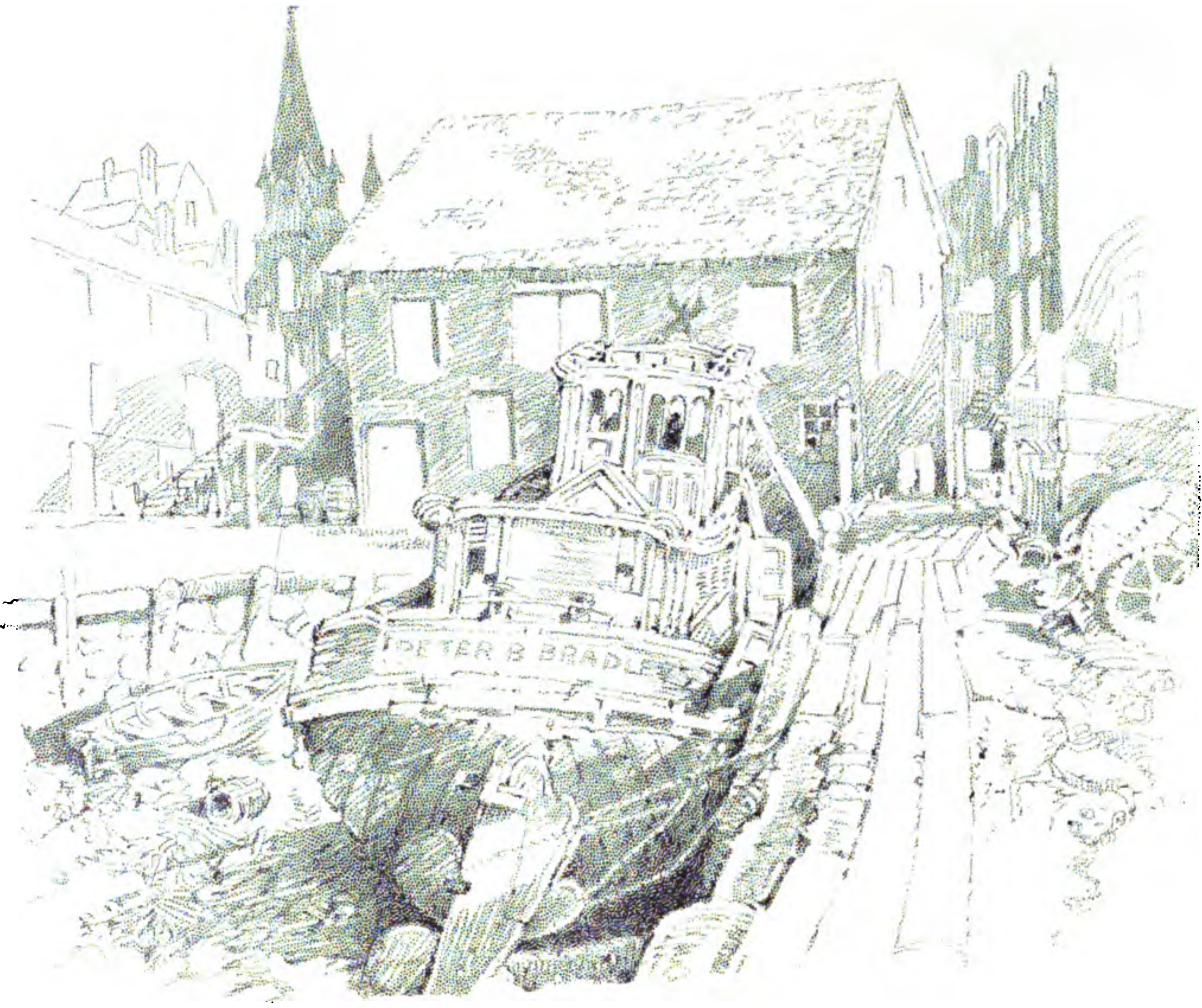

A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS

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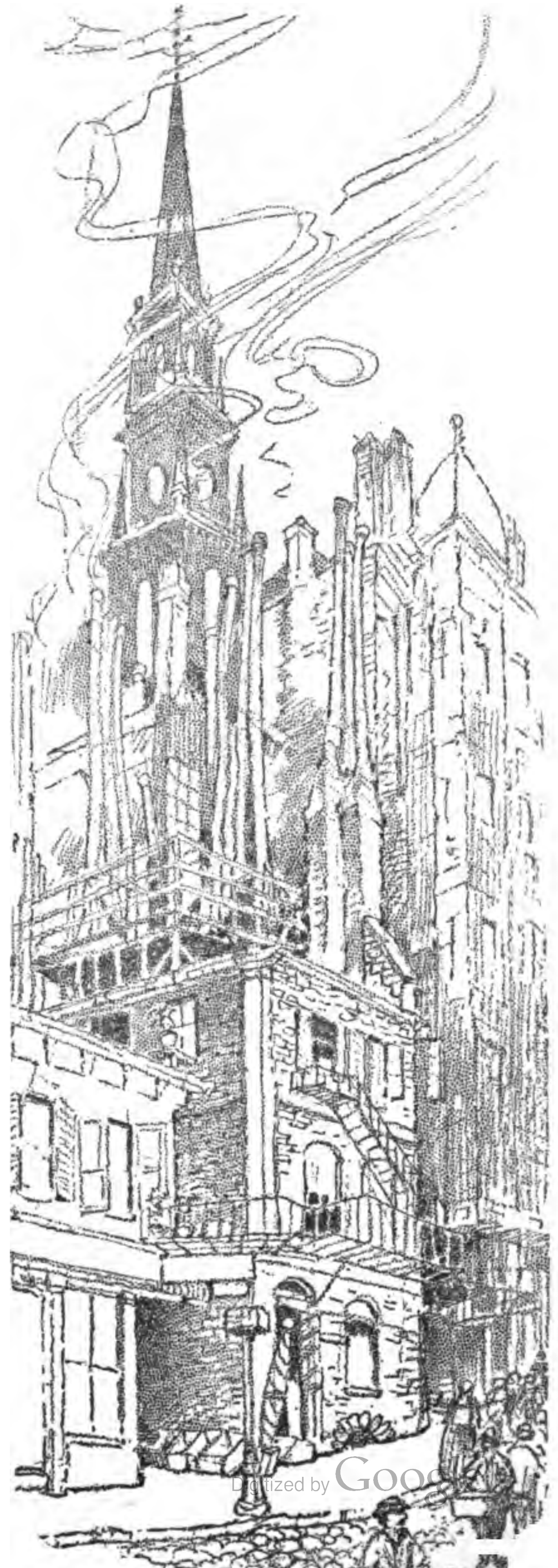
the proven and the tried. Sometimes this spirit resists the encroachments of commerce and stays the hand of change. One comes upon the survivals of the past in unexpected places. Old lanes and pasture and garden paths of patriarchal colonial homes make a way for huge motor-trucks and the roar and congestion of traffic. Old churches and churchyards hold their own against office buildings and warehouses.

Upon its ultimate development the Charles River Basin will not prove to have been a mistake. The possibilities of Huntington Avenue are sufficient to excite the coldest imagination. It is in every way desirable that the business portion of the city should push its way into the district between Columbus Avenue and Washington Street. Whether the changes that must surely occur in the transportation equipment of the city will effect this or not, only a few, if any, know. But the development of this desirable business section as such would certainly tend to the preservation of Boston as Boston. Unquestionably the map of the city will change materially in the next ten or fifteen years, and it is devoutly to be wished that these changes may develop the South Boston water front and throw more of the current of traffic in that direction.

Millions of dollars expended in the Back Bay district might thus be saved to do their natural work for the educational, artistic, and residential interests of the city.

A subway entrance discharging passengers at Park Square, or even Castle Square, would materially assist in the proper development of the neglected portion of our city. Retail business now overflowing its present territory could find a favorable location in the direction of the bulk of the city's actual population.

The new custom house, when completed with its unique and striking tower, will be quite the feature of the wholesale district, which seems to be



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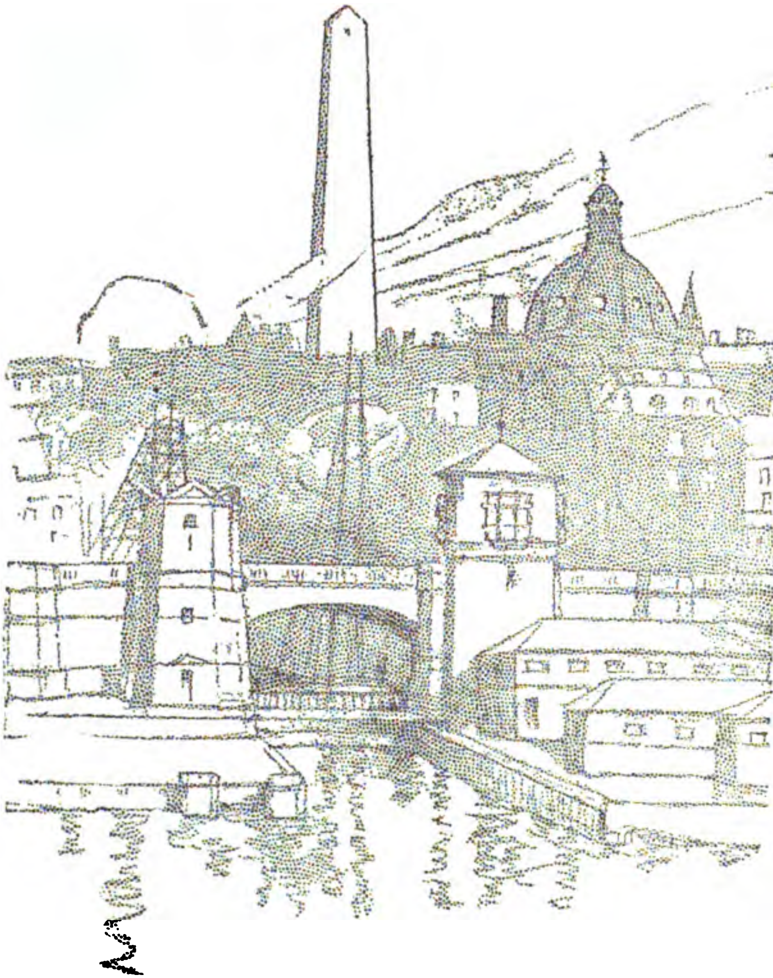

BUNKER HILL FROM WEST BOSTON BRIDGE

defined by conditions and to occupy its natural territory. But the retail district must be extremely sensitive to transportation facilities and is capable of direction by the very simple process of creating new centers of traffic distribution.

If it is possible to save the Back Bay for residential purposes it should be done.

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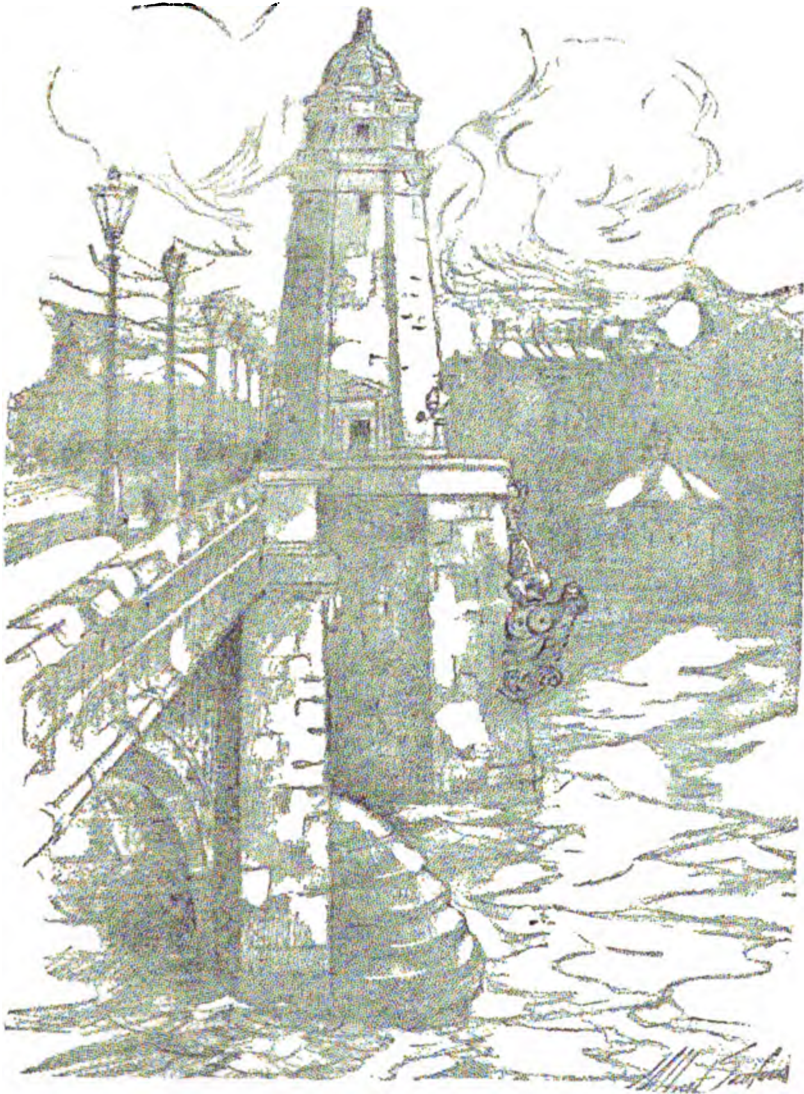

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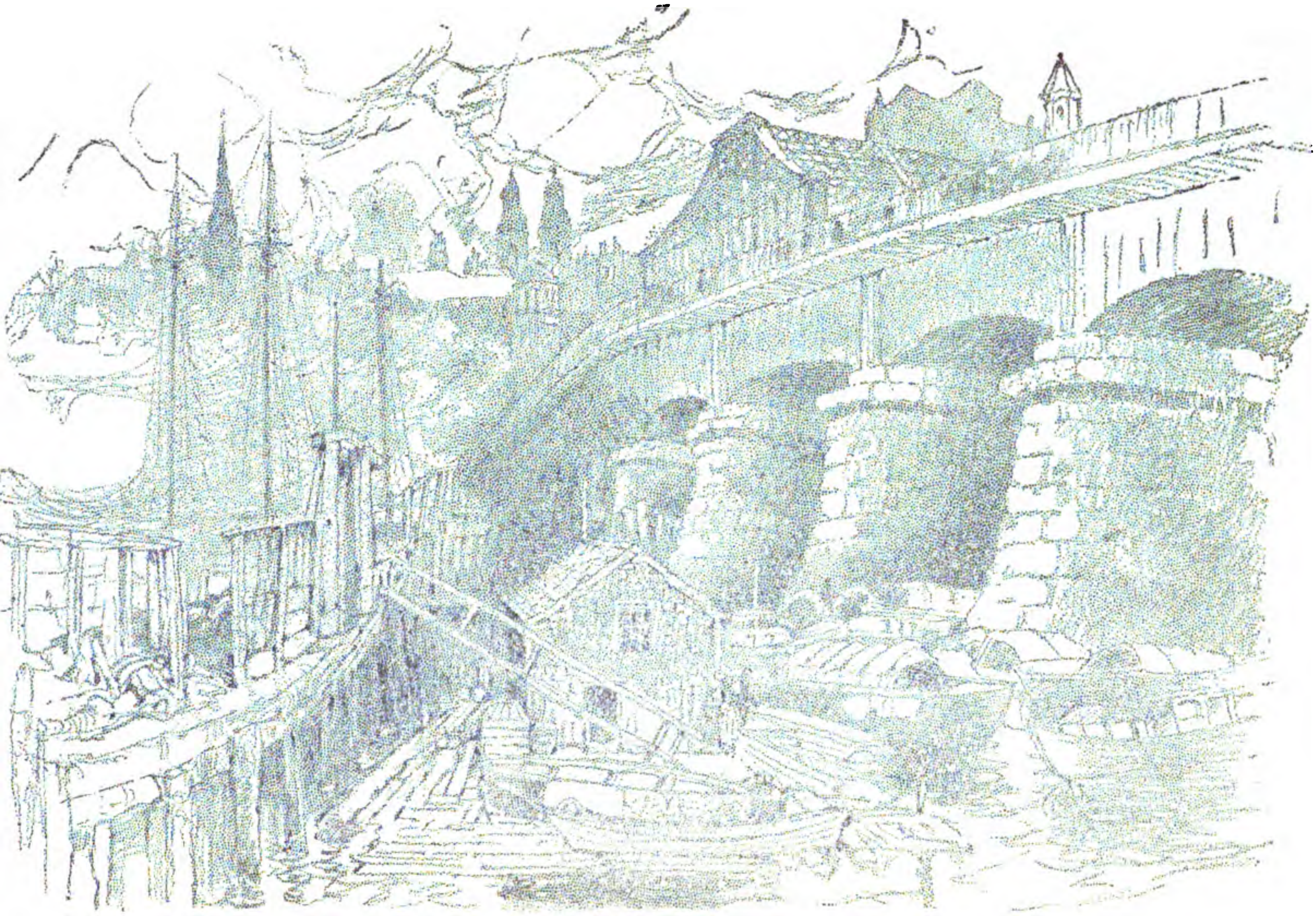

OLD WHARVES—CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE

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The Old Burial Hill, Marblehead

Illustration from a new book on New England Shrines, published by Little, Brown & Co.

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A Bit of the Portsmouth Water Front

Illustration from a new book on New England Shrines, published by Little, Brown & Co.

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Gloucester from the Harbor

Illustration from a new book on New England Shrines, published by Little, Brown & Co.

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THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XII

(Continued)

Nat didn't have a very clear idea of what happened during the next three hours. The horse took his own gait, and Nat was aware of nothing but an interminable yellow road which unrolled beneath his hot eyes. He didn't come to himself until he saw the Moulton house — a neat white-painted structure a mile this side of St. Croix. He drove up into the yard and in some way maneuvered his weak legs to the ground. He stumbled to the front door and knocked. In a few seconds he found himself facing Mrs. Moulton, who looked more like Julie's sister than her mother. Resting his hand on the door-frame, he moistened his lips.

"I want to see Julie," he announced.

"Why, Nat," exclaimed Mrs. Moulton at the sight of his fever-laden eyes, "what's the matter with you?"

She hesitated a moment and then added quickly, "Come into the sitting-room."

He followed her and sank into the first chair he saw.

"Now what's the trouble?" demanded Mrs. Moulton with motherly concern.

"I want to see Julie," he repeated dully.

She studied him a moment and hurried out. From where he sat Nat could hear the ticking of the kitchen clock. It ticked ten thousand times before Mrs. Moulton returned. She was plainly disturbed.

"Julie says — she can't come down," she informed him with evident reluctance.

He lifted his head.

"Is she sick?"

"She twisted her ankle yesterday," she answered, as though glad of some excuse for the girl's conduct.

"Is she laid up — in bed?" he asked.

"No, she's dressed," answered Mrs. Moulton. "But — she can't walk very well."

Nat rose to his feet. He was very wobbly. His lips came together.

"Then," he said with decision, "I'll go up to her."

He started towards the door. Half-way there he fell in his tracks and lay where he fell.

CHAPTER XIII

'Gene Proposes

THE kitchen of the Élite Café was located in the basement. It did not differ much from the orthodox conception of hell, except that in place of sulphur fumes the air was reeking heavy with the greasy sweat of ham and eggs. Yet the lady who prepared this specialty, for which the restaurant had in a way become locally famous, apparently thrived in the atmosphere. She was portly to the point of waddling. She looked as though, if she remained a second over-long by the stove, she too might sizzle off into a smudge of thick blue smoke. It may have been to save herself from this danger that from time to time she raised to her thick lips a can of foamy amber-colored liquid and drank deep and long. Whatever the contents did to cool her body, they served only to add fire to her temper. 'Gene, who in a dirty white apron stood beneath a dim gas jet at the farther end of the room bending over a sink full of dishes, kept one eye upon her. Mrs. Hanrihan was in the habit of first calling

(Continued on page 345)

*Begun in the February Number

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THE "EXTRY"

By ANNA BRABHAM OSBORN

"'The noise of history is made by the clatter of wooden sabots going up the stairs and the rustle of the silk shoes coming down.'— *Balzac.*"

— From "The Four Hundred," *Pearson's Magazine.*

I

"'THIS also will pass,'" quoted Frederick from the carved Arabic motto in the living-room. His voice was wistful and his eyes, searching and appealing, tried to look into hers.

But Virginia's ears were dulled to calls for sympathy, and her eyes looked mutinously past the appeal for understanding. She yielded unresponsively to her husband's good-by kiss. The door closed. Frederick was gone, rushing to catch the commuters' car.

"Fitz it, mamma," pouted little Stuart, hopping out into the hall, holding up one chubby leg, whose stocking had slipped its leash and dangled over one stubbed shoe.

This was further evidence of the low estate of the Bradens, and it fanned Virginia's resentment like a freshening breeze. There had been only little five-year-old Eugenie to play the part of nursemaid to her baby brother this morning. Maggie was gone and Huldah was hobbling painfully about in the clutches of rheumatism. Virginia had found it necessary to go into the kitchen herself and play the part of second girl.

Little Stuart's warm baby softness pressed against Virginia as she arranged the refractory stocking supporter brought no comforting thrill this morning. She had fought against it, but the battle was plainly going against her. This terrible crushing fate that had been stalking her for months, closing in upon her, suffocating er, aging her, was slowly but surely taking the likeness of Frederick. The truth was settling home with a weight that wedged her tight in a galling groove. She should have married in her own class. She had not the grace and courage to be a poor man's wife.

Aunt Helen had tried to warn her. "The Poindexter women have never been good pioneers," this blue-blooded aunt had pointed out.

"Frederick is one of nature's noblemen," she had admitted. "He'd make a fine ancestor," she laughed in her subdued aristocratic way. "The Bradens are in the stage of the wooden sabots clattering up the stairs."

"And the Poindexters that of the silk shoes rustling down," Virginia had flashed with spirit.

"The Poindexter and Braden standards are so different," Aunt Helen had insisted. "You know how Tennyson puts it, 'As the husband is the wife is. You shall lower to his level day by day.'"

"What rot!" Virginia's young brother Spencer had exploded at this philosophy. "You take it from me, sis, if ever you get to the level of Frederick Braden, you'll have to take an aeroplane."

But in these last hard weeks those condemned Brewster millions had blazed out in Virginia's storm-filled heavens, drawing in their train all the soft ease, luxury, and prestige her Poindexter blood was demanding as its right. After all, Ned Brewster,

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with his little watery eyes forever blinking behind eyeglasses, his retreating chin, and his tiresome "don't chee know," would have been a mere bagatelle. People in that walk of life did not intrude upon each other.

Her eyes rested on the children. Stuart's smooth little chin, whose nascent strength the soft baby lines could not hide, was raised to Eugenie, who with sweet elder sister patience was helping him build a wonderful block castle. Her precious, peerless children! they might have been, but then there would have been no children. And there certainly would have been maids. Virginia's mind swung back to the main grievance.

Frederick surely had been high-handed. But Eugenie was her father's rare blossom. He guarded her as a sacred flame upon which no profane breath might blow. When he found the maid, Maggie, filling his little daughter's mind with the importance of the over-the-right-shoulder view of the new moon and the proper shivers with which to greet a black cat crossing one's path and kindred occultism, his wrath fell terrible and instantaneous. There had been no word passed between the husband and wife of a new maid. There was the sting. The Bradens could not afford a second maid. Virginia's active imagination saw them sliding on down to the charwoman stage.

Huldah would say, "Maggie ain't much of a head-piece, but she can be hands and feet for me when the rheumatiz is bad."

Now, Virginia was reminded that she must go to the kitchen and be hands and feet for Huldah, for the "rheumatiz" was at its worst. Dear loyal Huldah, handed down from Aunt Helen, neither wages in arrears nor rheumatism could drive her from her service.

She found that Miss Lucy had run in in her neighborly way. "I says to mother," she explained, "I'll just run over and help Huldy a mite. I see that triflin' Maggie goin' las' night."

"Gracious," she rattled on in her cheery, gossipy way, as she tossed up a pie paste, "but Paxton's gettin' some gay. Them Gerald Hamilton Fischers that's took the Towers is about the swellest that's struck town in my time. Ellen Weed was in tellin' mother about their doin's las' night. Ellen helped with the servin'— flowers, music, a caterer from town with all sorts of Frenchy dishes and automobiles banked all around the block."

Virginia winced. She could remember when the Gerald Hamilton Fischers had come out of nowhere and taken a house on the avenue, and Mrs. Gerald had ambitiously started in to break into the exclusive avenue society. Aunt Helen and Virginia had been of the inner blue-blooded coterie that had opposed her obtruding advance with all the arts known to the gentlewoman.

"But they've got on," reflected Virginia resentfully.

The Towers was a splendid old place, built in boom days by a multi-millionaire steel magnate. Virginia did not know that the silk shoes of the magnate's descendants had rustled so near the bottom of the stairs that they were glad to let the old place, so long idle, for the mere promise of a song.

Here were the Bradens getting old — OLD. They were already in their thirties. If they were ever going to get on, they ought to have achieved their car by this time. A subscription opera box ought to be possible. And here they could not afford a second maid. Round and round whirled Virginia's rebellious brain.

She began to understand how women grew shrill-voiced and shrewish. Perhaps the flat foot was not always a sign of the caste one was born to. Bargain-counter shoes could break down the most patrician arch. Two-year-old costumes remodeled at home could successfully break up the long aristocratic lines of the proudest figure.

Oh, she was tired of it—tired of it all! "Economy," "cut down expenses," "weather the storm," how she hated the phrases. There was always something to weather.

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She had fatuously supposed she knew the full meaning of the word "economy." Aunt Helen's annuity had been most inelastic. In the avenue mansion it had taken planning and contriving to keep up the respectability due the house. But economy with the meaning Frederick Braden infused into it these last weeks was a wholly different brand from the avenue article.

"Give me five years," Frederick had glowed banally in the first flush of having won her over the Brewster millions, "and I'll build you a palace on Easy Street."

True those first six years the wooden sabots had seemed to be clattering sturdily up the stairs. But now, in the seventh, there had come a dismaying halt. Hard times hovered like a hundred-taloned vulture over the fear-struck business world. Virginia knew nothing of business upheavals. Financial storms had passed unfelt over the avenue house, riding snug and taut anchored securely by the Poindexter annuity. Virginia only dimly comprehended what Frederick was meeting every day in the seething maelstrom of business in the city. Frederick, chivalrous and self-reliant, shook off the day's load at the threshold of his home and was usually the care-free, jolly comrade in the family circle. Of late the worry lines would show through a little. But Virginia was not a discerning person; and her nerves, for months on a rack of increasing tension, had begun to break. It must be admitted she had grown a little self-centered.

These first years had been ideal enough. "Move to the country and retrench while things are coming our way," had a right romantic ring.

Paxton had once had ambitions. The wealthy and the near-wealthy had thought to make it a fashionable retreat. Some moneyed people had laid out fine estates there. But a cog slipped somewhere. Paxton could not be made fashionable. The great ones gradually drifted away, leaving their places to be snapped up by discerning young fellows like Frederick Braden, who were not afraid of being out of the swim.

The fine old house was set in a big tree-filled yard. The wide branches of the natural trees were flung out paternally. Virginia reveled in the big rooms of classic lines, and the mammoth fireplaces put in everywhere, covering with their radiant glow the deficiencies of the antiquated furnace. She filled the house with Aunt Helen's old mahogany of undoubted worth, passed down by a long line of Poindexters of diminishing grandeur. Indeed, the executors had found little back of proud Aunt Helen's prestige save these and the family traditions.

It made a pleasant retreat in which to wait for things to "come our way." Virginia, wearied by the ceaseless, senseless whirl of the avenue, its petty ambitions and rivalries, its straining after an estate always just a little beyond reach, had settled down restfully, blissfully in it. How full those first days had been! Frederick had always bewailed that his brief practical education had left no time for what he called the "culture studies." In the long winter evening he took these up. Virginia's education was supposed to have included the culture studies, but she found it necessary to put in long hours at a grinding review to keep pace with Frederick's virile mind.

It was lying on his back on the old Colonial settle before the blazing open fire, that first winter, reading the old classics in the sing-song rhythm dear to the old poets, that he came upon Horace's description of an ideal home.

"Why, Virginia," he cried, ecstatically, "we have it right here. This describes our place to a T, except the fountain."

Together they polished the translation until it stood: "This was ever the extent of my wishes; a portion of ground not over large, in which is a garden, and a fountain with its continual stream close to my house, and a little woodland besides."

For a while Virginia had been content to think this was the extent of her

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wishes, too. The babies came and filled her life to repletion. The long days had slipped enchantingly by with fairy lore, mythology, and the babies. And the evenings were an untiring delight with music, poetry, French — they took up French after the babies came — and Frederick.

But of late the old thirst had come back to be in things and to have things, particularly to have things. The lust of possession consumed her soul as things seemed to be slipping from her grasp. The world was going on without them. The Bradens were dropping to the rank of nobodies. That was the most poignant drop of aloes.

Virginia was not wholly devoid of sense. Her seven years with Frederick Braden had not been without effect on her character. She recognized this mood as unworthy and resolved to make one last stand against it.

Her brother Spencer had a prescription for "blue funk" compiled from various philosophers of his admiration. It ran thus: "Put on your best clothes and walk; hold your chest up, your chin in, the crown of your head high, and step like a thoroughbred."

Her best clothes were only a two-year-old brown suit, brought up to date by lengthened revers and new buttons, but Great-aunt Anne's rich Russian sables remodeled last winter and a chic sable cap fashioned by her own hands added a *distingué* touch to her costume. Tripping along, her two pretty children by her side,— Eugenie, like her mother, a study in brown, relieved by white tippet and muff, the gold of little Stuart's curly head and the blue of his eyes brought out by the natty crimson coat and cap,—Mrs. Braden certainly looked the well-conditioned, satisfied young matron.

The tonic of the winter air, the effervescence of the children's spirits, the consciousness of being well dressed, the approving glances of the passers-by did their work. Virginia's native good sense asserted itself. It was not a bad old world after all. She supposed this tiresome old financial storm would "pass" as Frederick's motto put it. These mottoes were a hobby of Frederick's. He had cut them out of the solid wood in the long winter evenings, and they were everywhere about the house unconsciously molding the family character.

Her usual amiability had quite reasserted itself by the time she had reached the litle general store where she was a favorite customer. To-day she was surprised to see the attending clerk drop his order-book and pencil and rush to open the door for some one entering.

Virginia turned with curiosity to see what great personage was honoring Paxton with his presence. She stood face to face with Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer. The lady advanced in all the languorous elegance of costly furs and willow plumes, and her electric brougham waited at the door. Just an eye-flicker betrayed recognition, then the advancing gray eyes steeled.

Virginia, in her rebound from gloom and her restored confidence in the goodness of existing states, was quite ready to take even Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer into the radiance of her good fellowship. She had begun to suspect she had been a frightful snob in those old avenue days. Then, too, a flood of sunny memories rushed over her at the sight of this link with the happy past.

She advanced with cordially extended hand and frank friendliness in her face. But she reckoned without Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer. The moment was fraught with memories for her, too. Those avenue days could furnish her pictures of ignoring shoulders turned in polite obliviousness of her presence, and of unseeing glances that swept over and through her as if she had been a grain of dust in the atmosphere. Her hour had struck.

Her malicious gray eyes traveled leisurely over Virginia from head to foot, missing no detail of her remodeled-at-home outfitting. "Pa'-don," she drawled, "have we met befo'?"

Virginia was divided between a

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desire to shriek with laughter and stamp with rage. In the end her Poindexter blood turned to indigo in her veins. Her face became a patrician mask, a clear-cut cameo. For her Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer ceased to exist. It was as if a troublesome fly had brushed her cheek. In unruffled calm she turned to the clerk and completed her order in utter obliviousness of the flushing, flashing, gnashing presence behind her. Then, marshaling her pretty children before her, she left the store a true *grande dame*. But the incident rankled. Not that she was touched by Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer's attempted cut, that was too ridiculous, but that she, Virginia Poindexter Braden, should be in a position to be subjected to such a scene.

So it was finally Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer who was responsible for Virginia's remark at the breakfast-table the next morning. That lady would, no doubt, have rejoiced could she have known of the whole bundle of straws that had come tumbling onto Virginia's burden that only needed the proverbial one straw more to make it a crushing load.

II

"Nescit vox missa reverti."—*Horace*.

Next morning Huldah was worse. She was unable to rise. Virginia prepared breakfast with her own hands to a rising storm of mutiny. The women of her family had never prepared breakfasts.

Aunt Helen had been right. The Poindexter and Braden standards were irreconcilably different. Frederick could see no tragedy in this maidless condition. His mother had "done her own work." All the women of his family had managed their households without maids. Why should his wife expect anything different?

Virginia's whole world was out of joint. The air was a thick powdery mass of frozen fog through which the sun shone, a distant blur of light. The penetrating cold of the atmosphere clutched one with a chattering chill that belied the reading of the thermometer, as it can in those northwestern climates. The puny column of heat from the furnace registers rose futilely into the frigidity of the dining-room. The fire in the fireplace was not laid. Fuel had to be conserved. The napery was not spotless. Laundry bills had to be kept down. The children appeared at table with buttons awry and hair parts crooked. There was no maid to attend to their toilets.

Frederick came to the table with a face marked deep with lines. They meant a sleepless night. But his jaw was set at its squarest and his eye glinted steely. It was a rallying of all his forces to charge the last ditch. His clean linen, carefully knotted tie, well-brushed clothes, and his well-groomed appearance throughout were a booting and spurring for the last struggle. To-day the Putman Consolidated deal must be "landed." And with the advance money from this the claim of Grindley-Hunt must be met or it was all over with the firm of Frederick Braden Company, engineers, founders, and machinists. And all the gallant struggle of the past months would have been in vain. The receiver's big lettered canvas would be stretched across the doors and windows. Frederick had seen it all plainly in his troubled sleep. Defeat, the dragon with whom he had had many a bout and always worsted, would get him at last.

But all this was lost on Virginia. Her eyes were "holden" by her own woes. External sights were shut out by an internal vision, which kept thrusting itself upon her mental screen, of Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer in the well-appointed Towers. She supposed it was well appointed, surrounded by well-trained, deferential servants, presumably deferential and well trained.

Out of the black depths of bitterness in which she was wallowing she spoke, "The Bradens might as well give it up,"—her aristocratic nose sniffed ever so slightly, it was blue

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with the cold,—"and acknowledge themselves 'pore folks.'"

Then Frederick's endurance snapped. A man's burden can reach the one straw more stage, too. He gulped his coffee and pushed back his breakfast untasted. In the chill hall he made ready for the car.

"You may as well know," he observed, as he shook himself into his top-coat, "if the Putman Consolidated doesn't come through to-day, Grindley-Hunt will get in theirs and it will all be over with the Bradens. It may even be the 'porehouse.' But my insurance will provide for you and the children. There's no suicide clause in my policy." The door closed sharply. He was gone.

Virginia sat in a frozen terror that yet pricked through with needles of flame, painful as returning blood to a frost-whitened limb. What had she done? Gradually she became conscious that she was staring at the motto hanging on the dining-room wall, "Nescit vox missa reverti." It stood out in letters of fire and she quailed before it as had Nebuchadnezzar before the handwriting on the wall. She recalled what she had called Frederick's painfully literal translation, "The sent voice knows not to return." He always liked the literal rendering. "That's the way you get at the inner terseness of those old fellows," he would say.

What would she not give to recall those wild words of the breakfast-table, but "The word once uttered can never be recalled," that bit of carved wood admonished her with finality.

She dragged her palsied limbs to the window. Frederick's figure was still in sight. It blended with the crowd of commuters as only one more bent shabby form hurrying to hurl itself into the vortex of business in the city. How pathetically worn and lonely it looked with the disheartened droop to the shoulders. Her heart went out in a great surge of love for this her husband, the father of her children, her incomparable children.

The scales fell from her eyes. She saw him standing alone in a great crisis and she, self-absorbed, had not known. His devotion, his self-sacrifice, his need of the helpmeet who had failed him, stood out clearly before her. Now he had gone, stung to the quick by her thoughtless words, leaving behind him those awful inexplicable sentences! A movement in the kitchen broke the spell upon her. Huldah had come down and was limping painfully about in the old felt slipper.

Virginia threw off the terrorizing numbness that held her and rushed into the kitchen. "O Huldah!" she moaned, throwing herself into the arms of the faithful old serving-woman, who had been her mother-confessor since childhood, and she poured out on the sympathizing shoulder all the unhappy story.

Huldah listened attentively to the broken sentences. She understood much better than her mistress the signs of the business world and she "sensed" the gravity of the crisis in Frederick Braden's affairs much more fully than his wife. But the allusions to the insurance and the suicide clause she scouted. She knew the hard good sense of her Mr. Frederick.

"What did he mean?" wailed Virginia.

"Not a thing, honey," assured the penetrating Huldah, smoothing the heaving shoulder, "except that he had not slept well and some old business tangle was botherin' him."

"But he didn't eat any breakfast," mourned Virginia.

"Yes, that was bad," agreed Huldah soberly. She believed in the supporting power of a full stomach. "But it is up to us to make it up to him. We'll get him a dinner he'll have to eat. And what if the old business should go squush — which it won't, you trust Mr. Frederick for that — Mr. Frederick could always get his fine salary. Don't you be lookin' for no poorhouse, nor be afraid of no clause in any insurance policy. And don't you think twice o' that Mrs. Gerald Hamilton Fischer. They do say it's a life of it

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they're havin' at the Towers. They come out here to run away from their city creditors, and they are in knee-deep to every tradesman in Paxton already. The Bradens hain't got a pack o' tradesmen houndin' 'em any-how," Huldah finished loyally.

"But what if he shouldn't come home?" trembled Virginia. Frederick had never left home in displeasure before.

"Ah, get out," scoffed Huldah, brusquely, "he'll be home before we get this house to rights, if we don't get to work." Huldah moved off briskly, but a twinge of pain brought her down with drawn face and moist brow.

It was clear to Huldah that she would have to take charge of affairs. After a moment's deliberation she limped to the telephone and called up Mrs. Gilchrist, who often helped out with domestic tangles at the Braden house.

An hour later from her throne in the padded rocker with her swollen foot on a stool she was directing things. The house was garnished from top to bottom. Fires were laid in the open fireplaces in defiance of fuel conservation. Miss Lucy ran in with a blooming hyacinth and stayed to polish silver and rub furniture.

Virginia laid the dinner-table with her finest damask. Mother Braden's quaint old Chelsea china was brought out and her steel-bladed knives with their horn handles heavily mounted with silver. Several times she called up the office. But each time she got the same answer, "Mr. Braden is not in." She did not have any clear idea of what she wanted to say. She just wanted to hear Frederick's voice. The sharp blade of those last words was swinging round and round in her mind, cutting cruelly. Each time she turned from the telephone a nameless dread clutched her heart. She could only find relief from it in activity.

She dressed the children in their smartest frocks, and put on her own daintiest, most frivolous house gown. But still it was hours until six. Mrs. Gilchrist, fussing amiably about under Huldah's direction, suggested another escape from herself into activity. Frederick always kept a small sum deposited in the Paxton bank to be drawn on for household expenses. This had shrunk of late, but there was still a margin to her credit. She would run out and make a draw before closing time, that Mrs. Gilchrist's wage might be ready for her.

As she drew near the bank she became aware that a line of men, women, and children overflowed its door, extended down the stone steps and straggled along the pavement. It was a silent line waiting in stolid patience. Virginia, wondering, took a place at the end of the line.

"A run on the bank," some one in front informed her. A grim, orderly determination pervaded the ranks. Every little while some one would come down the stone steps and the human chain would jolt along a link.

"They're still paying out," her informant in front passed back.

Two men closed in behind Virginia. "This is serious business," offered one.

"Can they stand it?" questioned the other.

"I doubt it," returned the first.

"These are strenuous times," generalized the second. "Some concern is gasping out its last breath in the hands of a receiver every day."

"There are those, though, that are gorging on the carcasses. Grindley-Hunt are fattening all right."

Virginia's heart skipped a beat at that name.

"They are low-down sharks," gritted he of the philosophical turn; "they pose as mighty benevolent, coming forward with ready money for the man facing bankruptcy. Then they get their cinch in the payment — ten-days-after-demand clause. When their victim gets in the tightest squeeze they come smirkingly up with their demand for payment. 'Sorry, but unforeseen circumstances have arisen.' They really must insist."

"I hear they have young Braden on the hip."

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Virginia's breath came fast and she strained her ears to lose no word. These sentences stamped themselves on her brain.

"It's a shame."

"He's a fine fellow."

"A few thousands would save him."

"In other times there'd be many to give him a lift."

"But he'll be closed up unless —"

A howl of rage and despair swept the line a moment ago so orderly and quiet. It broke instantly into a pushing, shrieking mob. Virginia was pushed off the lowest step, which she had gained.

"They've stopped paying out," was the wail that rose above the clamor.

The commuters' train slowed up at the end of the line. A newsboy swung off, one shoulder hitched high in support of the heavy sack. "Extry, extry, all about the suicide," he was shrieking.

Virginia stumbled down the street, her brain a swirling merry-go-round; the sentences she had overheard were the swift bobbing cars. She caught at them, trying to comprehend their import, but they went bobbing on on their dizzy round, eluding her grasp. Through it all went the monotonous call of the newsboy, "Extry, extry, a—ll a—bout the suicide." It rattled on Virginia's tympanum without making a distinct impress on her brain. There was just a subconscious shiver of an added horror.

At a corner she stopped and grasped a telephone pole, trying to collect herself. "A few thousands would save him," stood out in distinction amid the inner chaos. Why had not she known? The Poindexter jewels, lying in safety deposit, were worth many thousands. Was it too late?

The two men had stopped at her corner. Evidently they were waiting for the returning car. They were still deep in conversation.

"It is a sad case," one was saying, "they do say his wife's ambitions are at the bottom of it."

Then the newsboy's cry forced itself through Virginia's abstraction. From far down the street came his legend, "Ex—try, ex—try,—house closes doors —suicide, ex—try, ex—try, a—ll a—bout the sui—cide."

Virginia reeled. That nameless terror that had been clutching at her all day took form now. A dead certainty settled upon her. She did not need further corroboration from the conversation of the men, but it came to her in sentences that burned and stung.

"He lived here."

"Did his insurance have a suicide clause?"

"I believe not. Oh, doubtless she'll get enough to set her up," one flung back directly at her, it seemed to Virginia. Then the car came along and the men went out to signal it.

Something snapped in Virginia's brain. Something was set a-beating terrifically in her breast. The one thought that possessed her was to get to the newsboy and get a paper and see it all in black and white. She gathered up her light skirts and ran. She panted along, making little progress.

From a side street now came the newsy's refrain, "Ex—try, ex—try, a—ll a—bout the suicide." She turned short to follow up the cry and ran directly into a man hurrying from the other direction. His armful of bundles scattered as he caught her. With startled eyes she looked up into the earnest ones of Frederick Braden. Virginia promptly swooned.

When she began to slowly drift back to consciousness she had a delicious sense of being immersed in a sea of peace. Some terrible weight had drifted off from her. She had not strength or will to try to remember what it was. A deep joy that it was gone permeated her. Her tired eyes flickered open just a dreamy slit. The crackling open fire, the two children kneeling, awestruck little statues, on the hearth rug, Mrs. Gilchrist moving away with towel and a basin registered themselves on her mental plate. Through a dream haze she saw Frederick chafing her hands and

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Huldah arranging some flowers in a vase — yes, they were orchids. Then she drifted off to sleep.

When she waked her mind had cleared. Suddenly she remembered. She turned to Frederick quietly, quickly. "Did we fail?" she asked, quite unexpectedly.

Frederick blinked and straightened up in quick relief. "Fail!" he echoed, "well I guess not. The Putman Consolidated came through to the tune of one hundred thousand and there will be twice as much more when the new factories are ready to equip. Believe me," he chuckled, "Grindley-Hunt are one abject pulp of apology. You can begin planning that palace on Easy Street any old time now."

"I never want any house but this. 'This was ever the extent of my desires,'" she smiled up at him. "We'll install a modern heating plant, and put in the 'fountain with continual stream close to my house,' and this will be quite ideal. We'll make Paxton fashionable. But, Frederick," with another flash of memory, "who was the suicide?"

Frederick's face sobered. "Ah, poor fellow," he said, sadly, "it need not have been, if his wife had stood by him as mine did by me."

"But who, Frederick, who?" insisted Virginia, excitedly.

"Jerry Fischer," he answered, in a low voice.

"Gerald Hamilton Fischer?" demanded Virginia aghast, having risen on one elbow. Frederick nodded.

"Oh, Frederick, I've been so wicked!" Virginia dropped back, weeping violently.

Frederick, wholly at a loss to account for so much emotion, wondering, tried to comfort and quiet her.

IBSEN IN AMERICA

By ETHEL SYFORD

IN the introduction to his admirable work,* Professor Heller says: "The aim of showing the importance of Henrik Ibsen, both as a poet and a moral teacher, suggests at the outset a definite and emphatic assertion that he was a highly potent factor in modern life in both these spiritual functions." He declares that the recognition of the great Scandinavian has been slower in this country than elsewhere, and suggests that this tardiness in the acceptance of one of the greatest men of modern times is due to our luckless democratic way of looking at all things through the childish eyes of the majority, the same habit to which we owe our national depreciation of art and our backwardness in so many phases of intellectual life. Again, he says that we must be scrupulously careful to distinguish between Ibsen the moralist and Ibsen the poet, and that the cause of our playgoers' indignant dissatisfaction with Henrik Ibsen is simply the terrible moral earnestness of the man. Finally, that his excuse for offering this new study of Henrik Ibsen to the English-speaking public is grounded in a conviction that England and the United States are also becoming "Ibsenreif," ready to listen to the message of the greatest dramatic poet of our age, and one of its foremost social preachers. Later on in the book, Professor Heller says that Ibsen's popularity must needs suffer from the fact that concealment or even caution was absent from the character of his work and that he did not belong to the literary prettifiers of the stern facts of life.

I am afraid that it is only from a distanced perspective that Professor Heller could possibly imagine that we are

*Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems. By Otto Heller. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

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becoming "Ibsenreif." He seems to continually assert that among us Ibsen is coming unto his own at last. I believe that is far from the truth. We put on our critical spectacles some years back, for the purpose of taking Ibsen's measure. It was at practically the same hour at which Europe was doing the same thing. We are not so far behind the literary times when it comes to being "up to date" as some people would like to insinuate. Also, we wear our critical spectacles with full as much seriousness as does the Continent. Mary Shaw, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and later Nazimova did what they could to let us see what Hedda Gabler and Nora and Mrs. Alving acted like; several prominent American universities (mostly Western) inserted an enthusiastic "course" in Ibsen, and we talked the "get-right-down-and-face-facts" theory until it wore itself threadbare. The situation seems to be that, after all, the final "rating," the final placing of a modern work or a modern author is not left by us Americans to the set of dirty-collared Socialists and artist-garret-dwellers, who might be called the American inertia. This is the "set" with whom Ibsen became *popular*. Almost every European country is more infected with these parasites than America has yet become. Hence Europe became more "Ibsenreif" than did we. With us this state of enthusiasm over the cranky old Norwegian was left to the watery-eyed, near-sighted individuals who wear black windsor ties and a slouch hat and who lodge around the Columbus Avenue district of Boston and Washington Square and the East Side of New York. They are as ill-kempt mentally as physically and breathe forth a discontented scowly distemper as they roam forth from their beds at 11 A.M. to live for a whole day upon a couple of frankforts and a glass of beer. They are what might be called the do-less American. They are parasites because they have a way of feeding off of each other. They sit around writing sonnets on affinities and a state of government that is coming soon to give the lazy as much remuneration in life as the industrious scholar. Their chapters of their Bible are John Mansfield, Ferdinand Earle, Maurice Hewlett, and the rest of Mitchell Kennerley's stuff of the artistic pose. These parasites are the deadly nightshade element of a civilization. If they were not so lazy and so jelly-brained that they are comparatively negative by their own inertia, they would be poisonous enough to be dangerous. As it is they roam harmlessly around, eagerly clutching at any one or any thing which "has it in for" the general and law abiding pace of the most of us. They are a sort of excretion which every civilization throws off.

They call themselves "artists" of one kind or another because that relieves them of any sense of obligation to really *do* anything. The only time that these slouchy creatures are active, the only time that they walk as though they knew where they were going, is when they are making for a Socialist parade or a performance of Sudermann at the German Theater, or an Ibsen performance at the Yiddish Theater on the East Side. Last year there was a series of Ibsen performances at the Yiddish Theater on the East Side, given by Paul Orlenneff, a Russian Jewish actor. They created quite a sensation. It was said that Orlenneff had spent months in insane asylums, studying the minute details of the peculiar disease which motivates "Ghosts." He will probably spend months in some such institution again for a less voluntary reason. It was said that he could roll his eyes until one could see nothing but the whites; that he could become as pale as a ghost and in other ways become at will a living horror. It was said that his representation of the diseased Oswald Alving was in every detail pathologically correct. If so, it must have been a horrible sight to witness. The Yiddish Theater was packed for nights and nights. Cries of "Bravo" tore the air. Orlenneff came to Boston and gave one performance in the

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Grand Opera House, a name which sounds well, but which most of us could not find without a guide. The audience was of the actor's countrymen and the quasi-litterateurs. The scholars, the refined civilized respectability did not even know the event was happening. The most of us who happened to know of it wondered why such fiendish realism must be *art* necessarily. Furthermore, these enthusiastic audiences did not at all signify any change in the American regard for Mr. Ibsen. We have not become "Ibsenreif." The problem is much the same one as the problem of Orlenneff who acted to an Orlenneffreif audience and it did not at all mean that he was an artistic actor. Anything that is awful enough pulls a certain distance of its own sheer force. If an out-of-the-way theater were to advertise "An actual murder will take place here every evening at eight," I presume there would soon develop a long waiting list for standing room. Now Ibsen himself is point-perfect in what he says, as far as that be concerned. Oswald Alving and Nora and Hedda Gabler are pathologically *correct*. The problem of "Ghosts" and "A Doll's House" and "The Wild Duck" are all accurate enough in their delineation. But Ibsen isn't likely to carry much farther than he has already carried, if for no other reason than that his dramas do not make a human, emotional appeal. When Hedda Gabler shoots herself we are not *affected* or sorry. We have no more *feeling* over the matter than we would have if we were to read that Anna Held had shot herself. We, so to speak, can not arouse ourselves to any throbbing sympathy over her from beginning to end. The only feeling which we have when she fires the shot is that horror pulsation which goes through most of us when the thud of any revolver shot falls on our ears. We are, or may be, in sympathy with the *situation* in "Hedda Gabler," with the *situation* in "Ghosts," but we cannot seem to summon up any real feeling for or with the people themselves. It is the same case when Nora walks out to find her own real self. We do not seem to be *sorry for* Nora or for any one else in particular. The only way in which an Ibsen drama seems to work emotionally is by the process of substitution. If you know of a very dear friend whose case was identical with that of Hedda Gabler, as soon as the drama has progressed far enough for you to "see the point," you begin to substitute your dear friend for Hedda Gabler and it instantly becomes your friend's drama. The fact remains that Ibsen's characters *per se* do not seem to carry of their own weight; they do not seem to "strike home." This is partly because Ibsen is only to a small extent an artist and to a large extent a draughtsman; a draughtsman of the corners and angles and curves and short cuts of human society. He is not a dramatic poet, though at times he is poetic. He is not a social reformer, he does not make sufficient vital *appeal* to achieve that. He is an accurate and sociologic draughtsman and dramatist. His dramas act well, and read well, and are *dramas* because his stubborn refusal of anything except the facts and incidents of the situation makes them move and rattle along to their climax with a crisp aim.

Professor Heller in several instances considers Maeterlinck as a sort of postlude to Ibsen in the same key. I believe he even says that Maeterlinck "learned it" from Ibsen. That is ridiculous. There is no more real coincidence in the case of Ibsen and Maeterlinck than there is in the instance of considering some extremely clever architect as coincident with the spirit of Rodin, the sculptor.

Maeterlinck understands subleties and intangible revelations of nature more thoroughly than any writer living. He is past master of artistic suggestion. If Ibsen understood all the revelations of nature as does Maeterlinck, we have no way of knowing it from his writings. Ibsen was past master of a presentation of human society, so that it amounted to his

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putting forth a sort of socio-economic philosophy which stops at about the same point at which it begins,— as does most philosophy. Ibsen was not a reformer, if for no other reason than because he solves nothing. He merely shows us some of the peculiar and tragic misfits of characters who are playing at life's game with an inconvenient assorting and pairing of the cards. They make a few moves or mis-moves and usually end by simply "throwing up" the deal. The scenes are all true enough. But that does not help anything. Ibsen a moralist? No. To walk up to some one or two people and deal them a blow that stuns them into consciousness and then say, "Now this is how false and how rotten and how superficial you are," is simply bold daring with a soupçon of temper for spicing it, and it all may be particularly true, but there is no moral or reform element in the act. Ibsen is not a moralist or a reformer, because there is no real uplift in any of his dramas. Maeterlinck has no intention or concern to be a reformer, but in even his earlier dramas enough of the wonder and the realer beauty of the universe has crept in to make him stand a fair chance of being, in the long run, a force for good. Among other things, in order that a writer may be a force for good, a moralist, or a reformer he must have a better sensing of and a better use for good than is customarily made use of by the ordinary individual. Ibsen has none of this effulgence. Ibsen has a better sensing of the *lack* of good in us than is customary,— a better sensing of the inconsequent and hunchbacked morality which civilization affects. But that is not to exert influence as a moral force or as a reformer. To merely collar us and force us to face the truth of us is not likely to reform us. It is as though a child had spilled the ink and were then to have his face pushed down close to or even into the puddle while you told him, "*Now*, see what you have done."

Even Maeterlinck's earlier works seem to be done with a few glints of sympathetic blue or soothing green about them. Ibsen is a constant and incessant monochrome in dull brown, with an occasional splash of inky black for variation or relief. I venture to say that more sympathy will always go forth to poor little Selysette in Maeterlinck's drama and one feels more of a heart-pull when she jumps from her tower than has been or ever will be granted Nora or Hedda Gabler. And yet poor little Selysette is a far more *unreal* character than either Nora or Hedda Gabler. The incompatibility of temperament and the everlasting and eternal triangle is far nearer an explanation and an effective appreciation in us through Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette" than it is in "Hedda Gabler" or any other Ibsen drama. It is partly because Maeterlinck never lets go his hold upon the unappreciated beauties in us and around us, while Ibsen growls continually about what we *do* or have *done*. In other words, Maeterlinck is eternally conscious of the infinite and its interpretation and Ibsen is eternally negligent of it. Some long-faced folk have tried occasionally to call Ibsen immoral. That is ridiculous because he was too sincere and not enough of a sentimentalist to be immoral. His dramas are moral enough, but I do believe that the result which he has or will ever achieve by means of them is unmoral. Or, at most, in any given audience the count for good resultant from "Ghosts" would cancel itself through the presence of a counterirritant in the shape of a certain unmoral result. For, if "Ghosts" be true at all, there are the sinned against present as well as the sinners. From any crime there must be sufferers if there be perpetrators. Otherwise there is no crime. People whose attitude toward Ibsen is like Professor Heller's, who hold that Ibsen is a moralist and a reformer, seem to assume that every Ibsen audience and every Ibsen reader is either immune and merely an interested listener or a sinner to receive the sacrament, or a candidate for sinnerhood to be re-

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formed. It is just as likely that, in every audience which has ever witnessed "Ghosts" that, beside the species above catalogued, there have been present full as large a per cent of good and innocent men and women who represent the sinned *against* and who have already had hard enough work to take any interest in hanging on to an existence which was moth-eaten *for* them, not *by* them, before they were born. Oswald Alving was partly sinner and partly sinned against. The world has a goodly number of those whose lives are already clouded by ancestral offenses and tendencies and what *moral* influence, what reform or uplift can or has "Ghosts" ever carried to them? This same truth could be worked out of every Ibsen drama. I say again that the dramas themselves as respectable reading, as literature, are *moral*, but they have an even chance for being resultantly unmoral in their influence.

I do not believe that there are many real scholars in the *scholarly* sense of the word, many literary creators or appreciators who are fond of their Greek tragedians and their Shakespeare and their Milton, who are really fond of Ibsen. The folk who are fond of much wallowing in Ibsen are the do-less litterateurs who have not the price of a hair cut. (That sounds pathetic; I really mean, who are too lazy to earn the price of a hair cut; also, they like it long.) No, I do not believe that the United States are becoming "Ibsenreif."

Professor Heller's work is one of the most comprehensive works upon Ibsen and is invaluable in its thorough and serious setting forth of Ibsen, his plays and his problems. One could find no more helpful guide to a study or an understanding of this modern dramatist. The opening chapters deal with "Ibsen the Scandinavian"; "Early Life and Works"; "History and Romance"; "Brand Peer Gynt"; "The League of Youth"; "The Poet as Moralist," etc. Chapter ten is upon "Ibsen and the New Drama." There are nineteen chapters in all, and each play is given a complete discussion intrinsically and in relation to its predecessors.

The book contains about twenty-eight pages of notes and a selected list of publications upon Henrik Ibsen, also a complete index. Professor Heller is professor of the German language and literature in Washington University, St. Louis.

In Professor Heller's "Henrik Ibesn Plays and Problems," the subject of the Norwegian dramatist (and I insist that he is first, foremost, and almost solely dramatist, a writer for the stage) receives no new illumination. But in spite of a seeming forgetfulness as to sentence construction and in spite of his conviction as to Ibsen's moral and reform quality of achievement this new work upon a not-new modern of importance is a work of serious and worthy import. Professor Heller evidently has an intimate acquaintance of the man and of his entire literary output. Whether or not one agrees with his conclusions does not matter. The work is so full of scholarly information that helps to the reader's better forming his own opinion that it is a certainly valuable addition to the list of Ibsen commentaries.

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NANTUCKET SHOALS LIGHTSHIP

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Reducing the Toll of the Sea

THE SUBMARINE SIGNAL

By WINTHROP PACKARD

THE Cingalese fisherman, wishing to signal a comrade, hangs an earthen chatty overboard and strikes it sharply beneath the water. The blow is inaudible above water a few feet away, but his comrade in another boat, perhaps a mile distant, has but to put his ear to the bottom of it to hear every stroke. This method of signaling has obtained among the Cingalese since remote antiquity, nor has it changed from that day to this, yet in it lies the basic principle on which modern invention has built the modern submarine signal, the greatest factor in the safety of ships at sea since the coming in use of the mariner's compass. Nobody knows how many thousand years the Cingalese have thus been able to signal beneath the water. The modern practical application of the idea is little more than half a decade old.

Safety at sea has been man's problem since ships were devised. The earliest navigators in their tiny shallops planned to sail by daylight alone, in fair weather, and never out of sight of land. Their vessels were so small that men might step from them ashore, and they went to sea in them with fear and foreboding, often to their doom. Yet commerce has always called for ships, and since the very beginning of civilization these have been forthcoming. With use men grew bolder, ships larger and stronger, voyages longer. The earliest records of history tell of long adventurous voyages that braved tempest and darkness, unknown reefs and sands, along uncharted coasts with the sun and stars alone for guides.

The mariner's compass was invention's first great boon to navigation. With it the mariner knew where north lay as well when clouds and darkness obscured the sky as when the sun shone. With its aid navigators began to explore hitherto unknown seas and to roughly chart them. The worst reefs, the most dangerous headlands along routes of trade began to be known and watched out for, to be marked on the charts and in the minds of master mariners. To recognize these in daylight, in fair weather, became part of the pilot's trade, but when night shut down they lurked unseen and were a tremendous menace. Then came the next great step in advance, the lighthouse, at first but a fire on a headland, becoming with use and improvement a lantern in a tower and now grown with modern progress to the complicated, expensive, and highly efficient modern lighthouse, capable under favorable conditions of warning mariners for a distance of twenty miles or more.

The best use of the lighthouse is a rather modern thing, yet the earliest writings of man make reference to some form of it, showing that the idea of giving warning and guidance to ships at sea by means of a light on shore antedates history. Most of the ideas in the world are very old. It is only the active application of them that is modern. The ancient Greeks ascribe the invention of the lighthouse to Herakles, and made him the patron saint of mariners. To him on setting forth they vowed tithes which on successful return were spent in entertainment. The Sybians and Cushites of lower Egypt had lighthouses which were temples also, lighting the lower reaches of the Nile, and from their word for high, "tor," and fire, "is,"

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A LIFEBOAT ADRIFT LOCATED BY THE SUBMARINE SIGNAL

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the Latins derived their "turrie," meaning a tower. The Cyclops of the Roman legend, with his one great flaring eye, was a lighthouse, and Apollo blinding him with arrows was merely the sun rising and dulling his light with a greater.

Thus ancient is the lighthouse. Long before the Christian era the greatest lighthouse tower the world has ever seen — if the story of its height be true — was erected at Alexandria in the reign of Ptolemy II, 283–247 B.C. This was one of the wonders of the world, and was said to be six hundred feet high. It cost $946,000.

But the best light is dim or powerless in fog or storm, and so we have the fog-horn and fog-bell supplementing it. Like the light, under the right conditions the fog-horn and the fog-bell are very effective, but like the best light these, too, may be exceedingly unreliable. Often the fog-horn is unheard when most needed, though the distance may be slight and the same sound may be heard by another ship at double the distance. Often the strongest light is strangely obscured. The cause seems to be the instability of the medium through which both act, air. Through air of uniform density sound and light waves proceed uniformly in all directions. But air is so lightly moved about, is so easily expanded and contracted, has such varying strata produced by so many varying agencies, that its conductivity changes almost momentarily. Sound waves in particular, passing through a given layer of air, seem to be reflected by another, denser layer, to bend often and pass around a certain space, indeed to cut all sorts of queer capers. In mirage we have varying layers and moving columns of air playing such tricks with light waves that the sight is deceived. Objects are strangely distorted, show to the eye inverted, or are completely blotted from sight.

Thus coast lights at night, though the air may seem clear and the stars above be visible, often are withdrawn from sight through atmospheric tricks when they ought to be plainly seen. So the sound of fog-horns or fog-bells may be faint or unheard though the source is very near, or may come to the ear from a false direction. And on some dangerous coasts fog and storm are so prevalent that the lighthouse is useful only a small fraction of the time that the lights burn.

Yet safety at sea has increased greatly during the last century, in part through the increased use of lights and fog signals, but far more because of the steamship and its increase in size and efficiency. With the modern type of these fitted with engines so powerful that they can drive the ship at high speed into any gale that blows, with sides so high and bulk so vast that the greatest seas do not imperil progress or endanger the lives of those aboard, traveling over routes so well charted and known to the navigators that they are veritable highways of the sea, the world's traffic would seem to be safe from all the vicissitudes which beset the early navigators. And so in a large measure it is. Yet the vast bulk and power of the big liners, bulk which makes their momentum irresistible, power which drives them at tremendous speed, have brought about new dangers. Hendrick Hudson's *Half Moon* might have met an iceberg while going at full speed in the northern seas, and would have bounced back from it unharmed. The *Half Moon* might graze a reef, and unless driven on it by a gale would stand a fair chance to slide off it with the rising tide undamaged. The *Half Moon* could not meet and collide with another vessel under any circumstances, for she was the only one sailing the seas which she explored.

But for the great ships which sail the *Half Moon's* track to-day the dangers of reef, iceberg, and collision are vastly increased. The *Lusitania*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, the *Cedric*, and the hundreds of other big ocean steamships carry doom in their own great throbbing hearts every time they set

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forth upon the sea. That it does not overwhelm them is due to the skill, the ceaseless vigilance, the coolness of the men that man them, and the luck that goes with such attributes. Once in a while the luck fails and in spite of the other factors the fate which waits the modern liner steps forth to meet her. Thus the *Titanic* went to the bottom, snuffing out nearly two thousand lives and taking with her millions in property. Thus the *Republic* went, and thus before them have gone other great steamships, some to known disaster, others sailing forth to the port of missing ships, to a fate unknown in the vast mystery of the sea.

This promise of doom lies in their great bulk and momentum, their capability of great speed, and the demand of the schedule which obliges such ships to keep up their speed in spite of fog or storm, whether icebergs, reefs, or collisions endanger them. With the increase in number of great ocean liners, of coastwise steamships, and other vessels, to the extent of crowding narrow waterways in the neighborhood of great ports, these dangers are appalling. Modern invention in the way of bulk, speed, and schedule time has outstripped modern invention in the way of safety equipment for these great ocean steamships. The swift boats "make their own weather" at sea, as the saying goes, and they make their own danger too.

To avoid this danger is the one great problem of the navigator. Into the solution of it has come within the last decade the wireless telegraph. With it, for the first time in history, ships at sea have been able to keep in more or less constant communication with the shore and with each other. As an aid to business its use has been tremendous. As a factor for safety after disater has come about or a palliative of the final catastrophe it has proved its great worth in many signal instances. Without it the *Titanic* would perhaps simply have vanished in the sea, never to be heard of more, as other great liners have done before ships were equipped with it. As a preventative of disaster it has its uses as well. With it one ship can warn another of icebergs or derelicts, giving their approximate location so that the oncoming vessel may watch out for these at the danger point or by a change of course avoid the danger.

It can send out a call for help over a hundred miles of sea, and hear and answer the call in the same way. But in such a case the wireless has very decided limitations. By it the endangered vessel can send out its exact latitude and longitude, provided it has it, and the rescuer may come as near that spot as the instruments and the state of the weather will permit. But there this marvelous assistant ceases to assist. To the receiver the aerogram is a voice out of the void, from a direction unknown. In the case of the wreck of the *Republic*, which occurred in a thick fog, the *Baltic* called by wireless, zigzagged for twelve hours in that fog, all within an area of ten square miles, while the shipwrecked hundreds and the listening world waited in an agony of suspense.

The *Baltic's* wireless told of the progress of the search, and the two ships were in constant communication with one another, yet the wireless alone could do no more. It could not tell the captain of the *Baltic* when he was nearing the *Republic* nor when he was going away, and the search and its final success hung absolutely on another factor, a still later invention for the safety of ships at sea, the submarine bell on Nantucket Shoals Lightship. The captain of the *Republic* has told the captain of the *Baltic* by wireless that the *Republic* was within sound of the submarine bell on the lightship. Hence, whenever the *Baltic* moved out of hearing of that bell the captain knew he was going wrong and he came back within the circle. Thus the little bell, sounding its shrill call twenty feet beneath the surface, was the real thread which led this modern Theseus through the Dædalian labyrinth of the fog to the rescue. Had the *Carpathia* sought the *Titanic's* boats in a fog instead of a per-

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fectly clear morning, the chances are a hundred to one that she would never have found them, and that in spite of the wireless the loss of the great steamship's precious human freight would have been as complete as that of the millions in merchandise which went down in her.

The use of the submarine bell already made by shipping proves that in value it surpasses any other device for the safety of ships at sea and is rightly hailed by conservative mariners as most valuable of any device adopted since the mariners' compass. Its range is not so great as that of lights in clear weather, not nearly so great as that of wireless, but on the other hand it works as well at night, in fog and storm, as in the daylight under clear skies. Its direction may be absolutely obtained under all conditions, and its reliability within its range is complete.

In 1906 the British Admiralty made exhaustive tests of submarine signals, and the following is an extract from their report:

"We have come to the following conclusions as to the utility of submarine sound signals:

"If the light-vessels round the coast were fitted with submarine bells, it would be possible for ships, fitted with receiving apparatus, to navigate in the fog almost with as great certainty as in clear weather.

"The saving of time and money brought about by enabling ships to reach port, instead of being delayed by fog and losing tides, etc., would be very considerable, and shipwreck and loss of life would be rendered less frequent."

Trinity House adopted the system forthwith and the conclusions of the Admiralty have been strikingly confirmed by those using the apparatus.

Said Captain Watt, late of the *Lusitania:*

"Nearly all my sea life I have been looking forward to getting the assistance of a reliable sound signal. Now I feel that we have got it, and all that is required, in my opinion, is its universal application."

Captain Turner of the *Mauritania:*

"Yes, I am tired of the old fog-horn. We can't hear it half the time, and it is always uncertain. The bell is the thing, the submarine bell."

A former captain of the White Star liner *Celtic:*

"If it should come to a question of doing away with either the lights or the submarine bells, I should prefer to do away with the lights and have the submarine bells rung continuously."

A coastwise captain, when asked to curtail expenses by taking out the submarine receiving apparatus, said:

"I would rather take out the wireless. That only enables me to tell other people where I am. The submarine signal enables me to find out where I am myself."

In a word, stripped of technicalities, the submarine signal consists of a bell which is rung under water, and an apparatus aboard ship for hearing this and locating the direction whence it comes. Its use on lightships, exposed reefs and buoys for the guidance of ships in darkness and thick weather should become universal as a matter of safety to the traveling public, and the equipment of vessels with its telephonic receivers, already begun with the great liners, should extend through coastwise steamers to all vessels. Sixty great lines have already adopted the invention, including almost a thousand ships. Nearly a hundred and fifty stations have been installed at dangerous points on the coasts of all the world, even China, Uruguay, and Russia being represented.

The striking of the bells is automatic. A pneumatic mechanism operates those at the lightships. An electrical device operating through a cable from shore rings those which mark dangerous reefs, and an automatic mechanism operated by the waves is suspended from buoys, where there are no lightships and the distance from shore is too great for the use of an electric cable.

For receiving the signal on each side of the ship near the bow and well below the water line is a small cast-iron tank filled with water, in which hang two microphones. The distance of the tanks from the stem is twenty feet or more, according to the shape and size of the ship. The bell sound coming through the water passes through the skin of the ship, enters the water in the tank, and is picked up by the microphones which in turn transmit it to the indicator box in the

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pilot-house or chart-room, with which each microphone is electrically connected. Switches in the indicator box enable the observer to listen alternately to the sound picked up by the port and starboard microphones, and to determine by the loudness of the tone on which side the bell is ringing. In order to get the exact direction from which the sound is coming the ship is swung toward the side on which the sound is louder until it is equally loud on both sides. The ship is then pointing directly at the bell.

The value of submarine signaling depends upon the remarkable reliability of water as a medium for transmitting sound. Its density never varies, and while changing currents of air may block off the sound of a fog-horn or air-bell from a ship within a short distance of it, as has been demonstrated in practice and by the experiment of Professor Tyndall, the submarine bell sends out its warning in fog and darkness through a medium always of uniform density and steady transmitting power. Water is a trustworthy messenger and it never fails to deliver the message.

The transatlantic liners bound for New York make Nantucket Lightship, for this is the turning point from which they lay their course for Fire Island and Ambrose Channel. If they pick up Nantucket they can lay their course with absolute certainty and be sure of making Fire Island. If, owing to fog, they do not make Nantucket, the run to New York is full of anxiety and danger. Ships equipped with receiving apparatus make Nantucket with absolute certainty, no matter what the weather, and proceed on their course with the confidence of definite knowledge.

At Cherbourg tenders equipped with the submarine bell steam outside the harbor and act as guides to the liners coming in, thus saving much valuable time and avoiding the danger of a close and uncertain approach to the coast in fog.

The service which the submarine signal renders is not confined to saving life and property. Its value for saving time also was well illustrated some years ago by an incident at Bremerhaven, when the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* reached the mouth of the Weser, together with several other vessels not equipped with submarine signals. By means of her receiving apparatus she was able to pick up the Weser Lightship, enter the harbor, where she found the fog lifted, and discharge her passengers and cargo. It was twenty-four hours before the weather cleared outside and the other vessels could make port.

Not only are submarine signals the only reliable coast warning, but they are the only means of communication for submarine boats when under water. Each submarine carries a bell and a receiving apparatus, and when it is realized that within a few years several submarines have been lost and more than a hundred lives needlessly sacrificed for lack of the apparatus, its great value may be appreciated. Two instances afford sufficient illustration.

At Newport in a test when the United States submarine *Octopus* was running a mile submerged, a tug crossed the course paying out towline, which lay directly in the path of the submarine boat. It was only a matter of moments when she would have been raked by the hawser and in all probability lost with all on board, when her tender signaled her to come to the surface. She instantly obeyed, and escaped almost certain destruction.

The other, an instance of an accident which might have been avoided, was that of the French submarine *Pluviose*. While maneuvering outside Calais harbor she rose to the surface directly in front of a cross-channel steamer, and was sunk with all her crew, twenty-seven in number, none of whom escaped. Had she been equipped with submarine signaling apparatus she would have heard the approaching steamer in time to avoid the collision.

The part the submarine signal may play in the future in developing submarine boats as an offensive and de-

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fensive weapon in warfare cannot be fully realized until war comes, but that naval officers keenly appreciate its importance may be shown by the following from the New York *Sun* of July 3, 1912:

"Considerable success is being attained by the officers and crews of the naval submarine flotilla here in the use of the submarine bell signals.

"On Monday four of the submarines, C-2, C-3, C-4, and C-5, using the submarine bell as the only means of communication, went out in search of an 'enemies' ship,' which was in substance the tender *Castine*. The *Castine* left the bay early in the morning and cruised off Point Judith.

"The submarines, some time later, submerged in the harbor, passed out to sea and started on their under-water search for the 'enemy.' After some maneuvering in depths varying from twenty to sixty feet the *Castine* was found and sunk, theoretically, by four torpedoes with dummy war-pads that were fired at her."

No satisfactory apparatus for sending out submarine signals from moving ship other than submarine boats has yet been perfected; but such apparatus is now in the experimental stage and there is every reason to believe that in the near future it will be possible for two surface ships to signal each other in the fog at several miles distance and to determine their relative positions. Then what is perhaps the most serious danger at sea to-day, the risk of collision, will be overcome.

Although the greatest service of the submarine signals is in the prevention of accidents, they are also of primary importance after an accident. The vital thing is to summon help at the earliest possible moment. If there is fog — and most accidents occur in a fog — there is nothing besides submarine signals which will give the exact location of the disabled ship. A hand-bell has been devised which can be lowered overboard after an accident and run to enable the rescuing ship to come directly to the wreck. A striking illustration of the need of such a bell is furnished by the search of the *Baltic* for the wrecked *Republic*.

The *Baltic*, coming from Europe, has picked up the submarine bell on Nantucket Shoals Lightship in a dense fog, laid her course from that point to New York, and proceeded eighty miles when she got the wireless messages that the *Republic* was in distress, and also the following:

"Have picked up Nantucket by submarine bell north-northeast sound in holding thirty-five fathoms."— *Sealby*.

Acting on this information, the *Baltic* got within range of the submarine bell on Nantucket Shoals, and then began her search for the *Republic*.

As Captain Ransom said (*Outlook*, February 6, 1909):

"When I could hear the submarine bell myself I knew I was outside of the *Republic's* position."

Again:

"After twelve hours' search zigzagging and circling in the fog, changing our course as each new bit of information came by wireless, we at last found the *Republic*. We came within a hundred feet of the ship before we could see anything, and then we saw only the faint glare of a green light. They were burning, like the illumination you burn on Fourth of July."

And again:

"During our twelve hours' search I estimate we traveled two hundred miles in our zigzag course before we found her and all within a sea area of ten square miles."

Had there been a rough sea the *Republic* would have foundered sooner and the lifeboats might have been useless. On the other hand, had the *Republic* carried a submarine hand-bell she would have been found twelve hours earlier.

Just as each ship should carry the emergency hand-bell so should each lifeboat. Then in darkness or thick weather all lifeboats could be picked up, and without loss of time.

Such is the theory and use of the submarine bell, a use so undeniably great that the installations thus far made are but the small beginnings of what must soon become universally adopted. Lighthouses and air-borne fog-signals have cost the world uncounted millions to devise, install, and maintain. Yet every dense fog, every roaring winter storm, with its muffling snow and black vapor, wipes these off the coast line and puts navigation, so far as their aid is concerned, back in the time of the Phœnicians. Yet then from every reef and lightship where sub-

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marine bells have been installed goes forth a warning clangor, audible for many miles, no matter what the weather, its distance easily estimated, its direction absolutely determined. So mighty is the modern ship that the buffeting of the storm itself can hardly delay its passage, provided the navigator can be sure of his whereabouts. The submarine signal gives him this assurance and its saving of life, property and time makes it, like the compass, the chart, and the wireless, a mighty factor of the comfort and profit of those who go down to the sea in ships. When inter-ship signaling by this means shall have been perfected — and there is promise that the day is near — the worst danger which the sea holds for big ships, that of collision during thick weather, will be definitely conquered.

THE PAGEANT AS A POPULAR FORM OF HOLIDAY CELEBRATION

By RALPH DAVOL

TO one who stands upon the acropolis at Athens looking down upon the magnificent ruins of the theater of Dionysius and picturing the scene when Pericles and the Flower of the Golden Age gathered under the open sky in the elaborately carved auditorium to witness the Antigone of Sophocles presented against a background of olive-

THE TAUNTON PAGEANT

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lined roadways, the Pentelic hills and the distant Ægean Sea, to such an observer harking back to our typical American playhouse, poorly ventilated, gaudily furnished with plush curtains, rococo embellishments, flap-seated chairs, electric bulbs, and nickel-in-the-slot allurements, the supremacy of Grecian civilization in the matter of dramatic entertainments comes forcibly home and our modern theater seems cheaply artificial. Of course the climate is the secret of the unhappy comparison. Our winter theater-going season precludes an open-air auditorium; but during the summer months an awakening appreciation of the Greek idea is apparent and some approach to the high standard of that day is found in the popular out-of-door pageants of the past few years. Sufficient has already been accomplished to warrant a prophecy that the torch-bearers of dramatic progress will find this a most fruitful field to exploit.

The revival of classic tragedies by college students, the masques, Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, the spectacular Joan of Arc in the Harvard stadium are instances of the return of the open-air play.

Among several pageants successfully given in New England during the past summer four, distinctly different in quality, may be briefly considered,— the Pageant of Education at Lawrence, Mass.; the Pageant of Rural Progress at Thetford, Vt.; the Pageant of Music at Peterboro, N. H.; the Pageant of Patriotism at Taunton, Mass.

The Pageant of Education, conducted by the schoolteachers of Lawrence, was something like the old English processionals. The players, impersonating prominent figures in the world's educational evolution, emerged from a grove and performed upon a wooden dancing platform erected in an open field by the Merrimac River. The Pageant of Rural Progress was thoroughly a community affair dealing with the cry "back to the land." The past, present, and future of agriculture was taken up in the light of the revolutions wrought by machinery. This pageant is suitable for any farming district; at Thetford a hundred city-bred girls from two summer camps added a note of grace and vivacity. The pageants at Peterboro center around the name of MacDowell, the famous composer, who had his home there. The MacDowell Choral Society makes this an annual adoration of the master to whose shrine music-loving pilgrims come as to the home of Wagner at Beyreuth.

A pageant more adaptable to any American municipality is the Pageant of Patriotism, given as an exemplary way of celebrating a safe and sane Fourth of July.

This production vibrates to the iron chord of Freedom and offers ample outlet for young America to let the eagle scream without inviting the calamities attendant upon the old-fashioned cannon-cracker and sky-rocket Independence Day. Although Taunton was peculiarly fortunate in possessing a remarkable natural amphitheater, the pageant can be given in any city of the United States where a level area two hundred feet square may be found beside an expanse of water. Take the most prominent stepping-stones of American history, such as the landing of Columbus, arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers, signing the Declaration, etc., introduce one or two local scenes bearing upon national affairs, call out a detail from the Grand Army, add the folk dances of the various nationalities which colonize in every American city, and a magnificent entertainment is at once outlined. Indians must be counted in,—boys always itch to impersonate the young barbarians at play. A court scene in one of the countries from which America was colonized, that of Ferdinand and Isabella, Henry IV of France, or Queen Elizabeth, introduces a sumptuous Old-World picture. As a finale let Uncle Sam review the pageant and the Goddess of Liberty lead in singing "America."

The eminent English authority, Louis N. Parker, defines a pageant as

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a festival to Almighty God in commemoration of past glory and present prosperity. He insists upon a religious service the Sunday previous to the opening performance to prepare a receptive attidude of mind. A pageant is a prayer of aspiration.

It is the cleanest form of drama, tolerating none of the taint which often hovers over plays produced in theaters, even on the border of Puritan Boston Common. Vulgarity that lurks behind footlights cannot endure under the searching light of open day. Sun and air kill moral germs as they do disease germs that flourish in darkness.

No pageant worthy of the name can be given indoors or under an artificial light. While mystery and an atmosphere of romance are enhanced by strong searchlights in the surrounding cowl of darkness (which professional actors are quick to make use of) that produces only a magic dream — a sort of Arabian nights' entertainment. But a pageant is something higher, finer, more real, a sunlit vision of the open day.

The pageant is peculiarly appropriate to democracy. Three things the ideal government must do to keep the lid on human nature and preserve the peace: provide education, employment, and entertainment. The pageant is a sort of municipal theater, giving equal opportunity to all the community, not a troupe of strolling actors nor a dramatic organization, but an amalgamation of amateurs who serve without compensation.

Artists are in their element, so are musicians, orators, antiquarians, and terpsichoreans. All ranks, creeds, ages, and professions co-operate. Dreamers in the Fine Arts mix with practical men of affairs. The furore for dancing brings forward girls a-plenty. The total number of participants in the Hudson-Fulton pageant was one hundred thousand.

The historical pageant attempts to vivify conspicuous epochal events of local history. The performers assuming the characters of their ancestors have a better grip on the great moving epic of life of which they are a single link. The actors themselves reap the most good out of the production. By stepping back into the past a person can more intelligently understand the tread of the times and better address himself to the morrow. Such a pageant will teach more history in two hours than one would learn from books in years. It is wholesale education. Especially do foreign-born citizens. who have had no schooling in America, become Americanized in this way.

To get up a good pageant is what a fine old lady called a "Herculaneum task." The leading spirit must be a person of untiring energy. It requires great executive ability and tact to get along well with explosive temperaments, jealousies, lethargies, strong-minded women and conflicting advice from several hundred volunteer counselors. The master can direct the rehearsals and performance and interpret the text of the book, but a thousand details must be divided among committees of finance, costumes, music, dancing, tickets, information, hospitality, advertising, preparing auditorium, etc. Costumes should be of local manufacture; not only are they much fresher and cleaner, but the home-made pageant is best and many wish to keep their costumes. Likewise the orchestra should be local. Some person or organization of subscribers must back the enterprise. From two to five thousand dollars will be required to carry it through triumphantly.

Pageants are usually given for the benefit of Daughters of the Revolution, teachers' guilds, or other public objects, but they are a deserving cause in themselves, and although they do not pay expenses, are worth many thousand dollars to any municipality.

Pageants are especially fitted for presentation in small towns. Now that America has begun to show her age in observing her bi-centennial, quarter-millennial, even ter-centennial anniversaries, this seems to be a *de luxe* form of jubilation. What has

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been done by others any town may do with a little patience and enthusiasm, if not afraid of hard work. Study your resources and symbolize them. Mountains, iron industry, fisheries, preventive medicine, even the New England conscience, may be symbolized or "spiritualized" (Hawthorne said "steam spiritualized transportation").

The frame in which the pageant picture is placed is of first importance. Of the four pageants mentioned above, that at Thetford was given on a grassy intervale meadow sandwiched between the railroad tracks and the Connecticut River. At Peterboro the arena was prepared by cutting off the pine woods on the hill slope, opening a magnificent view of distant Monadnock. At Lawrence the pageant took place on the bank of the Merrimac, although the river, as at Thetford, was not made use of. At Taunton it was given in a remarkably level area, surrounded by a wooded hill slope on the edge of a lake. The poetry and magic of a lake are indispensable to supply the final charm to pageantry. There are so many events which require boats.

Many anxieties of mind attend the pageant master. The greatest alarm is the fifty-seven varieties of New England weather.

The writer has seen several pageants routed by sudden showers. While sunshine is to be prayed for, too much of a good thing is good for nothing. At a pageant during the first week in July the weather was so excessively hot that many who had purchased tickets were unable to attend. One gentleman on the afternnoon of the performance to which he had tickets repaired to his bathroom, filled the tub to the brim, lighted a cigar, and read the libretto in something of Roman luxury.

The historical pageant is for the masses,— an expression of community consciousness in sensuous form. Music, dancing, color, motion, lie close to the heart of humanity. The drama will endure as long as girls put on their mothers' dresses to traipse through the streets, and boys tuck feathers in their hair to whoop through the forest. That is the beginning of the pageant spirit. Dealing as it does with broad, sweeping events of national significance as well as small single local plots, a pageant spans the classic and romantic spirit, both holds itself in with calm reserve and lets itself loose in picturesque imaginativeness.

A well-conducted pageant is a rational and safe entertainment that every one may enjoy. It provides outlet for dramatic talent, promotes civic pride, arouses wholesome competition, gives favorable advertisement abroad, brings home old residents, knits together the divers strands of the varied population, inspires patriotism, gives a wider outlook on the world and suggests new sources of power to hold one's own in the battle for progress.

THE GUARDIAN

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attention to her wishes by hurling the most convenient object she had at hand. Therefore he found it wise to anticipate her needs as far as possible.

Mrs. Hanrihan grasped the handle of a frying-pan, deftly tossed the contents into the air with a motion that caused the eggs to do a somersault and return bottom side up, then once again she uptilted the can to her lips. 'Gene watched the process with an experienced eye. As the can approached the perpendicular, he hastily wiped his hands on his apron and edged nearer. She lowered the can

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with a bleary glare towards the sink and mechanically reached for a large spoon. Her hand paused in mid-air as she saw 'Gene waiting by her side.

"Phot t' hell do you want?" she demanded.

"Nothin'."

She faced him pugnaciously. On the whole she didn't care to have him anticipate her wants. She not only preferred to do things in her own way, but she had a vague notion that in taking for granted her unquenchable thirst 'Gene was reflecting upon her reputation for sobriety which she never allowed any one to question. She had sustained this reputation by never being altogether sober in fifteen years, and so affording no basis for comparison. Her erratic actions and hot temper thus passed as mere eccentricities of disposition.

"Phot t' hell do you want?" she repeated, shifting the emphasis from the personal pronoun to the noun.

"Nothin'," he answered restlessly as he waited for the can. Diplomacy justified the sacrifice of strict truth.

She eyed him from head to foot, but his face remained as impassive as his boots.

"Ye're after thinkin' I want more suds? Huh?"

"Didn't know but what ye might like a drop just to moisten your throat," he admitted.

"Phot if I do?" she demanded, still looking for some excuse to use the iron spoon.

"I'd get it for ye," he allowed.

"Ye would, would yer? Thin why the hell don't yer? Phot yer standin' there fer? Phot —"

Having by this time worked herself up to the proper pitch, she made a pass at him. He dodged, seized the can, and went out. He crossed the street to the neighboring saloon, where Mrs. Hanrihan kept a standing account, and saw the can filled without a necessary syllable of explanation on his part. The beer looked so cool and refreshing that after a moment's hesitation he ordered a glass for himself. He drank this with such satisfactory results that he ordered a second. It not only washed away the taste of ham and eggs, but it stimulated in him a latent rebellion.

It was Bella who had secured for him this job of dishwasher in the same restaurant where she served as waitress. After three days of idleness, during which time she had furnished him with food and lodging, he had accepted this employment more in a spirit of gratitude to her than anything else. But now he was heartily tired of it. The humid, noisome atmosphere made him half sick; the hours from six in the morning until after eleven at night left him each day dead for lack of sleep, and finally Mrs. Hanrihan kept him in a constant state of irritation. Had it not been for Bella's advice to hold the job until she found something better for him, he would have chucked it long ago. He didn't propose to stand being bullied by any one.

The ale, having in a few minutes roused him from a state of dejection to this stanch attitude, he was convinced that a third glass might do even more. He swallowed it, and his highest hopes were realized. On the spot he determined that he had endured enough from Mrs. Hanrihan. Bella had been very good to him, but there was a limit as to what he could stand even for her sake. She had been very good to him indeed. He never had realized it more fully than he did this minute. He liked Bella. He went to the Ferry with her every night. At first he had thought her rather homely, but of late she seemed to be growing handsome.

The barkeeper at this point offered a bit of advice.

"Better git along with them suds."

"Let her wait," said 'Gene.

"Take it from me, bo'," answered the barkeeper; "don't let her wait."

"Why not?" demanded 'Gene.

"'Cause she'll raise a fine crop of bumps on that sandy nut o' yours if yuh do," he replied.

He swabbed off the dark mahogany with an expression of conviction mixed with utter indifference.

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'Gene picked up the can and went out. His legs were springy now. At the foot of the stairs leading to the kitchen he lifted the can and took a long draught. When he pushed into the kitchen his face was beaming. Mrs. Hanrihan made one dive for him with a volley of oaths that ordinarily would have cowed him. This time, however, she had reckoned without taking into consideration the three glasses of ale. 'Gene shook himself free as easily as a cub bear and faced her.

"Keerful, ol' lady!" he warned.

Mrs. Hanrihan stared a second in dumb amazement. Her mouth was open and she had every appearance of delivering an extra-fine line of oaths, and yet not a single word passed her lips. The effect was impressive.

"Hold your hosses, ol' lady!" 'Gene advised further.

Mrs. Hanrihan rolled her sleeves up over her heavy arms. 'Gene watched the preparations, still beaming. A pan of frying eggs left on the stove began to smoke. Still dumb, she leveled a stiff blow at him and bore down. He seized her by one fat shoulder and in spite of her weight held her immovable. Glaring, she waved her arms. His fingers sank into rolls of fat with a tighter grip which made her wince.

"Dom ye," she coughed, "dom ye!"

Then, as she found herself in a vise, she emitted a long piercing scream ending in the blood-curdling cry of "Murther! Murther!"

He dropped his hand. The room was filled with smoke that blinded them both. 'Gene knew his hour had come, and in a final fit of drunken recklessness seized the can of beer and deliberately poured it over Mrs. Hanrihan's head. Spluttering and gasping, she repeated her cry. 'Gene seized his hat and coat and ducked out of the room, up the back stairs, and outdoors. He crossed to the saloon and threw his last nickel down on the bar. As he gave his order, the barkeeper grinned.

"Guess yuh on now. Huh?"

"Guess she is, too," answered 'Gene amiably.

"Yuh don't mean yuh done her up?"

"Oughter go over an' see her," said 'Gene.

The barkeeper shook his head.

"Not fer me. I'm near 'nuff right here," he answered. "But dere's a diamond belt comin' to youse if she took der count. She useter trim Hanrihan reg'lar, an' he done some good men hisself in his day."

"Poured th' suds down her neck," chuckled 'Gene.

"Th' hell yuh did," exclaimed the barkeeper.

He seemed to have an inspiration.

"Say — did yuh ever put on der mitts?"

"What ye mean?"

"Ever do any sluggin'? Yuh've gut der build all right — all right."

"No," answered 'Gene, "I never fought none, but I ain't no slouch wrestlin'."

"Bet yuh could handle yuh dukes, too. I'd like to see yuh staked up ag'in some un 'bout yuh size. Maybe I can fix it up fer yuh. Dere's a ten spot in a lively go — win or lose."

Even in his present self-confident frame of mind, 'Gene did not enthuse rapidly over this kindly offer.

"I'll see 'bout it bime bye," he returned.

"I'll have a talk with Flynn," the barkeeper nodded. "Drop in next week and we'll see wot we can frame up."

'Gene finished his ale and went out. Bella would not be through for another hour yet, and he decided to wait for her. He strutted up and down the street with a great deal of satisfaction to himself. He felt freer and more independent than he had at any time since he left home. He consumed a very pleasant hour in this way. He anticipated with a good deal of pleasure recounting to Bella how he had fixed old Hanrihan. He knew that even the proprietor stood in awe of the cook and so considered his exploit something worth boasting about. As he saw Bella come out the door, he hurried up. But to his surprise, instead of greeting him with her usual

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smile, she faced him with a decided scowl.

"Well," she exclaimed, "you've done it now, all right."

"Done what?" he asked.

"Done for us both," she snapped.

"Didn't do nothin' 'cept to old Hanrihan," he answered sulkily.

"Didn't, eh? Didn't you know you might just as well swatted the boss as old Hanrihan? Didn't you know you'd git yerself fired an' me too?"

"You," exclaimed 'Gene. "Ye meanter say they fired you?"

"Ain't you my friend? Didn't I have t' back you up? What you think they'd do — raise my pay?"

"I didn't think of you," he half apologized.

"I s'pose not," she returned. "That's the trouble with all you men —you don't think till after the funeral."

She seemed to be taking the matter very much to heart. She hadn't once looked at him. She kept her eyes on the ground. She appeared nervous and uneasy. He braced up.

"Never mind, Bella," he said, "I'll get 'nother job in a day or two. I didn't take to that one, nohow. I couldn't stand it. There's plenty of better jobs nor that."

Something in his self-confident air made her look up and search his face. She noticed that his eyes were a trifle glazed, that his face was flushed.

"Look a here," she demanded, "you been hittin' the booze?"

"Jus' a mug o' ale," he answered with exaggerated carelessness.

She drew a quick breath.

"So that's it! That's what made you so fresh?"

He turned away uneasily.

"You don't know how thirsty a feller gets in that hole," he answered.

For a moment she studied his face. He looked so big and handsome and childlike that it hurt her to see him like this. But she wasn't any fool. She knew what this meant. She took a step or two away as though to get out of danger.

"So that's it," she repeated.

She lifted her head.

"Take it from me," she exclaimed, "I don't mix up in that kind of deal. If you're goneter fight booze, you fight it alone. Right here's where we part comp'ny."

"What you mean?" he asked.

"I'm talkin' English, ain't I? Plain English? Make it as strong as you like — I don't mix up with no man what plays that game."

"I didn't mean no harm, Bella," he answered.

"Course you didn't," she returned, her eyes snapping, "course you didn't. These guys what tank up and then starts in to smash the furniture never means no harm. They's just foolin', that's all. An' when it's all over they didn't know what they was doin'. So you haster forgive 'em. Not for mine!"

She started off down the avenue. He followed after her in alarm. The very thought of her leaving him alone in this way frightened him.

"Don't be so hasty, Bella," he pleaded. "I won't do it again. Honest, I won't."

She continued towards the Ferry. He kept along by her side.

"I didn't mean no harm," he repeated. "An' as far's losing the job goes I'm glad of it. I'll get suthin' else. A feller told me he could get me a job on the Ferry. I'll get twicet as much for it and have a chance to work daytimes. It's outer doors too, and thar's where I belong. It's a kinder seafarin' life and I allers wanted that."

He rattled on in a breath, but she gave no sign of interest. He changed his tactics.

"That place was makin' me sick. I couldn't eat nothin' and couldn't sleep none."

She glanced out at him from the corner of her eye. That sounded true enough. She had watched him lose weight and noticed that his eyes were heavy. It had worried her.

"I'll have the other job in a day or two and it'll give me a chance to pay you back," he ran on. "I've wanted to do that all 'long."

(*To be continued*)

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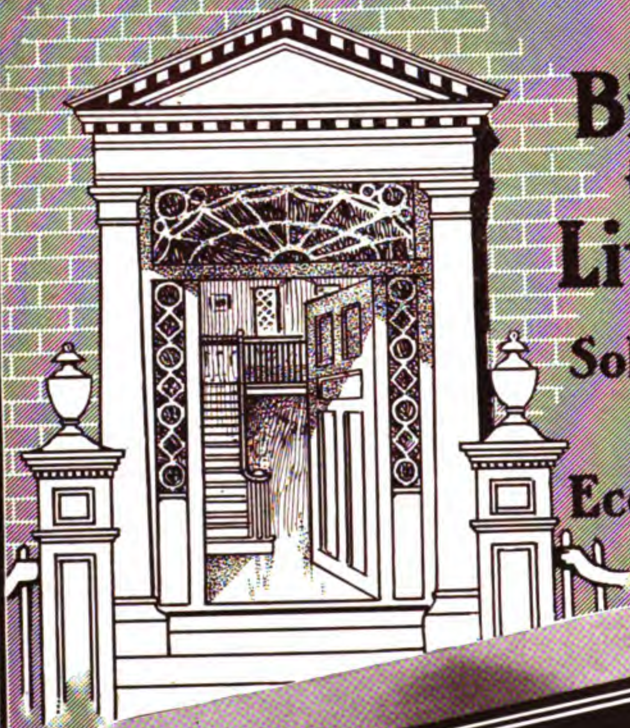

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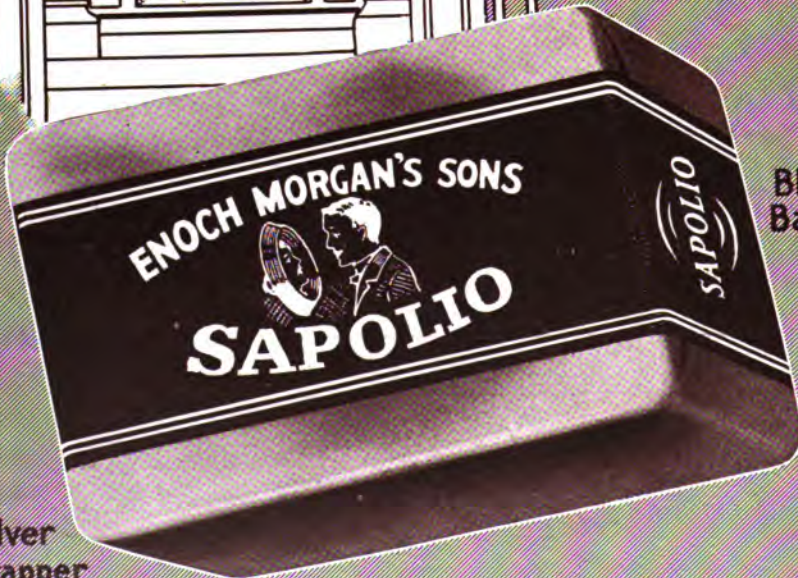

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Beautiful New England

Studies of the Distinctive Features of New England Landscape

Autumn Foliage

BLACK and white refuse to attempt a disclosure of the beauty of a New England autumn, for which I know but one characterizing word — luminous. It is the beauty of old vellum illuminated by thirteenth-century faith and devotion. The page of nature becomes a missal. The te deums are sung from screened choirs. It is the Gothic Festival of Nature. Pointed arches and traceried windows were invented in the autumn. I have no historic verification for such a statement, only that inner perception of the fitness of the thing to which facts are always found to conform. I know nothing less melancholy than falling leaves. Only an artificial sentimentality has ascribed to it that quality. It is the most inspiring aspect assumed by our northern landscape. The play of light is frolicsome, recreational, confident in its abundance, prodigal, lavish, joyous. We should invent a method for its liquefication and enrich the world with a wine, that by its innumerable perfections would conquer the most surly Puritanism. Joy is more reverent than melancholy. Melancholy insults the fullness and glory of the year.

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FOLIAGE ON THE WINOOSKI RIVER, ABOVE MONTPELIER, VERMONT

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FALL FOLIAGE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

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AMONG THE HILLS WHERE THE EARLY FROSTS GIVE THE BRIGHTEST COLORS

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HON. JOHN W. WEEKS

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII OCTOBER, 1912 NUMBER 2

HON JOHN W. WEEKS

SAFETY for a democracy lies in the unselfish devotion to her interests of citizens of exceptional ability in the conduct of affairs, and in this age, in which the prizes held out to private enterprise are so high, and the demands of private business so engrossing, it becomes increasingly difficult to secure for the nation the time and toil of such men. History teaches us that the great age of every democracy, such as Greece, Rome, and Venice, has been that in which their ablest men were found busied with affairs of state. In our own country there never was a time when the need was greater. Commercial questions are to the forefront. There is need of new monetary legislation. The opening of the Panama Canal will give rise to naval and mercantile maritime questions far-reaching in their influence. Commercial reorganization is not an academic question; it is a movement that is under rapid headway, and new legislation to fit modern business conditions is imperatively demanded. The various branches of the public service, such as the post office, require radical overhauling. Science is pointing out new methods of conservation, new dangers, and new needs.

Who is to legislate for us on these complex questions? It is very easy to generalize about them. We can say that the monetary equilibrium should be automatically maintained so that financial panics might become impossible; post office maintenance should not require a tax outside of its own stamp tax, and the service should be extended to meet the more diversified needs of a more complex civilization; conservation of natural resources should be a distinct care of the government, etc., etc. It is very easy to say things of this nature, but to show just *how* an automatically elastic currency can be secured, just *how* the public service may be improved, just *how* conservation of natural resources may be brought about, and to shape the wise legislation that accomplishes the end, surely that is not a work which any average citizen can do, however sincere, patriotic, and honest his intentions.

To commit the shaping of monetary legislation to a man who would be hopelessly lost and out of his depths among the accounts of an ordinary banking house is absurd. But it is no more so than for maritime and naval legislation to be formulated by a man whose knowledge of shipping is confined to an occasional ride on an excursion boat. And the same may be said of the post office and of questions of conservation.

Political ferment is flooding Congress with new men. That is all very well. Congress should be responsive to public sentiment. But one of the things that public sentiment should demand is the retention of men in whose integrity all have confidence, and whose training and natural abilities fit for the work that they have in hand.

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After March 4, 1913, Captain John W. Weeks and Senator Burton are, for example, the only two Republicans left in Congress of the monetary commission that has been for some years studying that most difficult subject. To this work Captain Weeks brings the training of a banker and the financial sense that is a gift of only a few exceptional men. He has given years of earnest study to all sides of this many-sided and intricate problem. Enlightened public sentiment should demand his return to Congress. for this reason if for no other. The people have confidence in Captain Weeks. He is an Annapolis man, and no institution turns out men of a deeper patriotism. Trained as a boy and young man under the flag, a reverence for it has been bred into his nature. Annapolis men do not desert the ship, nor haul down the flag under fire. The severe and exact training received at our great national naval academy, which is the pride of every citizen, has been followed up by service in the naval reserve. Captain Weeks brings not only the spirit but the technical knowledge thus acquired to the service of Congress. He is a member of a great and well-known banking firm of international reputation and international business. His knowledge is that of a practical expert. New England common sense demands his return to Congress. The business community has no other thought. To fail to return him would violate the confidence of the business community in the intelligence of the electorate.

Monetary and naval affairs have not absorbed Mr. Weeks's attention in Congress. As a member of the Post Office and Post Roads Committee he has given close attention to that vitally important branch of the public service. The work of this committee is unfinished. To deliberately withdraw one of its most important members at this time would be like hailing a liner at sea and calling off one of her engineers. The conduct of the post office lies close to the vital needs of many lines of business and affects all. Public sentiment is making demands upon it in no uncertain voice. We cannot expect those demands to be properly met, if we allow the expert knowledge of such men as Mr. Weeks to be suddenly withdrawn. He has won the confidence of the expert servants of the department, than whom none are quicker to detect incompetence and ignorance.

Mr. Weeks is the author of bird-protection legislation now pending. This may seem a trivial issue. But the scientific conservationist knows better. Massachusetts alone is spending hundreds of thousands of dollars for moth protection that would never have been needed if such a law as that which Mr. Weeks has introduced had been enacted years ago. His own district carries a heavy item in the annual budget on this account, and he has shown himself, by introducing this reform, a wise legislator alive to the actual needs of his own constituents as well as to the nation at large.

It may be a cross to Mr. Weeks to return to public life. To no man could the call of private life be more alluring. But we have not even considered that point. He comes from a school where men are taught to ignore private considerations in the public interests, to nail the flag to the mast, and he has always shown himself to be that kind of a man. I do not believe that Mr. Weeks will withdraw, even though a contest for his seat should be forced upon him. The district which he represents is well supplied with able men. There is a large possibility that Mr. Weeks should be called upon to fill Mr. Crane's place in the Senate. No solution of the senatorial situation could be happier. But such a possibility should not blind the voters of the thirteenth district to the first and foremost issue — that of returning to Congress an able servant of the people whose presence there is urgently demanded by a national sentiment, and than whom none ever served his own constituents with a more careful attention to their needs. The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is not

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the political organ of any party. It is an organ of New England sentiment, and that occasionally calls upon us to express political opinions. In the present instance there can be no question but that the cool, conservative, sensible, scientific spirit for which New England stands calls upon Mr. Weeks to go back to Congress, and upon the voters of his district to send him there.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AN ISSUE

THE Republican party was organized to enforce a solution of the slavery question as a national issue under a liberal but just construction of the powers granted by the Constitution. On this account it was stigmatized as the "Black Republican" and "loose construction" party, although in the past, as to-day, it has more often been called upon to protect constitutional reservations of power than to extend them by interpretation at variance with their evident intention.

In the struggle that followed the organization of this party, our national life, for the first time, came into a full consciousness of itself, and into the spirit of the party that guided it through that perilous time entered, as an unwritten tradition, a vivid sense of the national unity as it emerged through that first full exercise of all of its constitutional powers. At the same time and in the same manner was born a sensitive regard for that unique balance of judicial, legislative, and executive functions which is our frame of government, and through which our liberties have been safeguarded on the one hand from license, and on the other from the aggressions of power. This inheritance is the vital spark of the Republican party. Because of this inheritance and its resulting clarity of judgment on all questions relating to the duties and proper restraints of governmental action, this party has, even in its most corrupt days, given to the country a safe, strong, and wise administration. For a number of years now, the corruption that infests political life, both at home and abroad, has been receding under the castigation of public opinion. but the need for the most careful exercise of the political consciousness of the true duties and restraints of our government in its various branches was never more urgent than at the present juncture.

Those who know our country best cannot but view with alarm the possibility of an administration pledged to political platforms which unduly exalt the executive branch of government (ever the banal tendency of democracies) and threaten the stability of all that the constructive genius of our political life has reared through long and bloody wars and bitter struggles. For entering upon these wild governmental experiments no shadow of excuse exists beyond the restlessness of the discontented and the personal ambitions of the selfish.

With an ever-increasing reverence and faith, on the other hand, the true patriotism of our land turns to the present leader of the Republican party, whose integrity, clear-sightedness, and strength loom larger as his administration nears its end. Through a time when the waters have been strangely roiled and troubled, he has kept us from the rocks, and to make certain his re-election should engage the earnest efforts of every single-minded and patriotic citizen.

F. W. B.

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CAROLA WOERISHOFFER
HER LIFE AND WORK

By CONSTANCE M. SYFORD

Published by the Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr College

"SERVICE" has become such a faddish term in present-day elocution and literature of the social, industrial, and political world that it begins to stand for an ethical truism. Like the time bedraggled phrases, "the square deal," "the rights of the people," we are beginning to postulate it because axiomatic. Similarly the cry for "social and industrial justice" comes from every corner of the land. And it means, not an appeal for socialism, nor for equal suffrage, nor for any particular social legislation nor particular party platforms. It means all of this and more. It means the old world question which transcends all classified, pigeonholed movements. It is the one cry that is based upon innate first principles, namely, human sympathy. Yet the intellectual leaders of the "spirit of the age" are using these terms as technical utterances for their particular cults. They are fast becoming not only common but shabby, indeed, and meaningless, because in many cases undefined and consequently unheeded and ignored. Still they remain the symbols of the goal of human achievement. Farther than the practical application of these altruistic ideals society cannot hope to arrive, at least with its present feeble vision. When they shall have become of the warp and woof of the social order the world question will have become simplified.

The spirit of such ideals is personified in degree in the brief life work of Carola Woerishoffer, who met with a fatal accident in September, 1911, while inspecting labor camps near Cannonsville, N. Y., as an officer of the State Labor Department. Her class in Bryn Mawr College offers to the public its testimony of her life in college and her four years of service as a social worker, in a neat little volume, appreciative and commemorative.

The book contains a brief introductory biographical sketch by Miss Ida Tarbell, which appeared in the July issue of the *American Magazine*. Miss Tarbell shows the rich inheritance which Carola Woerishoffer received from her mother and from her grandmother,— an inheritance of the realization of her obligation to the social world of which every one is a part, as well as a large material sum. Miss Tarbell interprets the large sympathy always shown toward the afflicted and unprivileged classes by her grandmother, Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer, who at first alone managed the great paper, the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung*, and by her mother, who was a prophetess of modern social ideals.

The inspiration from Sargent's portrait of President Thomas to the child of nine years, and her determination to go to "Miss Thomas's school" is indicative of the stable character of the young woman as Bryn Mawr knew her, and of the passion for life which she transplanted from college to the active world of New York. The same spirit dominated her life in Bryn Mawr as that which prompted her to refuse to allow her annual income of many tens of thousands of dollars to work instead of herself. Insisting upon starting in the ranks of hard work, she worked for four hot summer months in the laundries of New York as one of that class of workers in order to give to the Consumers' League some much-needed data. She refused to live beyond the salary of her earnings, which was twelve hundred dollars a year. Her inherited income was reserved for gifts.

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This little book contains, besides Miss Tarbell's introduction, the proceedings of the meeting held at Greenwich House in memory of Miss Woerishoffer, who was associated with and lived much of her time at the house. The addresses, which are printed just as delivered, were made by prominent men and women who had trained her, or had worked with her, and who agreed in their admiration of her work toward industrial democracy in the city of New York, as district leader of the Woman Suffrage Association, as the releaser of the shirt-waist strikers from imminent prison confinement when she furnished her own bond of seventy-five thousand dollars, as savior of the treasury of the Congestion Committee at the time of an emergency, and her work as a comrade of Slav or Teuton, Greek or Latin, at Greenwich House. Some of those who addressed this memorial meeting were Professor Seligman, Hon. George McAnemy, president of the Borough of Manhattan; Pres. M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr College; Prof. H. R. Mussey of Columbia University; Prof. J. E. Croswell of Brearly School; Mrs. Florence Kelley of the Consumers' League and the Congestion Committee; Miss Marot, secretary of the Women's Trade Union League; Professor Seager, president of the Association for Labor Legislation, and Mrs. Vladimar Simkhovitch of Greenwich House.

Besides the addresses of this meeting there are several reprints of "in memoriam" articles. One is from the *Survey*, September 30, 1911, by Vladimar Simkhovitch, in which he shows Miss Woerishoffer's keen realism and courage as president of the Label Shop, and her interest in the work of the Taylor Steel and Iron Company of High Bridge, N. J., to make of High Bridge a model industrial village, which led her to become director of the company.

Bryn Mawr College is peculiarly qualified and equipped to prepare for service and to serve its comparatively small social unit,— its sifted and limited four or five hundred students,— because they represent a true democracy of the mind. A social sympathy can only come in a school which prohibits secret organizations of any sort and which is truly self-governed, a school in which the social life is a normal, healthy outgrowth of intercourse between students resulting from scholarly pursuits. Such intercourse necessarily produces a social sense, indeed a social common sense. Such a college is Bryn Mawr, and such was Carola Woerishoffer's preparation.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

The service which Bryn Mawr rendered Carola Woerishoffer has been paid back by her in full measure. By the third item of her will she left to her Alma Mater a legacy of seven hundred and fifty thousands of dollars, which is to be placed aside as a permanent endowment fund, the income from it to be used as the college shall see fit. By this bequest she stands next to the founder of the college. She insures its future and the maintenance of its present high standards of scholarship. She reflects in rare degree the spirit of the institution and of its president,— the spirit of altruism. Her short life span of twenty-six years was lived to the full.

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The St. James Theater and its Founder

NO theater in Boston reflects more directly the personality of one man than the new St. James Theater on Huntington Avenue, in the heart of what is coming to be regarded as the literary and artistic center of the city. This enterprise has been fostered, built, and managed by its proprietor, M. H. Gulesian, the well-known Boston financier.

To know what the St. James Theater is, and will be, it is necessary to know Mr. Gulesian. Ultimately it may be true that in order to know Mr. Gulesian it will be necessary to know the St. James Theater, for he is putting his whole heart and soul into this, his latest enterprise. No detail of construction has escaped his careful scrutiny. He has been his own contractor, his own supervising architect, and is now the active manager of the theater.

Mr. Gulesian has had a picturesque and unique career, and all that he does reflects the individuality and force which have made such a career possible. One does not expect a weak adherence to tradition for tradition's sake in his plans, nor departure from tradition merely for the sake of novelty. The

STAGE OF THE ST. JAMES THEATER

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M. H. GULESIAN, ESQ.

building of the St. James is an illustration of this characteristic independence of mind. While the plan of the auditorium departs in no essential to success from that which has borne the test of experience, it nevertheless embodies some quite radical innovations that are Mr. Gulesian's own ideas. The most striking of these is the treatment of the gallery, to which is given a broad sweep and a depth that lends it the appearance and the advantages of a second "orchestra." Mr. Gulesian has here seized upon an idea certain to find imitators, as it is founded on a need.

The gallery is often the most desirable place from which to see and hear a staged performance. The number of intelligent people who take gallery seats by preference, regardless of considerations of cost, is on the

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FOYER OF THE ST. JAMES THEATER

increase. Mr. Gulesian's plan effectively accomplishes the promotion of the gallery to its true relative importance. The large seating capacity of this great overhanging orchestra does away with the necessity for a second gallery. The result is a finely unified audience that must prove to be an inspiration to performers.

The approaches to the audience-room, and particularly to the gallery, are also handled with originality and with a discerning eye, both for practical requirements and artistic effect. The stage facilities leave nothing to be desired by the most exacting presentations, and the decoration of the theater is winning, savoring, of course, of that sumptuousness which appears to be inseparable from an American playhouse or hotel, but with far more restraint than is common, and with a successful avoidance of cheap gaudiness. The always festal feeling of a white and gold combination has been used throughout.

Occupying a portion of the ground floor of the building, and so close as to seem almost an attachment of the theater, is an attractive restaurant. Provision is also made for a service at tables placed on the pavement in front of the theater, after the manner of a Parisian boulevard café. A screen of flowers and greenery separates this attractive little esplanade from the sidewalk. The whole is brilliantly lighted and supplied with excellent music. Such a thing exists nowhere else in America, and its development will be watched with the keenest interest.

Grouping these unique features we see that their originator is planning something more than "another show-house." He has in mind a life more frankly and sociably joyous than America, and particularly Puritan New England, has ever allowed of itself. There is a whole philosophy of living back of the plan of the St. James Theater, and back of the philosophy is the philosopher. For in all that Mr. Gulesian undertakes, shrewd and successful business man though he is, one finds the brooding philosopher — a mind meditating deeply on life and the needs and the welfare of humanity. In this instance it is a philosophy of living that Mr. Gulesian has worked out in his own life, and the center of it is the home, and yet it is a life more social and joyous than the majority of Americans grasp.

All of this is much for one man to undertake. Mr. Gulesian is a rich man. He has already expended in the neighborhood of half a million dollars on his enterprise. He is a man of tireless energy and of great persistence, a practical and adroit executive, and has the habit of success. The present appearance is that the Back Bay district of Boston is permanently enriched by a unique institution that will have no small share in shaping the life of the people.

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THE POSSIBILITIES OF PINKIE

A STUDY IN VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

By CHRISTINA EMERSON

CHARLOTTE filled her lungs with fresh air and her soul with resolution as the car started down the incline of the bridge. In a moment more she would be in the hot, noisome city streets, reeking with the odors of decaying vegetables and Jewish perfumes, a combination so stifling that from her alighting at Linden Street to her return to the river on the homeward trip her breath was taken in tiny gasps to be exhaled as rapidly as possible. Dodging barrels of refuse, dirty babies in "shimmerettes," groups of boys huddled on the hot sidewalk over marbles or more fascinating and less apparent games, fat Jewish women with bundles and babies, Charlotte reached the comparative quiet of "the Avenue." The Back Bay knows "the Avenue" as that delightful, sunny expanse of park and well-kept roadway, bordered by beautiful houses; in winter the parade-ground of the upper class; in summer deserted, since the masses seldom stray so far. Linden Street knows "the Avenue" as a boarded, blind alley into which the sun peeps only at mid-day, bordered by tumbledown wooden buildings, for the most part uninhabitable. From "the Avenue" runs Linden Place, and from this Linden Court, in and yet in, more and more ramshackle the wooden tenements, less and less the sunshine and air, and down at the very end of all lived Pinkie.

Pinkie Driscoll was the prettiest, naughtiest child that the Linden Street quarter had ever sent to the settlement kindergarten. Then it was that Charlotte, in her student days, had met and conquered her by most un-Froebelian methods. In the absence of the principal, Pinkie was trying every spell of badness that a five-year-old can incantate. Moved from the table, she drew all eyes towards her by mysterious, whispered directions, much more exciting than Charlotte's; isolated in the anteroom, she battered rhythmically upon the shaky door. Then Charlotte spanked her. Into Pinkie's beautiful, defiant, blue eyes came a look of meditation and, strange to say, admiration, never before visible in the kindergarten. Charlotte was the one nearer tears — Charlotte, who had lost her temper and deserted her principles but — she had conquered.

From that day Pinkie obeyed and gave such allegiance as her anarchistic nature could give. The inalienable right to act upon every impulse started in the active centers under the red-gold curls was the law of Pinkie; next came the right of the Driscolls to be maintained against all outsiders; lastly the right of the Irish-American against Sheenie, Dago, and inferior Americans.

The selection of the far end of the court as a place of residence by the Driscolls was the result of Mrs. Driscoll's need of unoccupied space about her when she was "sick." Under those circumstances she regarded near neighbors as undesirable, and even neighbors who were not fussy reciprocated the feeling. Consequently farther and farther into the mouldy firetrap the home of the Driscolls had withdrawn. Altogether out they would have been forced to go but for the good-natured "boss" of the court, who managed to extort more rent from the tenants and put on fewer repairs than any other factor — thanks to his Irish kindliness when things went wrong. The gentle lady who owned the pestilential pile had

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"perfect confidence" in O'Reilly. Reports from settlement workers, showing danger to health from dark, damp tenements, danger from fire in the blind alleys, surrounded by wooden buildings, could not unsettle the ease of mind arising from this confidence, nor call her from her home upon that other avenue to examine conditions in the avenue she owned.

Halfway down the court, Charlotte was met by yells of rage and pain in unmistakable Pinkie tones, by malediction in Ma Driscoll tones, by Patsy making for the street, his face expressive of impish glee and fear. No word of explanation would Patsy stop to offer. In the kitchen she found Mrs. Driscoll binding Pinkie's leg in a piece of dirty cotton to stanch the flow of blood. Patsy had aimed the broken plate lower than he intended, but the damage was sufficient. Yet Pinkie's yells had more of rage than pain in them.

"Lem me get him. I kill him. Lem me go. Oh!" cried Pinkie.

Mrs. Driscoll fastened the bandage with a crooked pin and looked up to greet Charlotte with a sullen nod. The child started for the door, but the pain was too great; she fell back upon the floor and lay there a writhing mass of pain and hatred. Charlotte suggested calling the settlement nurse.

"I won't have Miss Sharp. She'll hurt. Go away!" sobbed the child.

"Pinkie!" said Charlotte, "we're going on a picnic to the beach. All the girls are going. You want to go, don't you, dear? You can go wading if your leg gets well."

The tear-stained face was slowly turned upward. A sidelong glance, keen, doubting, desirous, seemed to search Charlotte's motives, the native tendency to ask more than was offered arose, and a sob-strangled voice demanded:

"Can't I go swimming?"

"Perhaps, if we can get a bathing suit for you."

"Ain't you got one? I can go in my dress."

"We'll see. We are going to have lunch on the beach and a phonograph to sing songs." Charlotte piled attractions to make bearable her next remark:

"Now I will go for Miss Sharp."

The sobs made a rapid crescendo to yells that were trying even to Mrs. Driscoll's nerves. She shook the child and bade her shut up or she would see to her. Taking advantage of this momentary tendency to control on the mother's part, Charlotte hurried away.

She found the settlement nurse in the Avenue, coming from weighing the Regan baby, who was dwindling despite modified milk and medicine, administered by Miss Sharp herself in the two daily visits she found time to make, how only a settlement nurse could tell.

Charlotte was rather proud of her own daintiness, but the immaculateness of Miss Sharp, emerging from squalid tenements, on a muggy day, seemed supernatural. The unspottable quality of angel's wings belonged to the nurse's garb. Pinkie only whimpered when Miss Sharp, with apparent disregard of the painfulness of the process, bathed and dressed the ugly cut. Charlotte admitted to herself that she would not have dared even to whimper under that alert domination, but that Pinkie, the unsuppressible, should have been thus subdued clearly proved the superhuman quality of the nurse.

The day of the picnic dawned clear and very hot. Not even the blazing of the July sun could drive from the steps of the Settlement House the crowd of children waiting for the chance of a good time. Cold winter days find the same crowd of impatient waiters, ready to slip in if the door open a crack. As chilly mortals are drawn by the comfort of a cheerful fire, so these soul-chilled little beings are drawn by the comfort, the pleasure, the love that stream forth so abundantly from this "House of Infinite Possibilities."

Nine superficially clean little girls and dirty Pinkie awaited Charlotte. Mrs. Driscoll was "sick," and three-

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year-old Ellen was thrown upon her sister's motherliness, which was surprisingly tender if intermittent. That this wild, defiant creature should have such possibilities as a "little mother" was a constant wonder. Since Pinkie's fostering instincts arose with the benumbing of Mrs. Driscoll's, Ellen was not so badly cared for, according to Linden Street standards.

Mingled cheers and jeers from the uninvited followed the little procession on its way to the car. Its members were too happy to do more than make faces at enemies and shout the mystic word "beach" to friends. The thought of taking ten children on the cars was a nightmare to Charlotte. Conductors and kindly passengers assisted the rushing swarm to places, but no conductor ever waited for Charlotte to count before starting the car. The vision of the child that might have been left at some transfer station wailed through the restless night that always followed one of these expeditions.

Winding country road, fields of daisies and buttercups, curve of sandy beach, and stretch of blue, Charlotte rejoiced that for a day she could make this rich gift to these waifs of the city street. The children saw, a road for racing until tired, then to be grumbled about; flowers for grabbing, until hands were full, then to be dropped; sand for digging, also for pelting; water for wading, also for splashing; but a whole day of racing, flower picking, digging, and wading meant fun galore, and no one can tell how much of the beauty sank into the little hearts.

A plentiful lunch and a fascinating phonograph which sang street songs and beautiful operatic selections supplied satisfaction for the less strenuous moments. Indeed, Sarah Levinson seemed glued to the mouth of the phonograph, nor could the delight of deep sand wells, nor the tickling of cool water about the toes, draw her from it. She gathered flowers and dropped them not, also cakes at lunch time. All of which showed that Sarah was true to the artistic and acquisitive inheritance of her race.

Pinkie discovered possibilities in a ten-foot bluff that fell off sharply to the sea. Charlotte saw the flash of golden locks disappearing over the edge and fearful that the other girls would follow, sheeplike, rushed to restrain them. But for them there was daring enough in peering over the edge and watching the attempts of the small figure below to climb the slipping sand. The momentum gained in the descent carried the child well into the water, yet, when she returned to the waiting group by way of the narrow beach, her face was expressive of disgust and defiance rather than fear, disgust for the cowards who failed to follow her lead, defiance of the expected reprimand. Charlotte was pale, but Pinkie still rosy, though the red blood streamed from the opened wound on her leg. A fox, baffled and wounded, might have looked as this untamed child looked while her wound was being dressed. The girls were too wise to jeer at failure when between the snarling, pink lips they saw the gleam of sharp, white teeth. Teeth and nails were not yet a last resort with this savage little creature. The tenderness with which the woman-child held sleepy little Ellen, during the return trip to the city, showed strange contrasts in undisciplined human instincts.

A few such holidays in summer, many winter evenings spent in the warm settlement room with the comfort of hot chocolate and crackers to make work more attractive and to add nourishment to the irregular home fare, brought Charlotte close to these children. She watched the development from unkempt wildness to flirtatious demureness. With it came somewhat more of cleanliness, much more elaborateness in hair-dressing and — ribbons. A foreigner once said to Charlotte, "The American child is the child of resplendent ribbons." In this respect the Americanization of these children of alien ancestry was both rapid and luxuriant. Bows of most

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delicate tints and of enormous size bedecked the back of each head. At work over the tables, the club appeared a collection of gorgeous butterflies. Even Pinkie appeared in ribbons, but whether from necessity or the innate taste that was beginning to show itself in the putting on of the shabby clothes, she chose black ribbons which made the red curls look more golden. She was growing into a slim, straight-featured beauty, her defiance and daring softened, but still visible in the glitter of the blue eyes. Charlotte feared for her as for none of the other girls whose ordinary prettiness fitted better their ordinary lives. But Pinkie answered her words of warning, laughingly:

"Don't be afraid for me, Miss Charlotte. The men say I'm a wise kid."

Hardly the school life over before the transformation into shop girl took place. Gigantic department stores, holding fall sales in July, swallowed two-thirds of the club members. Charlotte descended into the lifeless atmosphere of the basement department that she might observe the effect.

Pinkie stood in the midst of a group of unwilling bearers of slips and parcels, holding them by some picturesque tale of gossip or adventure, while drawling shouts of elegant sales-ladies pierced the air and customers fidgeted at delay. Not until the wrathful floor-walker bore down upon the group did it disperse. Gulls before the oncoming storm fly not more swiftly landward than bundle-girls to counters. One laggard only remained to catch the fury — not Pinkie. Quite out of breath with hurrying, she was first to return slip and bundle to hustling customer.

When Charlotte asked permission to speak with Pinkie, the face of the floor-walker, which had shown signs of clearing, gathered storm-clouds again. He saw in Charlotte's appearance no sign of the flamboyance typical of this store's customers; a relative would never have been fool enough to ask permission, but would have talked an hour with no thought of interrupting duties; here was a bothersome butter-in to business methods, a spy upon the treatment of these impudent girls, who must be kept under, in more senses than one, while the rush was on and discharged when it was over.

"Of course you can speak to her, if not busy," he grudgingly replied. "She's doin' fairly good," in answer to Charlotte's question in regard to work and behavior.

"Oh, Miss Charlotte, ain' I glad to see yer!"

Pinkie came forward with outstretched hand and the manner of a duchess. In a week's time she had attained the shrill drawl and the manner. Here was something quite new— a superior Pinkie patronizing an inexperienced Charlotte. Splurgy customers, elegant sales-ladies, giggling bundle-girls paused to eye the friend, puzzled to fit her into Pinkie's entourage.

"Do you like the work, Pinkie?"

"Lots of fun, but is awful hard and awful hot down here. I ain' goin' to stay if they keep me down here an' the boss is that ugly!" A newly acquired shrug and a spreading of the hands showed the unspeakable ugliness of the "boss."

"Cash, come, girl," sounded from the counter.

"Go, Pinkie," said Charlotte, nervously, "I must not keep you from your work."

"Naw. Let Sheenie go. She ain' doin' nothin'."

Sheenie did not budge. She was doing something — staring at Charlotte. The dark eyes with the dreamy droop of lid, the gorgeous Oriental curve and color of the mouth had a familiar look not altogether due to Jewish type.

"Sarah Levinson!"

"Yes, Miss Charlotte, I knew you right off."

To the repeated call Pinkie went and "Sheenie" stayed to tell Charlotte in better English and with a better manner than Pinkie's of her work in the store for a year past and of the promise of promotion in the fall.

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WOMEN'S WORK FOR WOMEN

THE BOSTON WOMEN'S EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL UNION

By ETTA BOMEISLER

OF the thousands who daily pass the unpretentious brick building, number two hundred and sixty-four Boylston Street, Boston, perhaps not more than a fraction of one per cent have any knowledge of the varied activities there carried on under the name of "The Women's Educational and Industrial Union." A much larger percentage glance curiously at the little window display of dainty viands and into the basement lunch-room, and smile at what they conceive to be a business conducted on a strictly sentimental basis, with visions of ladylike insufficiency at high prices. As a matter of curiosity, while I was gathering material for this article, I asked a number of usually well-informed perwons what the Women's Educational and Industrial Union undertook to do. Several told me that it was a "kid glove employment bureau," others that it was the headquarters of the woman's suffrage movement, and others that it was a disguised Woman's Exchange. They were all guessing as to the aim of an organization with a membership of some four thousand women engaged for thirty-five years in a work that social students would instantly recognize as one of the significant signs of the times. A glance at the names on the active lists of committee workers reveals the fact that here many of the foremost women educators and social students find an opportunity for social service, and it becomes a matter of more than passing interest to learn what these women think that women need. What, in the opinion of so many intellectual leaders among women, is the work that women may do for women in a great city?

I am not forgetting that the whole movement, as it stands to-day, is, in no small measure, a monument to the indomitable courage and earnest devotion of the retiring president, Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew. I am not for-

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getting the historical background of an organization founded in 1877 — when the current thought would not to-day be classed as "modern." I am not forgetting the shaping power of financial necessities, nor the emphasis created by individual workers of exceptional ability. Bearing all these and the Boston atmosphere in mind, it still remains true, that the work of the Union is an index of the needs of women as interpreted by women. Our first interest, then, is to briefly outline the work carried on.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union was organized in 1877 "to increase fellowship among women, in order to promote the best practical methods of securing their educational, industrial, and social advancement." Or, leaving the stilted phraseology of by-laws and preambles, the Union was formed to help women to step into the widening field of industrial life, so rapidly opening to them and for which they were so ill-prepared.

The courage of the founders is impressive. Apparently they only knew that there was a need. Just what it was or how to meet it they relied upon the work itself to disclose, much as the man who could not swim, but jumped into the river to save his drowning friend with the words that, although he could not swim, doubtless he should learn before he reached him. The Union has been learning ever since it jumped into the troubled stream of economic life, and is learning still. Indeed, a very important branch of its work consists in a study of existing conditions. I refer to the research department, organized in 1905. "The department now offers to college women, who wish to prepare themselves for active service in social economic work, three paid fellowships and four honorary fellowships in economic research. The purpose of the department is threefold: (1) To train young college women in research, so that they may become skilled in discovering and interpreting facts. (2) To accumulate data concerning the industrial relations of women. (3) To make public this data and the conclusions reached, in order to stimulate public opinion and secure legislation for the protection and betterment of industrial workers throughout the Commonwealth."

Three important publications have been issued by the department, "Vocations for the Trained Woman," "Labor Laws and their Enforcement," "The Living Wage of Women Workers." The department is now studying the employment of women in the manufacture of women's wear, including textiles and boots and shoes.

Not included in the work of the research department is the discovery of the needs of women in the working world through the daily work of the Union itself in attempting to meet these needs as they arise. A review of the successive year-books of the Union reveals the fact that the situation, as it has gradually developed, calls for an ever increased stress on special training. The uninformed outsider has gathered an impression that the work of such organizations consists in endeavoring to apply a little "culture" to working women. The actual work of the Union, however, is not so much to instill culture into working women, as to instill an ability to work into cultured women. The college girl who knows how to do nothing in particular is one of the Union's problems, and to fit her for work one of the Union's special fields of labor.

Thirty-five years of continuous endeavor must have produced a working system that is the result of experience rather than of theory. The actual method adopted by the Union to-day may be briefly described as the use of professional workers under volunteer committees. The Union employs some two hundred trained workers. It has a number of committees, each in charge of a branch of the work. To one or more of these committees the workers report. Through the committee the moral force and financial support of the four thousand women comprising the membership of the Union is behind the worker.

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The chairmen of the committees form an executive committee, through whom the work receives unity and direction. "The committee sustain an advisory relation to the Union departments with which they are connected, concerning themselves with matters of policy and the broader aspects of the work."

The various departments are grouped under a general scheme dividing them into Educational, Social Service, and Industrial Departments. In the Educational group we find vocational training, training of trade school and salesmanship teachers, salesmanship school, trade school shops, research department, appointment bureau departments, and a special committee on economic efficiency of college women. The Social Service group includes the social work department, room registry, library school luncheons, law and thrift, emergency loan fund, and legislative committees. The Industrial departments are the Union lunch-rooms and New England kitchen, the food shop, and the handwork shop. A very important and valuable contribution by the Union to the world's knowledge of the most intricate and difficult of all economic problems is the collection of a reference library of works on women in industry. Of this I shall have more to say further on. It is a simple, natural, and unpretentious activity, but one of many possibilities for good.

The volume of work carried on in the various branches, and its total, as measured by financial statements and reports, is of minor importance. It may be of interest, however, to many to learn that in the prosecution of their work last year the Union handled $390,800, of which income $325,075.76 was created by the Industrial departments, the difference being covered by voluntary gifts. Something over two hundred and sixty-six women were definitely aided during the year. The mere figures are unimportant, excepting as a proof that the work is carried on on a sufficient scale to touch the community broadly and give a basis for inductive reasoning from results achieved and needs discovered. If we were to state in a single proposition the net result of the Union's study of the needs of women to-day, it would be that the women of to-day are in need of special training for a larger part in the working world. It is the economic problems that are most urgent, indeed entirely overshadow other social difficulties in the position of women in our twentieth-century civilization. Whereas the purpose of the Union is declared to be "to promote the educational, industrial, and social advancement of women," educational is interpreted, in the work actually done by the Union, to mean education for industrial activity, and social advancement interpreted to mean a higher place in the industrial community.

In other words, women are beginning to feel keenly the necessity of bearing a portion of the cost of an increasingly costly civilization, other than that which they bear as housewives. This is not something that they are seeking, but something that they feel to be forced upon them. Other movements may express the aspirations of women; this expresses the grim, the almost tragic pressure of necessity. There may be individual workers who are striving for the economic independence of women as an ideal. But, for the most part, these women would be quite contented if their problem did not exist. They are not creating it by their own activities, nor voicing a restless aspiration of their sex. In this respect the work differs materially from that of many other philanthropic and social movements of our time that are expressive of a need that is wholly subjective, an aspiration for something better. As nearly as can be judged from the work done and attempted by the Union, as far as their own movement is concerned, they draw a sigh of relief over every woman happily married with sufficient support. It is the impossibility of this that is the urging necessity behind their work.

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TRADE SCHOOL CLASS

The stress of our civilization is driving women to forms of employment to which they would not turn but for direst need. As a result, the mass of women employed, being unskilled, are driven into the very lowest forms of toil at a wage that not unseldom is totally insufficient for the barest necessities of life. In spite of this ever-present object lesson of hundreds of thousands of mentally and physically capable women working at the very bottom, the feminine instinct is too strong to lead girls, during the natural period of educational development, to seriously consider problems of self-support. The work of a befriending organization consists in the rectification of a mistake — a thing which can only be partially done at best. The error is one of prudence and of lack of adaptation to actually existing present conditions, and the appalling fact is that it is an error not at all likely ever to be corrected, for its correction involves a violation of feminine instincts that are functional and fundamental. While, therefore, the work of the Union, as conducted, is a blessed and beneficent work, it is and always must be the sad work of repairing a mistake. The larger work, the greater work, the more far-reaching work exists in the Union only in germ in its library and research departments and their possibilities in the direction of a vast publicity work, that shall not simply aim at the education of women to adapt them to the abnormalities of a civilization sadly defective, but more directly and powerfully at the mistakes in our social order, out of which the conditions arise or are made possible. What the leaders possibly regard as their least practical work I believe to be their most practical. From the beginning the organization has been feeling its way into its work. It was not founded upon a theory. It was too broad in spirit to be limited by any of its own earlier activities. Step by step it has been moving toward a goal, never clearly discerned. But the evidence accumulates that the real need is a knowledge of what the need is.

All right thinking employers are baffled in their efforts at anything resembling a satisfactory solution of the problems surrounding the employment of women. Only on the lowest plane do the conditions approximate those governing the employment of men.

In many cases the wages resemble a gratuity. The strict application of the law of supply and demand to the payment of wages to women would

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result in such a reduction for all forms of work above that of day laborers as would shock the moral sense of the community. Capable girls may be obtained for almost any work at almost any price, and in apparently limitless numbers. The reasons are obvious, and the discussion of the subject almost trite. Girls do not take their work seriously in the majority of cases, regarding it as a temporary makeshift.

These facts throw untold difficulties in the way of the systematic education of women for industrial employment. A skilled woman mechanic is an unknown factor in the economic world, and in all probability always will be.

Such an adjustment of social conditions as will reconsecrate women to domestic life is a remote dream. Nevertheless, the pressure should be in that direction, as it is the employment of women in the industrial world, under a factory system, will never reach a satisfactory basis. It violates too many fundamental laws. If the work of the Women's Industrial Union is to bring about such a satisfactory adjustment, the work is hopeless. But if it stands as a merciful helper of those who feel the worst effects of the lawless conditions prevailing to-day, and lends its chief energies toward the real comprehension of the problem and the education of public sentiment along wholesome lines that accord with natural laws and inevitable social instincts, the field is one of the highest possibilities for good. In that library of works on subjects related to women in the economic life and that research department is the germ of a usefulness for which the world will be increasingly grateful.

The Union announces the election of Mrs. Mary Schenck Woolman of the Teachers' College, New York, and formerly head of the Manhattan Trade School, to the office of president. The election would seem to prefigure increased emphasis upon the industrial education feature of the Union's work. Certainly all well-wishers of the race desire and hope for the greatest success of the incoming administration.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE hopes, in particular, for the broadest use of the publicity possibilities of Perkins Hall, the development of that library, and the advancement of the research work in which the Union has made so promising a beginning.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF PINKIE

(Continued from page 366)

Sarah looked plump and prosperous. In another year she would flower into a beauty of the gorgeous, Oriental type.

"Pinkie's no good, Miss Charlotte. The boss ain't going to keep her on," confided Sarah. And Charlotte saw that war was on between the Irish wild-cat and the Jewish panther. She felt that the latter was the more enduring beast.

It was no surprise to learn when she next called in the Avenue that Pinkie was out of work.

"She's taken Ellen to the movin' picters," said her mother, mumbling and grumbling, half to herself, about the money her husband gave the girl. "She'd orter be workin' an' helpin' him, now, 'stead of racin' the streets."

Mrs. Driscoll, unusually dirty, sat upon the steps. Her elbows rested upon her knees and her chin was sunk between the palms of her hands. The attitude was as suggestive of immobility as that of Buddha, but it lacked any aspect of repose or peace. Occasionally the eyelids lifted and a glance, half spiteful, half humorous, shot forth. Charlotte recognized in the woman's untidiness, in her immobility, and in the mumbling speech the overcoming spell of "sickness." It made her more communicative than was her

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wont and accentuated her hatred, which she flung forth with a kind of fierce wit.

"She's all for a good time. Yer spilin' 'em up at the House, makin' 'em want a good time all the time. When's my good time? I don't never go out the door. Slavin' for 'em all day long."

"Why don't you go with them, Mrs. Driscoll? Where is the dress I gave you?"

"Too big for me. I gave it to *his* sister."

The eyes lifted to see if this shot would take effect. Charlotte did start with surprise as she glanced from the shapeless figure before her to her own slim shapeliness. The pleasure of having made a hit started the muttered monologue again.

"She'd orter be workin' an' helpin' to pay the rint. He's gittin' old. He ain't fit to be goin' out in all kin's o' weather, ain't fit to work so."

"Mr. Driscoll isn't old. You don't seem old to me, Mrs. Driscoll," said Charlotte encouragingly.

"Me! I ain't old. He's old enough to be me father. Orter be glad to get a sweet, young thing like me, old man like him."

Fortunately there was no upward glance with this, or the uncontrollable gleam of amusement that shone on Charlotte's face as she looked at the "sweet, young thing" might have caused resentment. The glazed eyes half shut and the woman began to mutter to herself, perhaps of memories from days when the stretch of the imagination needed to picture Mrs. Driscoll as a "sweet, young thing" would not have been so great.

As Charlotte turned away she wondered what image of a past self had clung in the woman's mind through all the years of hard, debasing living, wondered if the wild wit and charm that were so delightful and so dangerous in Pinkie had once made attractive her mother. During all those years of suffering, when she bore many children, when they died as the young of homeless animals die and the mother seemingly cared no more than the beasts for the dead, cared little more for the living,—during all those years had she been thinking of herself as a "sweet, young thing," with a right to a good time; had that dream of a good time come at last to mean only those hours of drowsy numbness or of wild excitement that the dread stimulant brought? The earlier stages of Mrs. Driscoll's drunkenness developed such flights of fancy and sallies of wit that some of her neighbors were accused of bringing her liquor to see the fun. They disappeared behind closed doors when the last, wild fighting stage appeared. In this last stage she had driven into the settlement one of the workers who had tried to lead her home, had smashed the glass door in her effort to get in herself, and then had fallen back upon the stone steps. Pinkie, white with rage, loathing the cause of her shame, loyal and loving so her "ma," struggled through the mocking crowd, lifted the poor bleeding head and held it in her arms, until the clanging bell, that drew like a magnet idlers from every alley, announced the coming of the patrol wagon to take the poor wretch to a cell to sleep off her "good time." When old Drsicoll went next morning to ask for probation rather than commitment for the mother of his children, did he recall the "sweet, young thing" of earlier days? When he refused to follow the advice of parish priest and social student to send his wife away for the sake of the children, was it inertia or some spell upon him from the dream of old days that made him reject their counsel? Who can tell the emotional linkings whereby instinct outweighed reason in his kindly stupid brain?

A great surge of pity for the lost hopes and broken images of frail humanity swept amusement from the mind of Charlotte. She saw a world of hopes lost past recovery, of dream-selves shattered past all piecing by miserable owners, saw the besotted clod upon the steps still clinging to the fragments of a young girl's dream in the shipwreck of her life.

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Pinkie, standing in the sunshine at the end of the Avenue, in her white graduation dress and flowered hat, not yet seriously soiled, seemed the incarnation of that dream. Charlotte wondered if she could pilot the girl past the shoals that had shipwrecked her mother.

"Come to the embankment with me. I want to talk with you, Pinkie."

"Ma's sick again. I couldn't stay in the store. I had to take Ellen to the hospital. She got a gland in her neck. The boss was awful. I won't go back if they put me in the basement. The air's just awful down there."

The torrent of excuses began to pour in anticipation of Charlotte's lecture upon leaving her place. Pinkie's power in making excuses was masterful. The little difficulty arising from sticking to the truth which interferes with the form of excuses in more exact natures never arose with imaginative Pinkie. One of Charlotte's aims in working with the club had been to cultivate the virtues of truthfulness and honesty in its members, but she had to admit that the seeds sown in Pinkie's heart were still in the cotyledon stage.

"What do you wish to do, Pinkie?"

"Don't want to do nothing this summer. Just want to have a good time. Say, Miss Charlotte, ain't you *never* goin' to take us to the beach again?"

Pinkie's tone was that of one who calls to account a person for a neglected duty. The other girls used the same note of demand when they spoke of past and more-than-suggested future good times. In anticipation, the picnics had been glorious; in realization, pleasure and dissatisfaction had been equally mixed; in retrospect, the pleasure was magnified and the dissatisfaction transferred to the infrequency of picnics. It was spreading this demand for a good time as the demand for work on which all true satisfaction in life depends would never spread. Charlotte wondered if Mrs. Driscoll's fuddled brain had made a chance but clever hit at the danger in present educational tendencies. Good play leads to better work. Demoralizing is that play which leads only to the desire for more play, to mental and physical inertia. Was the settlement laying too much stress upon amusement, creating an appetite that might destroy the power to work, or was it simply substituting clean and healthy food for the poisons offered by cheap shows and dance halls to these girls and boys who would have their fill of a good time somewhere, somehow? The course between too much and too little was no easy one to steer. For the present she must seek work, a vocation if that might be found, but in any case work that would harden the muscles and steady the mind of this unambitious, happy-go-lucky girl.

Pondering these things in her mind, Charlotte watched the girl as she played with little Ellen. The thought that suddenly popped into clear consciousness must have been gathering force for some time. Pinkie's mothering instinct was the most definite trait in her as yet amorphous mass of personality. She could not pass a baby on the street without a peep into the carriage and pushing a neighbor's baby in a go-cart was her delight, a trait that made her popular in the Avenue. Perhaps Pinkie, with good training, would make a nursemaid.

"When your mother is well again, how would you like to go into the country to learn to be a nurse, to take care of children, I mean?"

"I'd jus' love it. But I'd have to come home nights."

"Oh, no. The place is so pretty you'll wish to stay there. You could come home once a week."

"I'd want to come home every night."

Charlotte thought little of Pinkie's objection and joyously went about the arrangement necessary to start the girl on a really desirable vocation. The matron of the infant asylum, a kindly woman, who seemed as interested in helping young girls as in saving the lives of the pitiable babies

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placed in her charge, promised to take her in some capacity. The required wardrobe, rather a large one considering the doubtful nature of the experiment, was at last purchased and prepared. The new clothes, the prospect of a long trolley ride, a dim but glorious vision of a well-paid position in an indefinitely near future made the girl depart in good spirits. Her mother seemed glad to be rid of her. Little Ellen wailed loudly, but was soon silenced by maternal surety.

On the way to the asylum, Pinkie's doubt of strange places returned.

"I wisht' I could sleep at home," she said.

"Wait until you see the pretty rooms at the asylum and the nice girls who are your roommates. I'm sure you will be happy to stay there."

Charlotte never doubted that the longing for Linden Court would vanish in the better surroundings, but she began to realize that something she did not understand lay back of this dread of sleeping away from home. Some gruesome idea had become associated with the thought.

Miss Benton thought Pinkie too young to begin the nurse's training immediately, but offered to start her upon housework. At this the girl bristled.

"I ain't goin' to wash dishes an' scrub. I hate it! I won't stay to do that! Miss Charlotte, you said I could take care of the babies." She turned upon her mentor in a state of white wrath such as Charlotte had not seen in her since her childhood days.

It took all Charlotte's power of persuasion, to which was added the consoling idea of earning some money by the housework, to make her decide to go through the four probational months before entering upon the regular course of nurses' training. To the cordial greetings of her roommates, Pinkie responded coldly; Charlotte's enthusiasm over the pretty room failed to warm her doubting frigidity; only the sight of the sick babies in the garden, for whom she could not care, brought signs of pleasure. Into Charlotte's satisfaction in finding this uplifting vocation for her charge, doubts began to creep. She left Pinkie with renewed admonitions in regard to behavior and the need to profit by her unusual opportunity. Pinkie only smiled. So did the matron, who Charlotte rejoiced to think understood girls better than she did.

In a week's time she went again to the asylum, hoping to find Pinkie happily settled in her new home. The girl who opened the door smiled knowingly, as she led her to Miss Benton's room. Charlotte wondered if Pinkie had been up to pranks of which she knew the liveliness from club experience.

"How is your little protégée getting on, Miss Merrydew?" asked the matron.

"That is what I came to ask you, Miss Benton."

"Didn't you know that she left? Went the evening of the day you brought her. Said she wouldn't sleep here, and that you told her she could go."

"She is not the kind to make a good nurse," continued the matron consolingly, as she saw Charlotte's dismay. "The department store represents about the limit for girls of that class. They love to stand behind a counter in the best they have, look pretty, handle pretty things, and gossip in the intervals of trade. One cannot really blame them for following the pleasanter and more immediately profitable path."

"But she loves children. I thought this would be a much safer and healthier life for her," demurred Charlotte.

"She cannot see with your eyes nor judge with your mind. With her inheritance and training it would hardly be possible to look forward eighteen months to a good position and good pay with even then less chance for the gregarious, gossipy life of the shop and the quarter."

"But the department store is dangerous for a girl as pretty and as wild as Pinkie."

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"The danger to some girls is great anywhere. Your friendship will help her, although she will not always follow your advice. She stayed to wash the dishes, and as she put up the last one she said, with tears in her eyes, 'If she was here, I would stay anyhow, but she's gone, and I've just got to go too.'"

"Poor child! I suppose she was homesick for that hovel at the end of Linden Court. I'm disappointed in her — more in myself. I am afraid I'm a bungler as a vocational guide, Miss Benton."

"You have a somewhat difficult charge, Miss Merrydew. Don't judge either yourself or her too hastily."

In the next few weeks Charlotte became acquainted with the intricacies of the employment bureau in the department store. She met with courtesy and discourtesy, with suave and surly officials, with women who were respectable and women whose lack of respectability was written in every glance and every movement. She went into stores where all the successful women workers seemed of the latter type, and she found them often more attentive and obliging than the "sales-ladies" in the store that had been "cleaned up."

In the outer office of one employment manager she met an exquisitely pretty, well-dressed woman, of charming manner, who interested herself in Charlotte's quest, until the latter let fall the remark:

"Above all, I would like the girl to be in a place that is safe, for she is pretty and rather wild."

The woman kept her eyes upon her writing, as she replied:

"I will attend to the matter as soon as I can. Good day."

Six months later, Charlotte went into the same office, this time in the cause of a girl already employed in the store. She met the same woman, prettier than ever, better dressed, more gracious in manner, but — what was it? — a lurid light might have wrought such a change. Charlotte presented her plea and got away as quickly as possible, crying out in her heart, "Oh, the pity of it!" Pinkie had never received a call from that office.

At last a place was found in a store run upon most advanced principles, a store where the needs of employees were studied as carefully as the needs of customers. The philanthropy of the owners of this store was not to be doubted, but this same philanthropy proved a most valuable advertisement in charity-loving Boston. The wonder is that so few merchants arise to this point of view.

A few months of work and the girl was "bounced," as she expressed it, although, a week before, she had assured Charlotte that she was soon to be promoted to selling, and that she made all the fun in the place. When Charlotte asked the reason for her discharge from the keen but kindly manager, he told her that the girl was too sharp, too smart for a bundle-girl, but not old enough or sufficiently trained to sell goods.

"If she gets some training in a store where they are less particular, perhaps we can take her back later," he said.

Charlotte carried this hopeful message to Pinkie, who replied:

"I ain't goin' back there, anyhow, Miss Charlotte. It's too high-toned for me. I ain't up to it."

Charlotte saw that she had again slipped up in her psychology and overestimated Pinkie's possibilities.

The next place, that of cashier in a cheap restaurant, Pinkie found for herself. One great advantage in this place was plenty of food, which caused Pinkie to live up to her nickname, as she had not since early childhood. (She had been christened Cecelia Ann. "For *his* mother an' *his* sister," said Mrs. Driscoll, "an' it's not meself will be callin' her them names.") Seen through the gilded bars of her cashier's desk, she suggested a rose behind a garden paling.

(*To be continued*)

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Church and Monument, Lexington Common

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The Custom House, Salem

IN our September issue appeared a group of interesting drawings of old New England harbors, by Louis H. Ruyl, and credited to Little, Brown & Co. as a portion of the illustration of a book on "Historic Summer Haunts" from Newport to Portland, the text of which is from the pen of F. Lauriston Bullard. The book itself is now in hand, and at the same time that we are presenting another group of these drawings, we can bear witness to the skill with which the entire work has been done. It is a credit alike to author, artist, and publisher.

Mr. Bullard, through his intimate knowledge of New England traditions and his acquaintance with the best of its poetry and fiction, is qualified to select the features most salient and attractive, so that the book may be regarded as a collection of illustrated essays, as a guide, and as a reference book distinguished by literary merit. Mr. Ruyl has sketched these familiar haunts again and again. Their mutual love for the beautiful, the picturesque, and the historic has resulted in a collaboration harmonious in spirit and expression, so that "Historic Summer Haunts" becomes a collection of fascinating words and printed pictures strongly appealing to those interested in any phase of New England life and history.

This work promises to be one of the most deservedly popular holiday gift books of the season.

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THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XIII

(*Continued*)

She felt her resolution fading. No one could remain angry very long at a time with 'Gene. And she — least of all. The mere fact that he wanted to care for her, whether she needed it or not, was enough to melt a mood which at best had been forced. Even walking along here by his side, seeing him tower so high above her shoulders, gave her a sense of protection that was sheer joy to her.

"What 'bout that other job?" she questioned.

"Ryan told me 'bout it. He sleeps at the same house. Said there'd be a chance for a deck hand 'fore long."

"How much?"

"Ten a week," he answered eagerly.

"You'd better take it," she answered.

"An' ye'll let me pay you back outer it?"

"Guess I can run me own car," she answered.

She did not say it with much spirit. She waited a little breathless to see what he would say next. As a matter of fact, her position was not so comfortable as it might be. She was living with a married sister, and their relations had been somewhat strained lately. In some way the latter had discovered her interest in this unknown man and had talked in so direct and brutal a fashion about it that Bella found it no longer comfortable to live on at home. She had already resolved to take the few dollars she had saved and secure a room in the city. Now that she had lost her job she was more than ever resolved to do this, though it made it all the harder.

They had reached the ferry. She did not wish to go home with things still in the air.

"Let's go down to the park," she suggested.

The park lay along the water front a few minutes' walk to the left. With a smile which she did not see, he agreed. All he needed to escape from his troubled conscience was this evidence of relenting on her part. He took her arm. The act brought the blood to her face, but she did not resent it. With great solicitude he guided her through the crowd and to one of the green benches facing the ocean. The air was warm and dry. She sank down with a sigh and he seated himself near her.

"Seems good to get a breath of fresh air," he said.

She took off her hat and placing it in her lap smoothed back the hair from her eyes.

"Yes," she said, "it does. An' I dunno what you guys that's borned where it grows ever quits it for."

He started. He had told her little about his past. He had said merely that he came from up Maine way. He didn't like to talk about that past with her. He always swerved away from it.

"I dunno," he answered lightly; "a feller needs suthin' more 'n air."

"'Gene," she said earnestly, "take it from me — you made the mistake of your life when you gut that hunch."

"I dunno," he answered vaguely.

What she said next she said with an effort. She had had it in her mind for a week. She had said it to him a hundred times in her dreams, but it was a more difficult thing actually to put into words. But now with a quick intake of breath she forced herself to it.

"'Gene," she began.

 *Begun in the February number.

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"Yes, Bella."

"If I stakes you to th' ticket, will you beat it back?"

"Back?"

He was looking at her in wonder. He was leaning a little towards her with that smile about his lips which seemed somehow to remove from his shoulders all the responsibility which falls upon most men.

"Back to th' old farm," she answered with a wan smile. "Back to the hayseed. Back — outer all this."

When she dared look up at him, her eyes were very tender. He ventured to take her hand. She allowed it so for a second and then withdrew it.

"None o' that," she warned in a voice that was not natural. For one thing it trembled; for another it was raised hardly above a whisper.

"What d' you say, 'Gene?" she asked, returning to her original proposal.

"That I've got to get even with you anyhow before I go back," he answered.

She knew what she should have done; she should have laughed in his face; she should have made him believe that his going made absolutely no difference to her. She knew well how it should be done and knew furthermore how to do it. Yet she only raised her head a little higher and through half-closed eyes dreamily listened to the waves as they crawled up the gray sand. She knew that his arm was stealing with apparent aimlessness but in reality with deliberate design along the back of the seat. She shivered as she finally felt the pressure of it against her own tired shoulders. She had never before allowed any one such a liberty. The reason she did not now protest was perhaps that she did not interpret any act of his as a liberty. From the first the hard cynical attitude which her bitter observation of men had cultivated dropped before the clear eyes of 'Gene. The fact that he came from the hill country disarmed her. The further fact that he revealed neither in speech nor in thought the bemired conception of her sex which she heard from every other source allowed her the belief of relaxing somewhat in her relations with him.

"Bella," he was saying, "you've ben mighty good to me and now I want to do for you a little. I wouldn't try to get another job if I was you. I'll be earnin' 'nuff for both of us pretty soon."

Ordinarily she would have sprung to her feet at such a speech. Now she only leaned a little more heavily against his side.

"You haven't even gut your job yet," she answered.

"I'll get it all right," he answered confidently. "Why don't ye come over here in the city an' live?"

"I was thinkin' of it," she answered.

"You might get a room at the same house I'm boarding at," he suggested.

She met his eyes at that. She looked into them very earnestly.

"'Gene," she said, "are you goin' to play fair with me?"

"Play fair? What d' ye mean?"

With her eyes still upon his, she answered:

"You know what I mean."

As a matter of fact, he didn't. He was even cleaner in his thoughts than in her most idealistic moments she gave him credit for. Still, because he didn't wish to appear altogether green, he answered as though he understood her fully:

"O' course I am, Bella."

With a sigh of relief she allowed herself to settle more comfortably against his firm shoulders.

"All right," she said, "then I'll come."

CHAPTER XIV

Two in a Garret

THE next day Bella found herself installed on the top floor of the boarding-house in a room next 'Gene's. It wasn't much of a room, but there was a roof to keep off the rain and a bed to sleep in, and those, after all, are the essentials. Her household goods she had brought

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over in a dress-suit case. They consisted solely of a very limited wardrobe. With a thrift based upon an early resolution never to be forced into a position of dependence upon any male, she had saved out of her earnings whatever she had not been obliged to contribute to her sister's household instead of spending the surplus upon either clothes or entertainment. The result had been a lonely life which had further strengthened her cynicism, but it gave her the opportunity for taking her present independent stand.

Bella had no intention of loafing on here indefinitely. She had two distinct ideas in accepting 'Gene's suggestion: one was to be near enough to watch over him until he was well established on his feet, and the other was to rest for a week. She had never been able to shake off the feeling which had come over her that first night she met him — that she was in some way responsible for this big overgrown boy. He was her charge. She knew the world and he didn't, and because he had come to her clean and unspotted she must keep him so. She didn't put this into words. It was not a deliberate, well-informed plan on her part, but it was a feeling strong enough to govern her acts. It sprang, as did her aggressive attitude towards all the other men she had ever met, from a mother instinct that was strangely pure and vital.

Her desire for a vacation of a week was sufficiently novel to have set her to thinking if ever she had been in the habit of thinking about herself. This desire had come to her while she was sitting in the park by the side of 'Gene. There was something in the pressure of his strong arm that had suddenly made her wish to play the stay-at-home for a few days. She had been tired all her life. She had taken it for granted that being tired was one of the necessary burdens of her sex. She had never resented it nor disputed it. But that evening he had made her wonder how it would feel not to go to work some morning. He had made her curious as to how it would feel to be half cared for just for a little while. She would pay for her own room, but she would enjoy the luxury of allowing him to contribute towards the meals. She could get his breakfast for him and wait for him at night. It is doubtful if she would have gone even this far had he not really owed her the money. This permitted her to play the dependent without actually being so. Any moment she did not like the experiment she could give it up.

But the significant point remained that no other man had ever bred in her such an unusual desire. However much she might compromise with herself, however tight she closed her eyes to the naked truth, enough of it leaked through to make her somewhat self-conscious. She found herself uneasily happy. Her thoughts were centering more and more around this man. She took the episode in the park for what it was worth. That 'Gene should want to put his arm about her didn't mean much — men were all that way — but that she had been willing to allow it meant a good deal. It was queer, too, that she didn't mind losing her job and that she could so easily leave her sister's home. She didn't try to explain those facts through 'Gene's attitude towards her so much as she did through her attitude towards him. With a careless smile she finally disposed of the whole matter as being merely a development of that peculiar feeling of responsibility for him which she had felt from the beginning.

For a wonder 'Gene actually secured the job he had mentioned to her. He was to be a sort of deck hand on the ferry and was to start work the next morning. He reported the news to her with a great deal of self-satisfied pride.

"Ye see!" he boasted.

"Fine," she nodded.

Then she told him her scheme about the breakfasts.

"No use spendin' good money at a hash house when we can knock somethin' together for half the price."

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He accepted her suggestion graciously.

"Anythin' but ham an' eggs," he agreed. "I'd starve before I'd eat any more o' those."

She laughed.

"Don't blame you for slippin' yer trolley on that. We'll dope out somethin' else."

That day they went marketing together. She bought a small kerosene stove, a bottle of kerosene, a few cheap dishes and knives and forks at a ten-cent store, some coffee and butter and bread, some sugar, a can of pressed beef, a pound of cheese and some doughnuts — the latter at his suggestion. They were like two happy children as they came back with their arms loaded. The landlady looked somewhat askance at these preparations, but her interest ceased with a significant leer. She was not one to look too closely into the relations of her boarders at a time when she had half a dozen vacant rooms on her hands. Furthermore she could not help admiring 'Gene herself. It was long since she had seen so fine a figure of a man.

'Gene had to report for work at five, which meant that Bella was forced to rise ar half-past three. When her alarm clock rang her up at this time next morning, she found herself for a moment staring into the dark with an odd feeling of excitement which at first she could not interpret. Then she remembered the big man in the next room. She scrambled out of bed and hastily dressed. She went to his door and knocked softly. He was sleeping so soundly that he did not awake at once. She whispered through the keyhole.

"'Gene, 'Gene."

"What's the matter? Who is it?" he called back.

"It's Bella," she answered. "Time to get up."

"All right," he answered sleepily.

She hurried to her room, hastily made up her bed, put away her things, and placed the coffee-pot on the kerosene stove. She spread a pillow case over the small table and set the two plates on opposite sides, with a knife, fork, and spoon by each. She found herself rather excited over the task. From time to time she stopped to glance in the dirty mirror and rearrange her hair. Her cheeks had more color than usual. She opened the tin of meat and placed this midway between the two plates and then cut off a slice of bread for each of them. Then came the cups; she had almost forgotten the cups. She rinsed them out in the water pitcher and gave him the one which was not nicked. By the time the water was boiling she was singing to herself.

'Gene came in heavy-eyed and still sleepy.

"Seems like midnight," he commented.

"I don't mind," she answered.

There was some daylight in the room, but she kept the small kerosene lamp burning on the bureau. 'Gene sat down in the only chair, while she sat on the bed. She liked the matter-of-fact way he accepted things. It made her feel as though she had been getting breakfast for him a long time. It gave her the comfort of a past. She poured out his coffee for him.

"Sugar?" she asked.

"Yep."

"How much?"

"Four spoonfuls," he answered with a yawn.

She gave him four heaping spoonfuls and, watching him stir it, forgot to pour her own coffee.

"Ain't ye goneter eat nothin', Bella?"

"Sure," she answered with a blush, "betcher life."

He himself ate heartily. As he drank his coffee, he awakened.

"This knocks the stuffin' outern the Élite," he complimented her.

"Ain't so worse, is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Sh'd say not," he replied. "How's it seem not to have to get up and go t' work?"

"Fine!" she answered.

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"You hadn't oughter work nohow," he put in. "You're too small."

"I didn't useter mind it," she answered.

She had been watching his cup, and the moment it was empty she inquired:

"'Nother on the coffee?"

He handed over his cup and watched as she poured it carefully so as not to stir up the grounds. It certainly gave him a warm glow of satisfaction to be sitting here with her to wait on him. It made him feel at home. It took off the curse of the city. It gave him a fixed point — something to come back to. Like every one with vagabond instincts, he had really a keener appreciation of home than many of those who never wander. He was no mere gypsy. He relished the sense of stability which comes of having a secure line of retreat. But this was something even better. He felt the pride of being the sole head of the establishment. In every glance, every movement, every word of Bella's he saw her acknowledgment of him as master. He didn't try to get any deeper into her emotions than this. He was content to let the matter rest there, basing it simply on the fact that she was a mere woman and he a man.

"What you goin' to do to-day?" he asked.

It pleased her to have him show this interest. But it raised a new question. What in the world was she going to do? She saw nothng to do but to wait for him to come back from work.

"I dunno," she answered vaguely. "Maybe I'll sit in the park awhile."

"Good idee," he nodded. "Ye oughter get the air."

"What time'll you be home?" she asked.

"'Bout six, I s'pose."

She cut several slices of bread and began to butter them for his lunch.

"You'll come straight home?" she asked without looking up.

"You bet," he answered. "This makes a feller want to come home."

She bent lower over her task. She placed thin slices of beef between the bread. Then she took an empty bottle and filled it with cold coffee, adding a generous supply of sugar. He pushed back his chair and rose. She did his lunch up in a newspaper and handed it to him. He took them without a word.

"Maybe you won't like these," she said in an artful attempt to draw some word of praise from him.

"Why not?"

"I dunno. Maybe — Oh, I guess I'm talkin' foolish," she broke off, as she turned back to pick up the things on the table preparatory to washing them.

"Bella," he said, his eyes grown suddenly brilliant, "I like ev'rything ye do."

"So?" she answered carelessly.

"Honest."

"You'd better beat it now," she cut in, putting the table between them. She was afraid of his eyes, afraid of the smile which accompanied that look. Her instincts were highly developed about certain matters. So far he had conducted himself as well as she could ask. Now — well, she didn't blame him. He was a man, after all. And, after all, she was a woman. She wasn't afraid of herself, only she didn't like the idea of having to check him in anything.

"Run 'long 'bout your errands, 'Gene," she said lightly.

"Aren't ye goin' t' say good-by?"

"Good-by," she answered.

He reached across the table and caught her arm. She dropped a cup and raised her eyes to his.

"Let me kiss ye good-by," he pleaded earnestly.

It was difficult to resist the tender smile which accompanied the plea. After all, she could kiss him a good deal as she might kiss a boy. After all — She tried to free herself. He held her firmly. She felt a lump in her throat. Her eyes filled.

"'Gene," she said quietly, "didn't you say you'd play me fair?"

He dropped her hand and went out. He was neither hurt nor angry. He was honestly half ashamed of himself. But as he went down the street he began ot whistle.

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CHAPTER XV

A Sailor's Lass

LIFE on the ocean wave, even though the waves in question consisted only of the choppy breakers within the harbor, agreed with 'Gene. He grew tanned and hardy. The brisk salt air kept him cool even through the heat of the summer, and whetted his appetite to a degree that made serious inroads into his wages. So far as work of any kind was pleasant to him, this was. He considered himself now a genuine seafaring man, and resumed his swaggering gait. For a day or two the newness of it all sent his thoughts back to Julie. He recalled the great adventure upon which he had originally started. She was part of that; in fact, the very soul of it. It was she who unconsciously had inspired the undertaking. When he had been turned aside from it, he had been turned aside from her. She hadn't figured at all in his new life. He had forgotten completely even the episode of the parting and his hotly spoken words to her. When now he did remember, it was only with a smile. She was an incident in a youthful dream. He had seen something of life since then. She no more fitted into the events centering around the Élite than Nat did.

But as he recovered his spirits, and while the wallowing old ferry-boat was new enough to separate him from the city streets, he dreamed his pleasant dream over again. For a day or two he returned to his room at night somewhat abstracted and not his genial self. He was curt with Bella, and more often than not went to bed directly after supper. The salt breezes, with their whispering reminder of what was to have been, forced a comparison not altogether favorable either to his stuffy room or to her who was always waiting for him. The latter, after her kind, took all the blame upon herself. She felt she had been unnecessarily severe with him; that perhaps the strain of feeling he had her to look out for was too much for him; that perhaps the humble cooking did not agree with him. She was upon the point of suggesting that, after all, perhaps it would be better if she moved somewhere else, when his mood broke. 'Gene was not one to brood long over anything. Once the novelty of the nautical atnosphere wore away and he settled down to the sordid duty of holding his job, little romance remained. As that vanished, Julie vanished with it. He found more of interest in this woman of flesh and blood who awakened him every morning and smiled her good-night to him just before he tumbled into bed, than in the purely gossamer creature who beckoned him on to a land growing fainter with every passing day.

From this point 'Gene developed a good deal of satisfaction with his position. When he came home at the end of the first week with his ten dollars and handed over five of this to Bella for current expenses, he felt a real pleasure in thus repaying her initial kindness to him.

"Thet makes us square far as money goes, don't it?" he asked.

"Yes, 'Gene," she answered.

She waited to see if he had anything further to suggest. Apparently he didn't have. At present he was too well content with the way life was going to desire a change of any sort. But she herself was not quite content. The moment he canceled the debt she sensed a difference in their relation. She felt it in him and felt it within herself. Up to that point the monetary consideration furnished the slight excuse necessary to justify the co-operative arrangement. After that was done away with, it left him in the position of practically supporting her, though she still paid for her own room. She let matters run on so for another week. She was too happy to act at once. She lived each day for the joy of preparing his breakfast in the morning, of having his dinner ready for him at night. Had it been possible, she

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would have asked nothing more than the satisfaction of doing this indefinitely. She received her reward in watching him grow stronger and hardier than ever, in seeing his eyes respond to the solid comfort she furnished him in their little mock home, in the occasional smile he bestowed on her and which sent the blood to her cheeks as though she were nothing but a very young girl. And yet she realized all the while that this must end. She knew it must end soon when he returned one night and, stepping up to her in as matter-of-fact a fashion as though they were man and wife, kissed her on the lips. She knew it when she accepted that kiss without protest, and went on about her work with her head swimming in delirious joy.

That night after he had gone she sat on the edge of her bed and fought it out with herself. She realized now what her coming here had meant. She loved him. At first she repeated the words to herself scornfully. She who knew men, she who had watched with calm cynicism every coarse side of their nature, had surrendered in the end as meekly as any lass fresh from a convent. Putting the matter to herself in this bald fashion, she hated herself. She pressed her clenched fists into her temples with hysterical passion. She spared herself nothing until — she recalled how he had smiled into her eyes as he left. Then she sat there quite helpless.

He had been good to her. Except for that kiss — that single kiss — he had played fair with her. He had spoken no word of love to her — had not enticed her on. She had come this far willingly enough — of her own free will. He had given her the joy of these last two weeks and asked nothing in return. He was only a big care-free boy and she — a little fool. If she wanted to love him, whose business was it anyhow? What was the harm in that? She ought to have known what she was getting into. She did know it — knew it from the first. She had gone ahead and deliberately closed her eyes to the truth. Now she must pay for it; that was all. She had better be a good sport than sit there bawling like a quitter.

She undressed and crawled into bed. She felt safer and more comfortable there in the dark. She knew it was absurd to imagine that a man like 'Gene should think of marrying such a little scrawny pale-faced thing as she. Still there was no harm dreaming about it. Supposing he really did want to marry her — that he came and said, "Bella, let's tie up." Why, then they would get a tenement somewhere. They could buy a little furniture on the instalment plan.— they wouldn't need much. With a real kitchen she would show him what cooking was. There were a lot of things she could make which she knew he would like. She would try to make doughnuts like those he was always talking about, and might even with a little practice do an apple pie. She would spend all day just cooking the things he liked. It did not matter in the dark whether her cheeks took on color or not. She let herself go. It was rather too bad, however, that a mirror could not have shown her how much younger these thoughts made her.

She would try to persuade him to save his money too. In time he might be promoted on the ferry-boat. He might even be made captain. He deserved to be. She had often jollied Captain Regan on her morning trip to the café, and he wasn't half the man that 'Gene was.

Then in time — she whispered this thought to herself — in time there might be a kiddy. There might be a little kiddy who looked like 'Gene. He might have sandy hair and blue eyes — a little warm round ball of sandy hair and blue eyes. He would put his arms around her neck and call her "Modder." She was panting. She heard the quick intake of her own breath. She rolled over and buried her face in the pillow.

"Oh, my Gawd!" she moaned. "Oh, my Gawd!"

(*To be continued*)

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Helping New England Grow

ORGANIZED EFFORTS OF THE RAILROADS. THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU OF THE NEW ENGLAND LINES; ITS CONSTRUCTIVE ACTIVITIES

By SYLVESTER BAXTER

NEARLY two million dollars in new industries brought into New England in little more than a year! This achievement represents the net result of one phase of the efforts made by a new agency organized to do just that sort of thing. The agency bears this name, "The New England Lines Industrial Bureau." It is one of the first fruits of the management of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, the Boston & Maine Railroad, and the Maine Central Railroad in common.

We have had endless talk about "building up New England," and all that sort of thing. A good deal has been said about "booming" and "boosting" and "hustling"— words hardly yet domesticated in the New England vocabulary except with reference to doings west of the Mississippi. If you go to any leading industrial center in New England, — say Springfield, Pittsfield, Worcester, Nashua, New Bedford, Fitchburg, Waterbury, Lynn, Brockton, Bangor,— you will find just as much movement, activity, enterprise, new development, as in a corresponding place fifteen hundred miles or more to the westward. But there will be much less commotion about it all. When a new region is to be filled up it is the natural thing to do everything possible to attract attention, so that all the world may know it is on the map and ready for business.

Hereabouts it is different. New England seems pretty well built up and pretty well filled up. Nearly everywhere they have their hands full doing things. And they are so wonted to doing things and making no fuss about it that they have not considered it necessary to tell all the world of it. Possibly this makes for undue conservatism. But every old community tends that way. The real story gets told, however, by the tremendous volume of finished products that flows out over the country from the fountainhead of New England mills and workshops; by the endless chain of freight cars and steamships loaded at our busy terminals.

New England More Than Holding Her Own

New England has thus been keeping her end up. In rival sections considerable has been said from time to time about "putting it over New England."

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A TYPICAL NEW ENGLAND
WATER POWER DEVELOPMENT

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Now and then there has been some little nervousness at home about it, as when the South some time ago began its cotton mill movement, and not a few became fearful for the future of Fall River, Lowell, Lawrence, and Manchester. Cotton spinning in the South did grow tremendously. But Fall River continued to grow as never before, and all the other places kept on flourishing; New Bedford jumped ahead phenomenally.

That is the way it has been all round; nearly all the old industries have continued to grow, and a lot of new ones more than took the places of those that subsided or went away. When the General Electric took up headquarters at Schenectady it was thought in Lynn that it meant the beginning of the end for the industry there. But not only have the company's Lynn works been growing at a pace surpassing even that of Schenectady, the large plant acquired at Pittsfield by the same interest had its development enormously accelerated; other important plants were established at Everett, East Boston, South Boston, and elsewhere. In the same way, when one big New England railroad got control of another big New England railroad dire predictions were made, but it turned out that it meant new and unprecedented development for the acquired road.

In fact, New England has been one of the busiest, most industrious, and most prosperous sections of North America ever since the early colonial days. There have been changes and transformations; from time to time certain interests have declined, certain industries have languished; in New England, as elsewhere, change has been the order of the day. But no sooner has one thing gone than something else, usually bigger and better, has come. People have been going West ever since a company of Pilgrims discovered the wonderful fertility of the Connecticut valley; a bunch of sturdy folk went from the Bay Colony into what is now central and western New York, and made it part of Massachusetts, just as they went to Maine, where all the opportunities for "opening up" have even now not yet been seized. Then the children of Puritans and Pilgrims went to Ohio and founded a new New England in the Western Reserve; they went to Illinois and Wisconsin and Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska, and to about every other part of the great West. So a lot of the best blood of New England departed and supplied, perhaps, the greater part of the brains and the energy and the other wherewithal to make the American people great and powerful. But a lot of the best blood stayed behind and is still on the ground and on the job, continuing to leaven and to New Englandize the good red blood of the immigrant masses that steadily poured in from the Old World and more than made good for everything that went away.

Always Fertile and Productive

For a couple of centuries there has been talk about "sterile New England" and its "barren soil." But down on Cape Cod, where the natives were reputed to wear self-bailing shoes (holes in the heels of them to let the sand run out), they used to export corn to the West Indies. The soil was very light, to be sure. But with a pogy in each hill, together with plenty of seaweed, which made a cornfield look like the scattered remnants of a beach, they got the nitrates, the phosphates and the potash that assured them good crops. The situation changed; the possibilities of the cranberry made out of the native Cape Codder one of the most expert horticultural specialists that the world ever saw. So the old-time corn exports of the Cape were not a circumstance compared with what the cranberry crop now brings in every year.

With all New England's industrial eminence it seems difficult to think of Cape Cod as figuring in manufactures. Yet sixty years ago or so, $2,000,000 were invested in a single industry there. That one industry was created to serve another big local industry,

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the curing of fish. Two million dollars went into the salt works on the Cape; they represented a patented process of native invention for utilizing the raw material furnished by the sea at their doors and yielding various by-products of value. The salt works have vanished with the rose of yesterday. But the big car works that have made a young city out of the Cape Cod village of Sagamore represent a capital equivalent to that of all the salt works which in those days were scattered along shore the whole length of the Cape.

Southeastern Massachusetts was the first seat of the iron industry in New England; it was a great center for it till after the Civil War. Large nail works and tack works are still running as of yore in the heart of Plymouth County's pine woods; the famous old Bridgewater Ironworks are still active. A new aspect of the structural phase of the industry in that section is the greatest plant in the country for building steel ships, the Fore River works at Quincy Point — not so very far from Hanover, where they forged the anchors and chain cables for the historic "Constitution."

Transportation Needs and Improvements

So New England, from one end to the other, has been well able to take care of herself and keep bravely on the march that means continued growth and prosperity. Transportation facilities have assured this; industry, in the modern sense, is the offspring of transportation. Without adequate transportation there could never have been the great industrial development that has made New England what it is and kept her steadily advancing.

Industrious and prosperous as New England long has been, it possesses unworked veins of welath-yielding resources that its own people have hardly been conscious of. The guiding spirit in New England transportation used to be, until very lately, to plod comfortably along performing fair service, but without extra exertion. The new spirit appreciates the splendid possibilities that could not fail to respond to improved facilities. President Mellen of the New York, New Haven & Hartford is now president of the Boston & Maine and of the Maine Central. He is now following up his expenditures of $125,000,000 or more, devoted to converting the New Haven into an efficient instrument of transportation, with commensurate outlays for rehabilitating the railroad system of northern New England.

More than $20,000,000 has already been expended upon physical improvements for the Boston & Maine: better roadbed, stronger bridges, heavier rails, reducing grades, straightening out curves, eliminating grade crossings, purchasing new equipment. All these expenditures make it possible to conduct business more economically and efficiently — all to the greater convenience and comfort of shippers and of passengers as well as to the operating and financial advantage of the railroad itself. For instance, nearly twenty-five per cent of all the passenger coaches and about seventeen per cent of all the locomotives now in service are new. When the new management came into control of the Boston & Maine it was charged that its intention was to let the property alone, do nothing to improve it, and simply enjoy the profits that came in.

In fact, however, the consequences of these large expenditures upon the Boston & Maine are turning out precisely as with the New Haven. They are making it possible to operate so much more economically than before, and to perform so much better service, that longer and heavier trains now do the work and find no difficulty in more than meeting the charges upon the new capital. A larger proportion of the earnings now goes back into the property than ever before — being charged to operating expenses — and the cost of conducting business is correspondingly reduced. As soon as the improvements upon the New Haven began to be effective the economy resulting was so great that gains in

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gross earnings were also substantially all "net." The same now holds true for the Boston & Maine. The midsummer earnings of 1912 indicated a monthly gain in daily receipts of about $11,000 a day over the corresponding period of 1911. And practically all the increase in gross was a gain for net. In fact, while the year before there was a serious deficit, under the new policy of betterment the railroad is already more than earning its dividends.

Advantages of a Single Railroad System

It is evident that the advantages from unified control, now so apparent to the unprejudiced observer, would be greatly increased could the two companies be brought into still closer relation. So long as the two corporations are kept separate the distinct interests of each have to be considered in every transaction that mutually concerns them — their distinct in preference to their common interests. The interest of patrons, however, is invariably the latter. In the conduct of business under present conditions prime regard must be had for the revenues of each separate corporation with its separate set of stockholders. For instance, if the two corporations were unified, traffic from one point to another would be sent by the most direct, convenient, and expeditious route without regard to anything else. But under existing circumstances in determining such traffic routes care has to be taken not to deprive one of the two companies of a commensurate share of the receipts from the shipments thus forwarded. With the properties themselves unified, as well as the management, no such consideration would obtain.

Another benefit to the public from corporate unification would come with the elimination of junction points at which traffic would pass from one jurisdiction to another, with consequent delays and other complications that would disappear under more natural and economical conditions. The internal traffic of New England would thus be greatly benefited. In external relations New England interests would likewise benefit. Where New England transportation is conducted by separate corporations outside railroads cannot be dealt with so advantageously as when local conditions are handled by one authority with reference to such relations. Whatever abuses from monopoly might have been feared in times past there can be no danger of such abuses when monopoly is kept in check and correspondingly on its good behavior under the strong governmental control that the State now has the power and the inclination to exert. It follows that under a strong unified system, administered with enlightened regard to the promotion of its own interests, the general industrial development of New England would be correspondingly encouraged.

What a Railroad Industrial Bureau Is

All this explains the significance of the New England Lines Industrial Bureau, instituted not because New England was either backward or was not going forward very handsomely, but because when transportation facilities are made enormously better than they have been they can make New England go ahead a great deal more handsomely yet, and in so doing create new traffic that will yield ample returns upon the capital employed to serve it. It was established to point out the way to take advantage of these possibilities; to show what and where and how to bring capitalist and manufacturer into contact with their opportunities, and lead the men that know how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before to the places where that very desirable feat may best be performed.

The activities represented by the Industrial Bureau are a comparatively recent development in railroading. Their systematic beginnings date back

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less than fifteen years to the efforts of some of the railroads west of the Mississippi to encourage a more rapid occupation of their still sparsely populated territory and attract business that would increase traffic. Out there it was a relatively simple task, dealing chiefly with agricultural opportunities and increasing staple crops. The departments, or bureaus, created to organize these activities were outgrowths of the land departments of the great land-grant railroads, like the Union Pacific; the Northern Pacific; the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé; the Illinois Central. The marketing of these great tracts of the public domain, apportioned to these railroads by the Federal Government to encourage transportation facilities that were to transform the wilderness, was organized on a large scale. To attract settlers the departments in charge had accumulated an enormous fund of information as to the resources of the country and what might best be done with it. So when the land had all been sold off and the business of the departments wound up it was evident that it should prove advantageous to utilize the experience thus acquired, and encourage developing the lands that had passed into other hands.

It was in the South, however, that the pioneer work in promoting general industrial development for a railroad's territory was instituted. When the late President Spencer took charge of the Southern Railway he sent for Mr. M. V. Richards, who had been associated with him in railroad activities in the West, and had made a mark in the more restricted field in that section, and commissioned him with organizing a "Land and Industrial Department."

Not only was the work admirably organized at the start; the year closed with a deal of practical accomplishment in the directions aimed at more than justifying expectations and showing that the field was vast and fertile. Mr. Richards's department has ever since been a model of its kind, and the example set has been extensively followed by other railroads.

New England's Industrial Conditions

The nature of the particular territory, its resources in raw material or industrial or agricultural products, its commercial methods, the character of the public, vary so greatly in different sections of the country that, when a railroad organizes activities of this kind, it must shape its course accordingly. Methods that would admirably meet the requirements of one part of the country might be wholly unsuited to those of another. In certain respects, however, New England has much in common with the South in the underlying conditions for industrial development. Both are historic regions with old established institutions. Both have a great diversity in the elements that underlie growth and production. Both are extensively engaged in manufacturing; the agriculture of both sections largely has to deal with lands that have been under cultivation for generations, but, as a rule, still richly productive under intelligent treatment. The South, however, is rich in the raw materials, both agricultural and mineral, that enter into her manufacturing processes; New England is extremely limited in that respect. The South is only at the beginning of her manufacturing development; New England is the most highly developed part of the country. The South is predominantly rural; New England is predominantly urban. The manufacturing expansion of the South is handicapped by its limited labor supply; New England is rich in skilled and highly efficient labor; new labor tends to gravitate to a labor market where employment is extensive and conditions of employment governed by hours of work, and other legislative and economic restrictions are more attractive than in a section where few such restrictions exist.

The Bureau Organized and at Work

The New England Lines Industrial Bureau is established in the interest

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A NEW ENGLAND THOROUGHBRED AND HIS SHEARING

of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, the Boston & Maine and the Maine Central Railroads. Mr. W. H. Seeley, who for several years had been general freight and passenger agent of the Central New England Railway, was given charge as manager of the Industrial Bureau. Deeply interested in the work and keenly alive to its splendid possibilities, he took hold energetically. He was well qualified by a thorough training in railroad traffic — the business-getting and revenue-producing side of transportation.

The industrial department of a railroad offers a fascinating attractiveness for any man interested in the doing of things, in seeing them done, in getting them done, and in the various aspects and operations involved. The work brings one into contact with almost every aspect of productive activity in New England. No other part of the country, not even the South, has such diversified aspects of transportation as New England, with all the manifold pursuits of its people.

The functions of a railroad's industrial department in New England, being concerned with promoting conditions that mean the improvement of traffic from one end of the six States to the other, have a corresponding diversity. Industry means all human activity that is productive or in any way useful; in the general sense of the word the field of this department covers everything that has to do with promoting new or increased business of any kind. It broadly classifies itself under three main divisions: the promotion of manufacturing, together with commercial and mercantile enterprise of all kinds; of agriculture; and of the pleasure business for which New England offers a richer and more varied field than any other region in America and perhaps in all the world. Pleasure traffic in itself constitutes one of the largest and most lucrative activities of New England railroads it reacts upon ordinary traffic in intricate ramifications. A single instance will illustrate this latter point: the vast quantity of foodstuffs of all descriptions — flour, meat, fish, vegetables, fruit — that have to be transported to feed the hundreds of thousands of summer visitors who annually come

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"VIRGIN NEW ENGLAND" — A PRIZE WINNER

to New England from other parts of the country.

Growth of population means growth of traffic; every year the summer population of New England thus undergoes an enormous increase. The magnitude of pleasure business for New England may be appreciated when it is stated that the most recent estimates, carefully computed by competent investigators, erring on the side of conservatism, if at all, place it as amounting to at least $100,000,000 annually. With New England's manifold attractiveness one includes landscape and climatic charm, admirable highways, historic features, recreative facilities, and social advantages. For patronage the richest and most densely populated parts of the United States are near at hand. Hence sagacious traffic experts agree that, enormous as this volume of pleasure business already is, New England is hardly more than at the beginning of what she is destined to show in these directions, even in the near future. In this direction alone the Industrial Bureau of the New England Lines has an immense field for its activities.

A Fourteen Months' Record

It was stated at the beginning that nearly $2,000,000—$1,800,000, to be exact—in new industries was brought into New England by the Industrial Bureau. This was the work of its first fourteen months. This sum, it should be said, represents manufacturing industries alone; the considerable activities for the promotion of agriculture and of other material interests in New England stands outside of this and could not so readily be computed. Even so goodly a sum as $1,800,000 might be regarded as but a drop in the bucket when the billions invested in New England manufactures are taken into account, but as the work of a single agency it stands for a most gratifying outcome. It means not only that the new industries in question represent values of that amount in plant and equipment; it means that they will at once begin yielding new income for the communities where they are established. Increased local trade will be created by the at least eighty-five hundred increase in population that comes with twenty-five hundred new

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employees thus brought in, while indirectly other population increase is implied by the growth in general trade that new industries assure. Both these things mean permanent growth in railroad traffic.

These new industries stand for a wide diversity of products: engine-tractors, cold-rolled steel, thermos bottles, clocks, furniture, leather, tacks, novelty goods, textiles, bicycles, automobile supplies, surgical supplies, paper bags, iron cans, lumber, lime, cement, sardine packing. In conducting negotiations in these directions altogether four hundred and forty-two industrial propositions have been handled and fifty-one per cent of them have been adjusted. More important than the $1,800,000 represented by the value of these new industries is the circumstance that as a rule each one may be regarded as a lusty infant, destined to grow, as thousands of other New England industries have grown, into concerns of large importance — multiplying capital, extending pay-rolls, and increasing outputs correspondingly; moreover, they represented so many nest eggs attracting other industries about them.

Manifold Activities

In settling down to work the Bureau had first to find itself by surveying its field, studying its character and possibilities, getting into touch with its public, learning the commercial, industrial, and agricultural aspects of it, and letting people know what it proposed to do. There has been no lack of effort in all directions, both extensive and persistent, but it is doubtful if more than a comparatively small percentage of those who may read these words have hitherto known much, if anything, about the New England Lines Industrial Bureau, while yet fewer appreciate its purposes and the magnitude of its possibilities in promoting New England welfare. It takes time, of course, for knowledge of this sort to percolate the mass of a great community, and little more than a year has passed since the Bureau was established.

In prosecuting these activities representatives of the Bureau have had more than two thousand personal interviews in all parts of New England; one hundred and fifty calls have been made upon boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and business men's associations; twenty-five addresses have been given before such bodies, touching upon various phases of New England welfare and the means to advance it.

Advertising matter to the extent of 185,000 copies of documents embodying valuable information has been

AN AROOSTOOK COUNTY POTATO FIELD

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A TRAIN-LOAD OF MADE-IN-NEW ENGLAND PRODUCTS

widely circulated. This includes numerous copies of the monthly periodical, *The Connecticut Farmer and New England Farms*, now the agricultural organ of the Bureau since the consolidation of *New England Farms*, originally published by the Boston & Maine and Maine Central, with the *Connecticut Farmer*.

Publicity Work

Circulars and letters relating to the work of the Bureau, to the number of 220,000, have been sent out. Of these 35,000 circulars have been distributed among the freight and passenger agents of the New England lines and among numerous business organizations, both disseminating and seeking information concerning subjects relating to New England development. As many as 14,000 posters and placards advertising the Bureau have been placed in railroad stations and in trolley cars throughout New England. Railroad stations are particularly good localities for calling attention to a subject having to do with New England development; they are daily frequented by people likely to be interested, while the circumstance that railroad policy rigidly and very properly excludes commercial advertising from the premises makes the appeal of such matter especially strong. The latest thing in this direction is an illustrated placard announcing that "*the New England Lines Industrial Bureau is receviing many requests for vacant factories, factory sites, water powers, farms, hotels, camps, hotel and camp sites, shore property, timber land, marble, granite, stone and sand deposits. If you have property for sale or to rent, list a description of it with this Bureau. The service is free. Blanks for that purpose may be obtained from local ticket agents.*"

A very recent instance of the Bureau's New England propaganda is the calling attention of manufacturing concerns in New York City to the opportunities for new industries presented by New England, distributing among them 25,000 pieces of advertising matter. Many New York manufacturers are outgrowing their cramped quarters and costly sites, and are likely to seek more commodious locations with conditions favorable to industrial growth. There is already something of a factory exodus from the city, and it is predicted that eventually Manhattan will practically be entirely devoted to commercial and mercantile activities. One of the important manufacturing establishments that was induced to come to New England by the Industrial Bureau removed from New York City for the sake of more room.

The Industrial Bureau has a powerful auxiliary force in the army of station and ticket agents employed by the New England lines. Excellent

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advantage has been taken of this circumstance. Agents are furnished with blanks for the use of all persons in their localities desiring to list for sale, rental, or occupancy factories, factory sites, hotels, camps, or good sites for these. Activities along these lines are further promoted by carrying in the widely circulated traffic folders of the various New England lines advertising designed to meet inquiries for such properties.

America's Greatest Playground

The efforts of the Bureau are particularly directed towards building up pleasure business by encouraging comparatively small hotels and comfortable boarding houses for persons of moderate means; also to promote the location of camps in pleasant places. All this tends to bring multitudes to New England from all parts of the country for recreation. One of the most valuable instrumentalities to this end is the popular list of hotels and boarding houses carefully compiled for the railroads each year.

Growing immensely in popularity is the care-free and wholesome outdoor life, free from display and ostentatious dress, at the well-organized summer camps rapidly increasing in number all over New England — some for boys, some for girls, some for grown-ups. Opportunities for these are practically innumerable on seashore, lakes, and rivers; information concerning them made available by the Bureau is eagerly sought.

Stimulating Agriculture — Sour Lands Sweetened

Among the means adopted to stimulate agricultural production is the preparation of a list of the produce shippers in towns of five thousand inhabitants or less. These are designed for distribution in the cities. On the other hand a list of the grocery, market, and commission men in the cities is intended for distribution in such towns. In this way both the producer and the purchaser of New England products are encouraged.

A study of conditions underlying New England agriculture brought out the fact that one of the greatest needs was more lime in the soil. The greater part of New England has comparatively little lime, unlike the country west of the Alleghanies, where limestone is the almost universal rock. While New England soil is constantly replenished with nearly all the necessary elements of fertility supplied by the gradual disintegration of the native rock, the cultivated land in general stands badly in need of lime to correct the acidity induced by generations of use. Fortunately numerous localities throughout New England have lime formation. Hence with organized effort lime in suitable shape can be transported to nearly all parts at rates so reasonable as to bring it within reach of all farmers. The lack of such effort has kept prices of lime so high as to discourage its use. It having been ascertained that something like seventy-five per cent of the soil in New England needs lime, the New England Lines Industrial Bureau is, therefore, negotiating with a newly organized concern to put the product on the market at about half the price charged before. An enterprising quarry owner in Stockbridge, Mass., was found whose snow-white crystallized rock, really a marble, in its natural state looked good enough to eat, like sugar. Other lime-producing localities in different parts of New England are being looked up with reference to similar arrangements. It is expected that eventually no point in New England will be over one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles from the source of supply. The railroads composing the New England lines are alive to the desirability of increasing agricultural production by supplying this important element in the soil and thus building up business for themselves. This lime rock, pulverized to a fineness to pass through a mesh of two hundred to the inch, gradually unites by natural chemical

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action with other elements in the soil, and brings it up to the proper condition. In this way the sour fields, indicated by sorrel and poor crops, can be redeemed from barrenness. This particular work of the Bureau is regarded as one of the most widely beneficent of its activities in behalf of the New England farmer. It is an earnest of good offices in manifold other ways.

An Experimental Farm and Colony in Maine

A notable activity of the Bureau was its securing of an option on an extensive tract, comprising thirty-six thousand acres, at Cherryfield, on the Maine Central Railroad's Washington County line, nearly halfway between Bangor and Eastport. This option was obtained for the Maine Central and placed in charge of the Industrial Bureau for the sake of practically illustrating, by means of actual demonstration, what can be done for agriculture in a region typical of conditions in a large part of Maine, applying the best methods to the ordinary circumstances of the average farmer. An experimental farm is therefore now being conducted at Cherryfield under the supervision of the Bureau. It is also aimed to attract a good class of farmers to settle upon this tract and conduct their own operations in the light of the object lessons here given for their benefit.

Assisting Local Industry

An instance of the Industrial Bureau's encouragement of local development in manufacturing is furnished by Boston's important northern suburb, Everett, where the enterprising local Board of Trade was looking about to see what could best be done to build up new industries. The Everett Board of Trade Associates was organized for the purpose. In response to encouragement from the Bureau it secured a conveniently located tract of eleven acres, with a view to industrial development. No sooner was the matter definitely determined and the land purchased than the Boston & Maine Railroad laid an industrial track into the property so that factories established there might load their products directly into the cars. The heartiest railroad co-operation was promised. The improvement of the property is now proceeding along the best modern lines and a very considerable addition to Everett's taxable productive resources is assured, as well as a permanent increase in railroad traffic. It is significant that not long before this one of the chronic objectors to the new order in New England transportation had been haranguing the Everett Board of Trade concerning the maleficent purposes of the railroad interest now controlling the Boston & Maine and predicting the direst consequences in the way of suppressing development and throttling New England industry. In the light of what actually did happen it was evident that actions speak louder than words.

Gathering in the Facts

The local agents of the railroad soon proved their worth in co-operating with the Bureau. Valuable aid has come from many of them in spreading a knowledge of its plans and possibilities among the people of their localities; also in acquainting the Bureau with conditions in their neighborhoods and with opportunities for development. An enormous mass of information has thus been obtained, accurately listed and placed on file by means of the great variety of blanks given out. These are made easily accessible to inquirers for all sorts of properties and opportunities. The blanks are so worded as to convey, when filled out, the most exact and detailed information concerning the subject in hand, so that a good picture might almost be drawn from the information given. For instance, anybody wishing to establish a factory in a favorable locality could easily tell, from the information contained in the lists

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of factory sites for sale, whether a given locality would be suited to his purposes. He would learn the character of the land, its relation to the railroad, the possibility of siding facilities, length of frontage if bordering river or sea, possibility of dock construction, depth of water, possible rail and water connections, labor conditions, character of local transportation, electric-car service, possibilities of gas and electric installation, sewer connections or drainage, rates for gas and electric light or power, water power conditions, taxation conditions.

All sorts of details concerning agricultural conditions all over New England are thus recorded: facts and opportunities about fruit lands, potatoes, corn, dairying, nursery products, timber lands. Inquiries concerning all of these things are constantly coming in.

The Riches of New England

It has been remarked that New England is poor in raw materials and in natural resources. The statement is but relative, however. As a matter of fact, under her more limited conditions, New England is exceedingly rich in many of these things. It is extraordinary the value that can attach to the commonest things under foot or all about us,—rocks and dirt and water,— when of some special quality. In so intangible a feature as climate New England has as great an asset as California has.

As to mineral wealth, every one of the six States has an abundance of mines, and very profitable ones, worked on a great scale: granite at Quincy, Cape Ann, Concord, on the Maine coast and Barre, Vt.; feldspar in Connecticut; marble in the Berkshires and in Vermont; asbestos and talc in Vermont; vast deposits of iron pyrites in Massachusetts, — "fool's gold" no longer but extensively mined for the sake of the abundant sulphuric acid; high grades of slate; quantities of other minerals. Even so common a thing as sand has its value almost anywhere in New England when convenient to neighboring population, where a good sand bank makes a deposit to bank on. A "sand mine," when consisting of good moulding sand, yields a product worth shipping a long ways; it yields more profit per carload, and is actually worth more weight for weight, than a corresponding amount of copper ore from many a good copper mine. New England has a wealth of such minerals; their possessor, unlike many a mine owner elsewhere, has a sure thing in a most dependable asset.

Turning Water into Gold

This particular text deserves the biggest sort of "secondly." Water is the commonest of all minerals. In solid form it has long been a great New England staple, the ice crop a widespread source of wealth. The Industrial Bureau's list of ice plants in operation in New England is formidable. They are natural ice plants; artificial ice plants are on the increase, to be sure; but judging by the many inquiries the day is a long way off when they will supersede Jack Frost as an ice manufacturer. This aspect of the matter is considered only by way of preface. It has been said that New England is poor in raw materials. But in her water she has the richest of resources in raw material, in natural product.

The ice yield, with all its yearly revenue, is a trifle in comparison to the value of New England's water power — more than the equivalent of the vastest coal measures. This "white coal," this liquid fuel, has been locally worked ever since the Pilgrim Fathers dammed brooks into millponds. But even with the mighty Connecticut and Merrimac rivers developments of the first great mill period in textile productiveness and counting the significant operations of recent years in electric transmission, this wonderful asset has hardly yet even been touched in the way of splendid possibilities. The doubling of the busy Blackstone's power yield by the construction of new basins in the higher hillside valleys gives a hint of

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the vast development in store all over New England in these directions from a source of energy, absolutely inexhaustible, that will continue serving the busier and better New England of coming generations when Pennsylvania's anthracite has become the dimmest of memories.

So the falling waters of New England are yearly taking upon themselves more and more the work that King Coal has been almost monopolizing. The time cannot be distant, comparatively speaking, before it will be running the railroad trains, the trolleys, and the mills nearly all over New England as well as lighting the dwellings and cooking the meals of the people; perhaps smelting ores and heating houses in the winter, as it already heats the trolley cars as the cheapest fuel under the circumstances. By the time the last possible gallon of surplus water has been impounded in upland valleys before it can run waste to the sea in winter floods — and perhaps long before then — the mightier task of taming the yet greater energy of the tides and the sea waves will be taken successfully in hand all along the great coast lines.

These things assure to New England, with her hills and her rainfall, her streams and her shore, an industrial primacy whose impregnability no wealth of other resources elsewhere can well menace. Already the radius of energy from the Connecticut and Deerfield rivers in western Massachusetts, southern Vermont and New Hampshire extends as far as Providence — a greater distance than to Boston. The many inquiries for water power, and for industrial opportunities where water power is available, indicate that the New England Lines Industrial Bureau is destined to be an important factor in realizing these possibilities.

It may readily be seen how the Industrial Bureau may thus signify the beginning of a new era in New England transportation under a common management. Its work, and the handsome achievements that already stand to its credit, give good earnest of the motives actuating the new and sagacious spirit which perceives that the welfare of New England's transportation agencies can be furthered only by promoting in all possible ways the welfare of these six States.

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

¶ Reminiscences of the Republican Party in Massachusetts, by Hon. Wm. Doherty in collaboration with Hon. John D. Long.

¶ These invaluable articles will begin in the January Number. :: :: :: :: :: ::

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1912

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Beautiful New England

Studies of the Distinctive Features of New England Landscape

November

NATURE'S Indian summer richness and pageantry have made their exit. The blazing torches of the sumach smoulder and char in the frosty air, and the luminous leaves that gleamed like red coals but a few weeks ago crackle under our feet. A few sturdy oaks are yet full-clad, and their dark rich leaves seem to have toughened to leather in their obstinate resistance. Occasionally a beech bedecked in orange and amber leafery has defied the chill of November. The perfume of summer flowers is gone, and instead we have the rich aromatic fragrance of the pines and spruces and of the balsam fir with its resinous pungent sweetness, and the rich vigorous green of its spire-like tops towering over the spruces in the cathedral-like woods. A purple haze envelops the distant hills, and the air is ominous. The feathered songsters have left us, and the "caw" of the crow, the screech of the owl, the cry of wild geese, and the moaning of the wind are the music of November. It is the month of discords and of unresolved harmonies,— the swan-song of the year.

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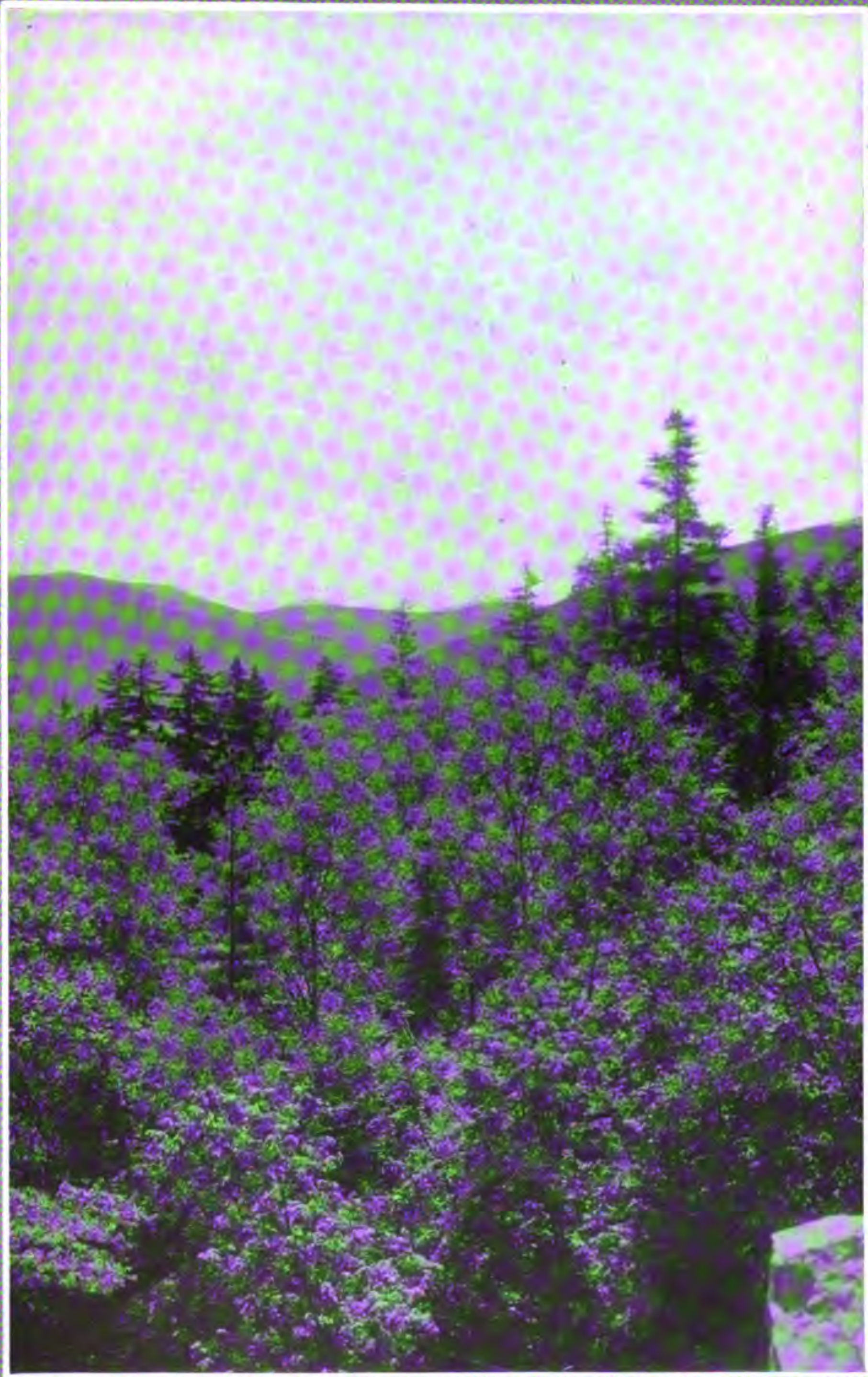

THE SPIRE-LIKE TOPS OF THE BALSAM FIR

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A LEAF—STREWN ROADSIDE

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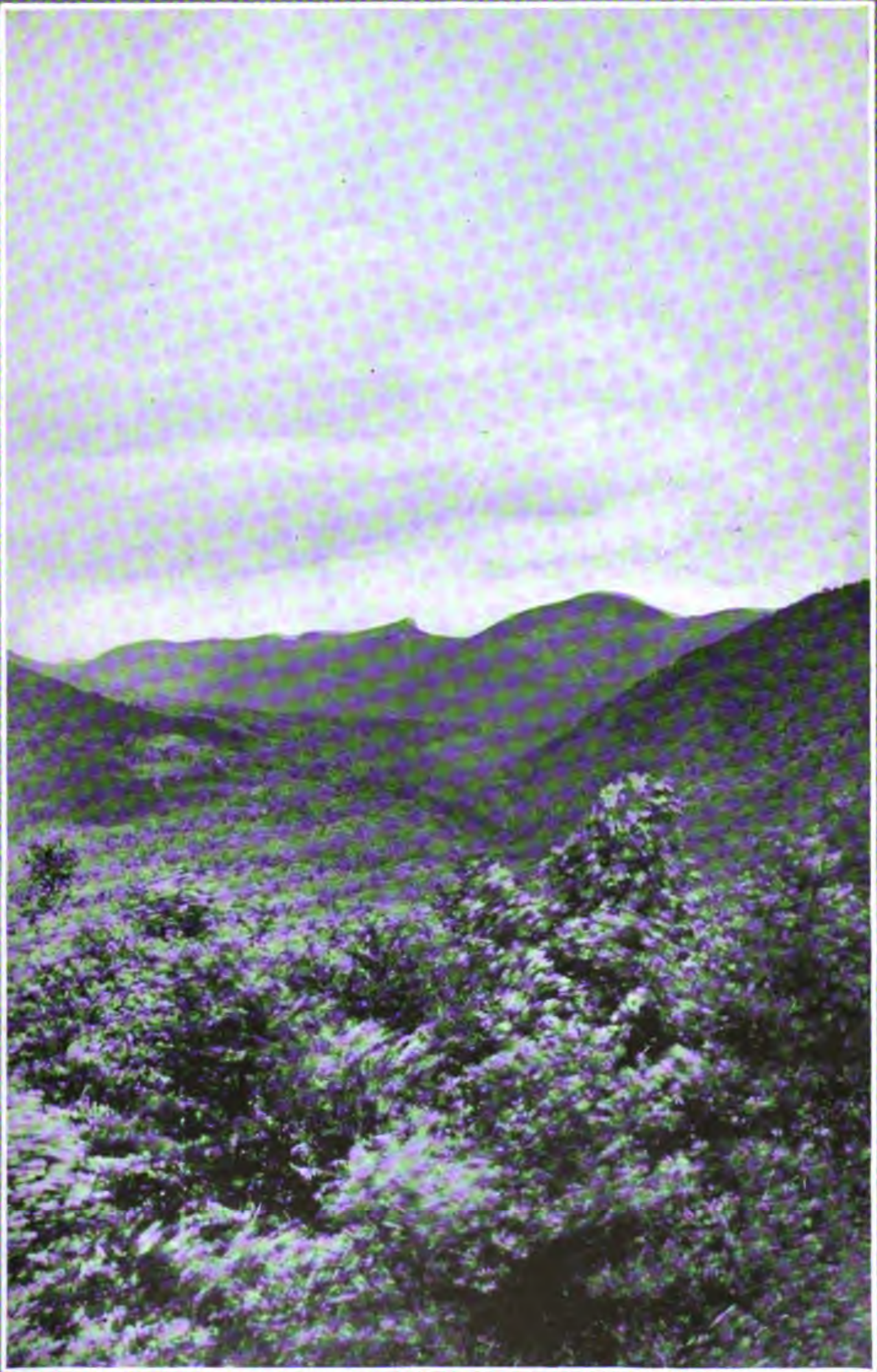

A PURPLE HAZE ENVELOPS THE DISTANT HILLS

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THE NEW GROUNDS OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLVIII NOVEMBER, 1912 NUMBER 3

THE CONVERSION OF M. HERVÉ

HOW easy it is to ignore the most palpable facts in the interest of an engaging theory is humorously illustrated in a recent English pseudo-scientific book, the main thesis of which is that "inasmuch as ether does not exist, no force reaches the world from without itself." This extraordinary statement is made by a human being who, supposably, daily feels the warmth of the sun. It is not often that so exact a science as that of physics is invaded by the pseudo-scientist. His favorite fields are sociology and psychology. Books on sociology are largely responsible for a vague general belief that we are living in an age of great and ominous social discontent. Most of us have supposed that it was the other fellow that was discontented in this world-shaking manner. We have been conscious of no such sentiment in our own hearts. We have vaguely accepted the statement as true because so many writers declare it to be true. *The Outlook*, in particular, appears to take the fact for granted, which is unfortunate in a journal formerly so influential. But it is becoming increasingly difficult to find the awful instances necessary to keep up the delusion.

And now comes the conversion of M. Hervé. Who is M. Hervé? He is the Parisian advocate of violence whose tirades in his socialistic organ have been directly responsible for some of the most lawless uprisings in the French capital. He has been regarded as the very embodiment, the epitome, the aggressive leader of the social discontent. M. Hervé has been a name with which to frightem law-abiding citizens all over France for a quarter of a century. Now along comes the news of M. Hervé's conversion to "patriotism" and law and order. He forsakes his gospel of violence and recants his "discontent." Why? I dare say that a falling off in the subscription lists of his unsavory journal is at least a contributory cause. Even in Paris it is increasingly difficult to persuade the masses that they are discontented. In America the undertaking is even more hopeless. The only seriously discontented people among us are those who cannot discover a sufficient amount of discontent to profitably exploit. The repudiation by the honest people of the City of Lawrence of the pernicious doctrines of the leaders of the I. W. W. is a striking instance. These men came to Lawrence to exploit a discontent that did not exist. By a carefully organized effort they manufactured several made-to-order mobs. People whispered "revolution" under their breath. Now it is quite evident that Lawrence does not relish the whisper. It is tired and sick of being held up for pathological investigation. The city resents the labors of those who came to heal its discontent. The reason, of course, is that the discontent is entirely imaginary.

One of the few mistakes before a popular audience attributed to the shrewd wit of Mark Twain was an

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effort to create fun by holding up Longfellow, Whittier, and Emerson to ridicule. He soon discovered that the audience were shocked and was forced to desist. He had touched upon a theme held too deeply in reverence by the American people to be made a butt for his wit. And they will always err who suppose that the American people are anything but reverent and law-abiding.

M. Hervé is reported to have declared that violent doctrines lead into blind alleys. Verily they do, here in America at least, and with a grimly waiting fate at the end of the blind alley for the preacher of violence.

The whole field of sociological discussion will be cleared of much cheap charlatanism by an admission that there is less social discontent in the world to-day than at almost any period known to history. There are reforms enough needed without conjuring up specters of revolution and discontent. M. Hervé's conversion is most welcome, not because any of us care what M. Hervé thinks, but because it robs the exploiters of the "social discontent" of their most sensational example. And among these exploiters by no means the least harmful are those who attempt to make literary capital out of the sensational possibilities of the topic. It is more and more difficult, fortunately, for these ranters to find material that will afford a platform from which to rant.

The discontented masses of America are discovered to consist of a few professional strike organizers, a few magazine writers and sociological "students," and a few imported criminals and insane persons. Not a very imposing array from which to organize a revolution!

To all ambitious writers who desire to publish cures for the social discontent we would say, first, get your discontent. The editor of *La Guerre Sociale*, who gave the police of Paris so much trouble in the Ferrer incident; the storming of the Spanish Embassy; the pro-Liabent procession (Liabent the policeman killer), and the pro-Russet demonstration, of whom it was said that a blasphemy from his lips was sufficient to throw Paris into terror, — M. Hervé recants and admits that the social discontent is a myth. His conversion leaves certain American journals and sociological teachers in a very ridiculous position. The rest of us may take heart. It is no longer necessary for us to try to imagine that we are discontented. Not that we ever really believed that we were, but it is no longer our duty even to imagine that we are. To myself I confess that this is a great relief. I have been much ashamed of my social contentment. Very advanced and very intelligent people have none too secretly sneered at my lack of advanced ideas. To be actually uninterested in any of the latest nostrums for healing the social discontent I have felt as a keen disgrace. But I have been unable to help myself. Our country seems to me such a good place to live in, and our institutions objects for so much pride and admiration, that I have been unable to be advanced enough to feel the "social unrest." It is a tremendous relief to be informed by the chief of the discontented army, that the discontent does not exist.

Now I feel much more free to talk about real reforms that are really needed. We have work enough in hand for the betterment of the world without troubling ourselves over these imaginary evils. Now if some half dozen American labor "leaders" would give it up as honestly as M. Hervé has done, with how much better grace could we go to work to really improve the conditions of labor and to meet the great educational task of training the children of the foreigners who come to our shores into happy and wholesome living and thinking.

We may assure ourselves that "incipient revolutions" will fail to revolve, and take hold to help those who are really working for the betterment of the people, for industrial prosperity and peace.

F. W. B.

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DIRIGO

By BARNARD MONROE

It's not her deep green pine trees
against her cool blue sky,
It's not her ragged, rocky coast where
ships at anchor lie,
It's not her slow, sweet springtime
which tears your heart in twain,
It's not her mad, glad autumn with its
windy wild refrain,
It's not her lakes and forests or her
quaint deserted farms,
It's not the scenery summer seekers
count among her charms,
And all her lonesome loveliness of
woodland, field, and shore
Is not what calls her children home and
home again once more.

It's just the being born there; without
her proud domain,
No matter what the radiancy of moun-
tain, sea, or plain;
But let her name be whispered, with a
passion almost pain,
Her sons, wet-eyed, rise up to cheer
the sturdy State o' Maine.

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The Work of Cyrus E. Dallin

By M. STANNARD MAY

"A WORK of art is of little value," Cyrus Dallin once said to the writer, "except it springs from a natural and spontaneous emotion; that gives it a human quality."

This undoubtedly explains why all classes, from the most ignorant to the most cultured, are invariably moved when they gaze upon Dallin's picturesque and pathetic equestrian statue, "The Appeal to the Great Spirit;" for Dallin has also said: "The Indian to me is first of all a human being, with emotions and affections. No one is stronger in friendship nor quicker in appreciation, once you are established in his confidence."

This attitude of mind has made it possible for him to interpret and portray the American Indian as no other artist.

It is interesting to see how an educated Indian interprets Dallin and his art. Francis LaFlesche, at the dedication of the "Medicine Man," said: "This statue at once brings back vividly to my mind the scenes of my early youth, scenes that I shall never again see in their reality. This reopening of the past to me would never have been possible had not your artist risen above the distorting influence of the prejudice one race is apt to feel toward another, and been gifted with the imagination to discern the truth which underlies a strange exterior."

Dallin was born among the Indians and lived all through his early youth in the mountains of Utah in a small settlement surrounded by a wall of adobe and boasting only log-cabins. The first eighteen years of his life were spent in this environment, — one devoid of art except that of the Indians in their basketry, beads, and pottery.

Dallin tells us it was the Indian who first awakened in him a vague but insistent groping for the artistic; and he adds: "He fairly hypnotized me with the beauty of his decorations. I experienced ecstatic emotions whenever I saw one of these splendid fellows in his gorgeous trappings."

The only other color in his drab existence was the family flower garden. His earliset recollection of his mother is in that garden. She lived among her flowers. In that frontier community, so lacking in those things which her soul craved, it is small wonder she sought the companionship of flowers.

Much in Dallin's art is undoubtedly due to his mother, an unusual woman as one readily understands when they look upon the delicately chiseled features of the marble bust that the artist has so lovingly executed and that stands always on a pedestal near him in his studio.

"My mother gets right down to the vital things of life with none of the complexities," says Dallin; and we say to ourselves, "Like mother, like son!" for is not this a striking characteristic of the artist himself in his creative work?

He once said that his interest in art was in great simple human feelings; and added: "My early life has much to do with this. My love for the majestic and sublime is a direct inheritance from the mountains. I always feel them as a living force."

Doubtless his dwelling in such intimate relation to the Rockies during the most impressionable years of his early life did envelop him in an atmosphere giving his own nature a certain sublimity of poise. One feels the latter when they meet the man or when they study his creative work.

When only seven years old he attempted to model heads of his favorite chiefs, but he was eighteen before his work was thought of unusual promise.

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Photograph by Litchfield Studio, Arlington, Mass.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

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"MY MOTHER"
Portrait bust in marble by Mr. Dallin

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INDIAN HUNTER

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"THE PROTEST"
Which won the gold medal for Mr. Dallin
at the St. Louis Exposition

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He was then working in a mining camp, sifting ore. One day the miners struck a bed of soft white clay, and young Dallin immediately improvised some tools and set to work. He modeled two life-size heads which were so admired by the miners that they sent them to a Fair in Salt Lake City.

This was the beginning of a new life for the young aspiring artist. Two wealthy mining men in Utah saw these clay heads and were so convinced of the genius back of them that together they launched the young man on his artisitic career. They sent him to Boston, where he commenced study with Truman H. Bartlett, the sculptor, remaining with him for many months.

For nine years the young artist remained in Boston, working conscientiously and untiringly, with many heartaches and actual hardships, but going forward in his profession at leaps and bounds.

He had been studying but four years when, to his astonishment and delight, he was awarded a prize for a statue exhibited at the Boston Art Club. This was his first model of the equestrian statue of Paul Revere. He afterward made a second a third, and a fourth model, — Carlyle says, "Genius is the capacity for infinite painstaking," — and the fourth appealed so strongly to a Boston committee that the work was intrusted to him and a contract signed. The model was exhibited, contributions solicited, but of no avail. Bostonians who have seen this work, dramatic in its conception and full of spirit, deeply regret their loss.

In 1888, when Dallin was twenty-seven, he went to Paris to pursue his studies. There he immediately attracted the attention of one of the most able French sculptors, Henri Michel Chapu. "A wonderful man," says Dallin; "the relations between himself and pupils like that of the old Florentine School."

It was at this time that Dallin made the acquaintance of Rosa Bonheur, whom he found most charming and sympathetic. During the six months that Buffalo Bill with his company of Indians remained in Paris, Dallin and Rosa Bonheur often worked together in the camp. frequently from the same model.

"I was surprised," says Dallin, "to find her a fervent admirer of the American Indian. In her early years, she told me, she had been a great reader of Cooper, and in that way was familiar with the Indian and his life.

"I remember the last day we visited the Indian camp, just before Buffalo Bill was leaving Paris. She presented a ring to an aged chief, telling the interpreter that it was a token of her friendly interest, and to tell him that her name in French had a certain significance the same as all Indian names. The old chief took the ring, slipped it on his finger, saying through his interpreter, 'I place this ring on my finger as a sign of friendship, and the finger shall leave the hand sooner than the ring!'"

The result of Dallin's labors in the Indian camp was the life-size equestrian statue which appeared at the Salon in 1890 with the title, "The Signal of Peace." Later it was brought to America and was one of the most compelling works of art at the Chicago World's Fair. It received a gold medal and was purchased by Judge Tree of Chicago and presented to that city, where it now stands in Lincoln Park.

"I fear the time is not distant," wrote Judge Tree in his letter to the Park Commissioners, "when our descendants will only know through the chisel and brush of the artist these simple untutored children of nature who were, little more than a century ago, the sole human occupants and proprietors of the vast northwestern empire, of which Chicago is now the proud metropolis. Pilfered by the advance guards of the whites, oppressed and robbed by government agents, deprived of their land by the government itself with only scant compensation, shot down by soldiery in war fomented for the purpose of plundering and destroying their race, and finally drowned by the ever westward tide of population. it is evident there is no future for

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them except as they may exist as a memory in the sculptor's bronze or stone and the painter's canvas."

This "Signal of Peace" was the first of a series of four, representing, in a broad sculpturesque motif, the story of the red man and his relation to the white. The first stands for the welcome; the second, the "Medicine Man," the warning; the third, "The Protest," represents a chief hurling defiance against the onslaught of his race; and fourth, the "Appeal to the Great Spirit," depicts the last hope of the Indian. "So true of all human beings, says Dallin. "When everything material fails, we reach out to the spiritual."

This remarkable series is an example of the sculptor's synthetic insight and his skillful interpretation of psychological moments. Dallin once said to the writer: "An artist who doesn't attempt to give expression to the psychological is lacking in one of the most potent and significant aspects of art."

The "Medicine Man" was given a very conspicuous place in the Salon of 1899, and heartily praised by the French critics. It now stands in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, greatly to the disappointment of the Austrians. Their Fine Arts Commissioners were sent to Paris to purchase the statue for a park in Vienna, but while they dallied, America stepped in and seized the prize.

It is to be hoped Boston won't experience the fate of the Austrians with the "Appeal to the Great Spirit," but the subscription, so admirably launched by the Metropolitan Improvement League and Boston's leading artists, is still lamentably insufficient.

Dallin has just completed a most picturesque Indian figure, beautifully poised, that has been purchased by Arlington's new Civic Group. It is the heroic statue of an Indian hunter in the act of drinking from a spring as he rests on one knee, scooping up the water with his right hand.

It will be placed on a hillside covered with evergreens between the new Town Hall and the Public Library. Water will gush from what will appear to be a natural spring high up on the hillside and will flow down through the shrubbery, forming a pool under the hand of the Indian.

The conditions under which the public will view this statue are most subtle. The hunter will not appear to be set up for the eyes of the public. He will be but a figure in the landscape. It will seem to all who gaze upon him that the joy of discovery is theirs. What a finishing touch to a work both vividly conceived and skillfully executed!

One of the most delightful creations from the hand of Dallin is his "Don Quixote," a statue in bronze about three feet in height, now owned by Thomas Lawson. "This work," to use the words of William Downes, "is conceived in an absolutely ideal spirit, and is enveloped in an atmosphere of romance which is completely in harmony with that of Cervantes. The character of Don Quixote, moreover, is taken seriously and with a proper appreciation of its intrinsic nobility and pathos. . . . The Rosinante is positively a creation of genius, nothing less. The long, lean, osseous head of this prehistoric wreck of a nag, and the dismal droop of the ears, convey a whole world of mournful equine biography. All told, this statuette, beautifully cast in a rich toned bronze, is one of the most delightfully original and imaginative of American sculptures."

Dallin has recently completed a bas-relief of Julia Ward Howe. It is of exquisite sincerity of line, a reticent, self-contained work, and an accurate likeness. The Boston Museum will own this through the generosity of the New England Woman's Club.

Mr. Dallin, who is vice-president of the Archery Association, is an archer of unusual skill. "I learned to make and use the bow and arrow when I was a youngster," he says, "and of course aped the Indians to the best of my ability. To-day my method of shooting, in some details, is unlike any of the members of the Association, for Indian archery differs widely from the English."

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Mr. Dallin is interested in three A's— art, archery, and astronomy. He has an excellent telescope at his house in Arlington Heights, and spends many of his leisure hours in studying the heavens.

One might expect that a veritable son of the mountains would make his home on a hill-top. We find it situated on one of the highest points in the surrounding country, giving an extensive view of Boston Harbor, eight miles away, and off to the east, Egg Rock Light, Nahant, and the broad ocean.

The physical outlook of his home is typical of the spiritual outlook of the man,— yearning always for the widest horizon possible.

On the walls of his home hang many valuable paintings which reveal the taste of a connoisseur. Among his favorites are a Corot, a Cuyp, a Tyron, and a Charlet. He also rejoices in the possession of two original Barye's wax statuettes, one of an ape, and the other a marabout bird.

Mr. Dallin was married in 1891, and has three sons. Mrs. Dallin is a woman of rare personal charm and unquestioned ability. In her busy life, divided between America and France, with the demands of a growing family, and those that inevitably come to the wife of a prominent artist, she has found time for the writing of many short articles and one book, "The Lives of Great Painters," written especially for the needs of young people.

Her sympathetic interest in her husband's work is of inestimable value to him. Men can accomplish great things in an atmosphere of trust and faith. How the world at large forgets that fact! Dallin declares the public has much to answer for in the slow growth of sculpture in America.

"Ideal work is just beginning here," he says, and adds: "The trouble is that American sculptors have been obliged to spend their lives executing orders for memorials of defunct statesmen and soldiers. In this limited field, however, they have attained a high degree of excellence."

On being asked, "What does the sculptor's profession offer to our American young men?" he replied:

"As in every profession there is always room at the top, and I know of no profession that offers more than sculpture to the successful man. The field is a large one. The young man who contemplates studying sculpture and devoting his energies to it must bear in mind that of all professional men the sculptor probably finds it most difficult to win immediate recognition, and he must wait long for financial success. The prizes, however, are many, and the joy in the work is one of the greatest of them."

Dallin is essentially American in sentiment and outlook, and has an abiding faith in the future of American sculpture.

"There seems to be no bounds to our possibilities," he once said; "and what we need is a broader appreciation of art, and a realization that it means more than the mere gratification of the esthetic, that it stands for a natural expression of what is outside and beyond ourselves, and that it helps us to look up and out, to see beauty and charm in everything about us, to broaden our mental horizon, to elevate our feelings, to double our capacity for enjoyment, to feel the poetry and harmony of life, and to live with the eternal things above the pressure of cark and care. That the time is coming, is pehaps near at hand, when the growing culture and education of the public will accept, nay demand, from the sculptor works embodying his loftiest ideals, we can scarcely doubt. Until that time comes, the artist must work and hope and wait, and be ever loyal to the best that is in him."

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The Possibilities of Pinkie

A STUDY IN VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

By CHRISTINA EMERSON

(*Continued from page 375 of the October number*)

During the winter, when her father was out of work, and Patsy getting only the irregular jobs that an untrained boy of fourteen can get, the larger part of her small wages went to feed the family, but the splendor of a satin hat and a set of furs, which she wore with a lilt that was stylish if not well bred, set the Avenue agog and a gossiping. The girls were ready with tales of Pinkie's doubtful acquaintances; the women discussed the late hour of her return at night; her own mother seemed moved, by a strange jealousy and hatred, to speak evil of the girl. Could she hold herself decent amid temptation and vile imputation? Charlotte watched, with fearful heart, the struggle of the forces of good and evil for this girl's soul.

"I'm goin' on the stage, Miss Charlotte. Goin' to get a chance in one of the shows. I can act fine, truly I can, an' I'm great at dancin'."

This announcement was made by Pinkie at a club meeting. It may have been intended to arouse Charlotte's disapproval and start an interesting discussion in which Pinkie's side would have been taken by the other girls, all of them at the "stage-struck" age. The club leader saw the danger and avoided it by saying:

"Why not give a play at the House this winter? How would you like it, girls? If you show that you can act, I'll find a good place for you, Pinkie, but promise me that you will not go without letting me know. There are companies that I would be sorry to have you enter."

"Some is awful. I tried it once when they advertised for girls at the Regent an' I wouldn't stay. The girls there wa'n't my class."

Charlotte rejoiced to learn that Pinkie had a standard; sometimes she had doubted it.

"Would you really get me on, Miss Charlotte? How?"

This was something of a poser for Charlotte, whose acquaintance with theatrical people was small. She felt that if the girl showed talent, she would be willing to make considerable effort to help her in a vocation which would give opportunity for better wage and better position than the other kinds of work open to her and would probably prove no more dangerous. The girl had wit, beauty, and surprising impudence, which might be transformed into the sang-froid so requisite for stage success.

"I think I could get you a chance, but, first, let's try the play at the House. Think how much the settlement has done for you ever since you were wee tots. Now let's try to do something for it."

The play *was* the thing with the girls. Charlotte's effort to arouse them by altruistic motives was unnecessary and unheeded. Each girl knew that she had talent quite equal to Pinkie's, an idea that led to great enthusiasm at first, and much discontent later, since no play can be found with six leading lady parts. The play selected met the requirements as nearly as possible, parts were assigned, and club evenings were given over to rehearsals. After a month, interest began to flag. Even Pinkie failed to learn her part. She did not have time, she was too tired after the day's work, and so on, excuses repeated with slight variations by the other girls.

"If you cannot learn a part, how can you hope to go on the stage?" asked Charlotte, discouraged that her

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effort to arouse the girls to do something for the House had come to naught, disappointed that Pinkie's supposed talent failed to appear.

"I can dance. Miss Gray says there ain't one of the girls can come near me," replied Pinkie.

Ballet girl, even at the height of the craze for esthetic dancing, seemed to Charlotte a doubtful vocation for the girl. But fate soon gave her a lift along the road of her desires.

One hot day in September, after discouraging visits in the noisy, stifling quarter, Charlotte sought rest in the comparative coolness of the settlement sitting-room and comfort from her cool-headed, sympathetic friend, the head worker. Faith Wells was a small, delicate-looking woman, a shining example of the conquest of spirit over body and environment. Despite extreme sensitiveness and refinement, she loved her uncultured neighbors beyond scriptural injunction and proved a true, but not intrusive friend to them. Her fine spirit was a searchlight for goodness, which it revealed behind most unpromising exteriors. Charlotte Merrydew called her the "Angelic Pun," and said that her own mountain of doubts was always moved by a few moments' conversation with Faith. The paradox of these two women, whose Puritan inheritance was manifest in manner and dress, earnestly discussing the possibility of putting Pinkie Driscoll on the corps de ballet at the new Opera House would have puzzled an onlooker unaccustomed to the way in which the settlement worker learns to lay aside the lorgnettes of class prejudice in her outlook on life.

"I heard of the place this morning from a worker in a church organization. One of her girls has been dropped. They are trying to keep it very respectable. Why don't you try for Pinkie? She is determined to go on the stage and you can hardly hope for a better beginning," said Miss Wells.

"Imagine the horror of some of the dear ladies on our Board if they could hear your suggestion and see the alacrity with which I act upon it. You must stand by me if I am called to judgment."

They both laughed at the thought of the consternation likely to arise if their efforts became known to some of the directors. To them it seemed a possible chance for this girl born with what, in a higher class of society, would have been called "the artistic temperament," a somewhat dangerous gift placed as she was.

The Opera House fronts upon that desolate avenue which is such a strange combination of boarding houses, bill-boards, baseball, and art. Its shadeless roadway was torn up for repairs, making it seem more hideous than usual. From under large rectangular iron lids shot forth flames, suggesting those tombs of torment drawn by Botticelli to picture Dante's vision of the dread city of Dis. Charlotte smiled as she thought how symbolic her path might seem, but she daringly determined to pursue it. Finding the unfinished Opera House difficult of entrance, she asked a workman if he could direct her to the office of the manager of the ballet. The look of surprise and amusement that appeared on the man's face aroused Charlotte to consciousness of the discrepancy between her appearance and that of the usual applicant for the ballet. The serious pleasure that middle-aged Boston takes in fancy dancing has not yet led it to the corps de ballet.

The puzzled Irishman replied, politely:

"I know him yer want, miss, but it's in the big house down there on the corner ye'll find 'em all. We ain't ridy fur 'em here yit."

The laughter that Charlotte heard as she retraced her steps along the flaming path did not render the stifling atmosphere more pleasing to her. She found, at last, the office of the manager and sat down to compose herself while awaiting her turn to speak with him.

There were men and women, repre-

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senting many nationalities, seated in the chairs that lined the room. They were all elaborate in attire, but the elaborateness varied from elegant Parisian to shabby secondhand splendor. The opera tenor occupied the center of the stage, as usual. He was pouring forth a flood of French,—complaints Charlotte judged from his manner and the few words she understood. The women seemed possible chorus girls. Some of them showed assurance enough to succeed with little voice. One or two looked sensitive enough to fail with beautiful voices. Most of the men held upon their knees shabby cases containing instruments. As no one presented himself when the displeased tenor departed, Charlotte steppped forward with her plea. The refined counterpart of the workman's expression appeared on the face of the director as she began, but, prepared by the earlier experience, she hastened to explain that she sought the position for a young girl who seemed to have talent as a dancer.

"Yes, I believe there are places, but you must see the manager of the ballet," said the director, and he sent her to another house of artistic activities on the desolate avenue.

The manager of the ballet proved an imperturbable person. Charlotte or her protégée, middle age or youth, all one to him, given the ability to dance. Make-up could do the rest.

"Camilla! Camilla!" he called, without replying to Charlotte's question directly. "It's Miss Tretelli you must see. She can tell you all about the place."

"Signorina," said Charlotte, instinctively, as the daintiest of round-faced Italians literally danced forth at the master's call.

"*Miss* Tretelli," corrected the signorina, with a snap of the brown eyes that laughed the next second.

"Miss Tretelli, is there a place on the ballet for a young girl who dances well?"

"Har dance well? Is it that she know already the ballet?"

"Oh, no! Waltzes and all the usual dances."

"Ma, madame, it is not the ballet, those dance. It is not so har." These young ladee, she nice young girl? She is yo' daught'?"

"No, indeed. She is in my club at the settlement. She must earn her living some way and she wishes to go on the stage to dance. Do try her if you can."

"The club," repeated the ballet mistress, in a puzzled tone. "Is it that you teach the dance, mees?"

"Miss Merrydew," Charlotte introduced herself. "No, I only lead the club. Help the girls if I can. Some one else taught her to dance. She is graceful."

"That is ver' good. I h'ain' got the righ' to say. You mus' come tomorrow to the conservator'—jus' lit' way up the street. La practica is eight o'clock. Mrs. Zoblowski, she is the top of h'all. She will spik you of the young ladee."

"They rehearse at the conservatory at eight o'clock. Bring the girl and Mrs. Zoblowski will try her." The harsh voice of the manager sounded from the adjoining room translating the charming Italian's broken English. Charlotte felt as if a bear were acting as interpreter for a frisky mouse.

Pinkie kept the appointment for the evening of the rehearsal with unusual punctuality. The radiance of her face was not to be hidden even by the new satin extinguisher, evidently purchased for the occasion. It would have been wiser to replace the split shoes than to invest in this glory of winter millinery in September. But Charlotte had grown accustomed to luxury-loving poverty that buys an automobile coat when it needs a dress, skates when it needs shoes, candy when it needs bread. It was the improvidence of her parents and of their parents, of the whole thriftless race, that kept them in the slums. The spur that would lift the children out would never come from the family. Would Pinkie's possibilities develop in this new opportunity or would the

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shiftless inheritance conquer? On this evening Charlotte's hopes were high as well as Pinkie's.

Eagerly they hurried to the conservatory. There the announcement met them that the rehearsal had taken place in the afternoon, owing to some change of plan — a keen disappointment to both. Charlotte sought the assistant-ballet mistress. In broken English, punctuated by many pretty gestures, the little Italian expressed her regret at the unexpected change of hour. She was pleased with Pinkie's height and her fair coloring, but all lay in the decision of Mme. Zoblowski. Would they go to see her? She would be at home at this hour. Following the rather vague directions that she was able to give them, Charlotte and Pinkie started in quest of the "top of h'all."

From the desolate avenue run yet more desolate side streets edged by ash heaps, marked "for sale" and apartments marked "to let." Into the dim hallways of one after another of these apartment-houses they went, peering among the cards that cap the hole of communication for some combination of letters that might make Zoblowski. At last one was found beginning with "Z," and ending in "ski" with many unexpected consonants and a few vowels jumbled in what seemed unpronounceable confusion between.

"This must be the name, Pinkie, though it looks even more difficult than it sounds."

Charlotte pressed the button and crouched to listen for a response. Pinkie, meantime, laughingly shaped her pretty lips to try the difficult combination. After a few moments' waiting, Charlotte pressed again, this time long and firmly. She grew weary of crouching and listening. Pinkie grew weary of sputtering consonants. The laugh disappeared and dejection began to reappear in the girl's face, so far as the extinguisher would let it be seen, and in her tired, slouching pose. Charlotte determined to get something definite from the evening's quest.

It seemed intrusive to open the inner door and mount the stairs, as if one had pushed past that mysterious presence that clicks a welcome, when your coming has been announced by the hole-in-the-wall, and makes you feel that those above are ready, or getting ready, to receive you when you shall have climbed the weary way to their abode. More peering at cards, until they came to one that corresponded with the Z—ski below. They rapped, first, Charlotte quietly, then impatiently; Pinkie loudly; footsteps sounded within, the door opened a crack; a woman's brown eyes peered through the narrow space.

"May I speak with Mme. Zoblowski?" asked Charlotte.

"I h'am Mrs. Zoblowski, but I jus' come from the rehearsal. I make the supper. You muss escuse the dress."

The door opened wider, revealing a pretty woman in a dressing gown, with soft brown hair, falling in curls to her waist.

"I am very sorry to intrude, Mrs. Zoblowski, but we were misinformed about the time of the rehearsal. We will wait as long as you like if you will only speak with this young girl about the position on the ballet."

The husband might come from the land of unpronounceable names, but the gracious sweetness and the brown beauty of the wife came out of Italy.

"Sure, I will be ver' gla'. It will not be long that you wait."

She led them to a tiny parlor, placed chairs with kindly hospitality and then ran back through the long dark hall to attend to the supper that was extending its appetizing odor through the apartment.

The little parlor illustrated that artistic confusion of which Charlotte had read, but which she had never before encountered in her well-ordered New England life. Mme. Zoblowski had cleared two chairs for her guests by throwing a street dress and a Moorish ballet costume on the tête-à-tête, which already held a man's coat and riding boots. A spangled tarlatan skirt, fascinating to Pinkie, lay like a monster

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thistle-down on the other chair. The table held a derby and two dainty "chapeaux," ballet slippers, and a confused reticule. Manifestly the wardrobe could not hold clothing, since a projecting corner of blanket revealed it to be a bed. Charlotte suspected the elaborate lace curtains of hiding hooks rather than windows. Each article of furniture seemed intended for some use which its present form disguised. From the cushioned depths of the chair on which she sat came a mysterious rattle as of disturbed bottles or boxes, a warning sound that kept her rigidly still; the desk was surely a bureau, possibly a sewing machine. But before her imagination had completely pictured the transformation scene, Mrs. Zoblowski returned, in happy mood, refreshed by that good-smelling supper.

"Thees young ladee, she will like come on the ballet? Mees. Tretelli she tell me how she will be tall and ver' whit'. That is ver' good. She know not the dance and it is h'already tree mont' we haf the rehearse."

"Please try her. She will work very hard. Won't you, Pinkie?"

"Sure," was all subdued Pinkie could respond.

She stood to show Mrs. Zoblowski her height which seemed satisfactory. The brown eyes were keen, as they studied the girl's face and figure.

"She h'all righ' if she can h'only learn the ballet in two mont'. The others haf h'already h'all the summer rehearse. We mus' try. It is not so h'easy as she will tink. To-morrow h'evening come to the rehears' at the convervator'."

"Sarah Levinson's in it, Miss Charlotte. Guess I can do it if she can."

"Mees Levinshon, she is yo' frien'? Ah, la bella! So hart she can work. She will you help. Tha's h'all righ'."

"How did Sarah get on, Pinkie. I did not know that she could dance."

"Sure, her brother got her the job. He plays the fiddle, too. Guess I don't need her to help me, though." Pinkie's syes gleamed in the shadow of the extinguisher.

"She is not simpatica? She make ver' good danseuse, Mees Levinshon."

The keen little ballet mistress interpreted the look, if she missed the meaning of the girl's words.

They talked of salary, which more than doubled the wage of a restaurant cashier, even if one danced in the second row. Pinkie never pictured herself in the second row. The costumes, those dreams of delight, were paid for by the management. To dance before admiring multitudes, to dress like a fairy princess, to earn by this joyous play more than by wearisome work, what more could one ask! A dream, an improbable fairy tale was coming true. Pinkie who should still forget all miseries in fairyland had once asked Charlotte if it were possible that a prince would marry her. Charlotte had replied, with pitying ambiguity, that Cophetuas were rare. But fairy tales assured her that the princess, however disguised, always married the prince; and the yellow journals assured her that the ballet girl often arose to happiness and fame by marrying that American representative of the prince, the millionaire's son. Among the rosy clouds that transformed the little parlor, the prince was surely wandering in company with wonderful dresses and full-page yellow journal pictures.

"We must not keep Mrs. Zoblowski any longer, Pinkie."

Charlotte's voice, which had found a kind of orchestral accompaniment to the vision, as she arranged details with Mrs. Zoblowski, now sounded to draw the curtain on the last act of the five-minute dreamland performance.

The "a reverderci" that followed them down the stairs had hardly ceased to sound in their ears when Charlotte heard the snap and thud of the transforming wardrobe and she rejoiced that the weary little Italian would soon be oblivious to the woes of training inflexible Jewish and Irish girls to perform graceful evolutions on the tips of their toes.

Those visions of success in the front row had brought back the glow to

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Pinkie's face. Other visions crept warningly into tired Charlotte's brain. She half regretted the venture on which she had started the girl.

"Your father or Patsy will have to come tor you every night after the opera. Do you think they will, Pinkie?"

"Sure, they'll do it. Father's awful fussy."

Charlotte thought of the Linden Street gossip and regretted that the fussiness of Pinkie's father had not been more apparent.

"You will have to be very quiet and respectable, if you wish to stay in that company. They will only have nice girls. You must be very careful about speaking to men or having anything to do with them unless you know them very well."

Charlotte's vision did not seem to include the fairy prince. But what promise would Pinkie not make to this leader along the joyous path of dreams? For the time being she adored the sometime-too-fussy mentor. She would follow any advice that would put her in the front row of fairyland, in the glare of the footlights.

The next day Charlotte delivered to the happy cashier the requisites for the rehearsal costume, begged from the wardrobes of dancing devotees among her friends. These ladies were intensely interested, willing to help with private lessons, wishing to go with Charlotte to watch rehearsals. They loved the footlights no less than Pinkie and half envied her the need to earn her living by so fascinating a career.

Charlotte found no time to watch the progress of her protégée in the week that followed, but toward the end of it she called on her at the restaurant. Pinkie looked untidy, tired, and by no means radiant. Her face seemed pinched, as it had before she found the occupation that gave her enough to eat. Her black waist was frayed and spotted. The satin hat, tossed onto a shelf above her head, had evidently suffered severely in a storm. A customer settled his bill with its leisure of satiety, and stood talking with impudent familiarity to the girl, who flushed deeply at his jokes when she saw Charlotte standing in the doorway. Under the keen, constantly angry eye of the restaurant-keeper, Charlotte talked at the little cage with Pinkie.

"How are the rehearsals going?" she inquired eagerly.

"I ain't goin', Miss Charlotte. Father wouldn't give me the money for fares an' I can't walk way up there after workin' in here all day. I'm too tired."

"I'm awful sorry, too," she added, as she saw Charlotte's expression of surprise and disappointment.

Keen disappointment Charlotte certainly felt, but queerly mixed with a sense of relief. The brightest prospect for the girl had faded but, at least, she would not be responsible for launching her on a risky career. The girl's excuses were flimsy. What had happened?

"Pinkie, you know that I would have given you the money. Why *did* you give it up?"

"'Twas awful hard. I didn't know it *could* be so hard an' I couldn't give up this place cause father's off his job. I can't do it, honest."

"I will talk with your father. In a month's time you will be earning much more than you do here. Were they kind to you? What was so hard? You knew that it would be hard at first."

"Sure, they was all right. Mrs. Slobky, or whatever her name is, said I did pretty good, but it's too awful hard keepin' up on your toes like that all the time, an' whirlin' makes me sick. Sarah Levinson does it dandy, but she's been at it all summer an' she ain't workin'. 'Tain't no use talking to dad. He won't let me give up here till he's gone on his job again. Ma talked awful about me, an' it ain't no use."

There was a warning break in the girl's voice; another customer was waiting to pay his bill; the manager was fuming near by; Charlotte realized that she must give up her inquiry

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into the real cause of the girl's failure. That she had failed was manifest in her dejected appearance and in her determination not to try again. Perhaps it had been too hard for the habitually under-fed girl. Years of breakfasting on pink ice cream or green apples, dining on canned salmon, supping on bread and tea, with candy and pickles to stop the hungry gnawing when the larder was yet more empty, could hardly have developed a well-nourished body capable of enduring effort, and enduring effort the ballet girl must make though she seem the gorgeous butterfly of earthly existence. Sarah Levinson came from a race that feeds its children well, that never lets go of a good job, that has a natural aptitude for the decorative side of life. It might be that the ancient feud between the girls had helped Pinkie's decision. To have shown herself inferior to the Jewish girl would have been bitter to her Irish pride. It was useless to speculate upon the cause of the girl's change of mind. One good thing might come out of it — it might end her desire to go on the stage; and it did. Pinkie never mentioned the subject again.

On a March day, when the clouds prepared a chill combination of ice and water, which the wind dashed in the faces of the already too cold-blooded Bostonians, when brown slush, hiding within its depths hillocks of ice, gave damp and deceptive footing that it might the better soak into any kind of pedal covering and complete the freezing process, on such a day Charlotte sought a cup of coffee in "Pinkie's" restaurant. She had not seen the girl for weeks and wondered how things were going in the Driscoll household. As she entered she saw, not Pinkie's red-bronze pompadour, but a jet-black disc bending above the desk.

"Is Miss Driscoll ill?" she questioned through the bars.

"She's left," replied the owner of the black locks, without lifting her eyes from the column of figures she was studying.

"Can you tell me why?"

"Don't know. Ask the manager."

She made Charlotte feel that questions concerning earlier occupants of that cashier's desk were of the nature of an insult to the present possessor of the position. The angry eyed manager approached. Charlotte asked him the reason for Pinkie's departure.

"She ain't up to the job," he replied curtly.

"But she did do the work for some months," ventured her friend.

"She wa'n't never up to her job."

He turned away as if the final word had been said. Charlotte forgot her cup of coffee. There was a lump in her throat that might have risen had she been thrown out of work herself in this chill season, such a big lump that she could not have swallowed anything under the inspection of the restaurant-keeper. She decided to go directly to Linden Court. Her vivid imagination pictured the Driscolls starving and freezing. The cold of a fireless tenement, more penetrating than the March wind, seemed to enter her bones. Shivering for suffering humanity rather than for storm-beaten Charlotte Merrydew, she hastened on past deserted shops and shows, past blocks of saloons, that were not deserted. A man reeled before her, stumbled and fell into the street, tried to catch at her cloak to pull himself up. With pity to leave him and fear to lift him, she hurried away, hoping to find an officer to send to his assistance. The wind was increasing in fury, the sleet turning to snow.

At no hour of the day or night, in no extreme of heat or cold, is the Linden Street quarter really deserted, but the passers were few on this day and these few hastening before or battling against the storm, their clothing bestuck with soft snow, looked like ghosts at dawn scurrying to shelter. A mysterious pyramidal mass, moving toward her through the dim whirl of flakes, revealed itself as a woman with a baby and bundle enwrapped in the same covering. As they passed, haunting, feverish eyes glared at Charlotte from the shadow of the shawl and the wail

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of a sick child sounded a sharp, high note above the roar of the storm. She was nearly run down by a stout priest, who paused not to apologize. Charlotte recognized him as the father who had passed by the case of the Driscolls when she presented it to him, with the remark, "They are degenerates, degenerates, Miss Merrydew," and had shaken the very thought of them from his mind as easily as he would soon free his priestly frock from its uncomfortable coating of snow. Degenerates or not, some one must see that they did not starve and that the children had some chance of moral uplift. Charlotte had not learned the right mental shrug with which to free herself from distressing responsibilities.

The far end of Linden Court seemed to have accumulated the snows of the entire winter. Stepping from one sloppy irregularity to another in the footprint path, Charlotte attained the smooth slant where the steps should have been and felt gingerly for footing in the white mass. Before she started the sticking door, an odor of frying meat greeted her. As she entered the dark hall, an unkempt figure with an armful of wood pushed open the door of the Driscoll tenement. It was Pinkie in jacket and petticoat, both very dirty, a ratless pompadour lolling over forehead and ear. The color that the heavy load had brought to her face deepened as she saw Charlotte. She sank into a chair without greeting her visitor. Ma Driscoll, clear-headed and more amiable than usual, wiped the seat of a chair with her apron, pushed it toward the guest, and turned to attend to the pork chops sputtering on the stove.

Conditions were not conducive to amenities. The unexpected comfort in which she found the family seemed, strangely enough, to transform the pity which Charlotte had felt so keenly for them, but a few moments ago, into pity for her tired self. Depositing the food she had brought, because, though needless, there was nothing else to do with it, Charlotte began conversation with a half reprimand.

"I'm sorry you lost the place. Did you try hard to do the work?"

"I done the work all right. He said I wa'n't honest."

"The manager didn't say that to me. Oh, Pinkie! You didn't take anything, did you? You know I told you that would ruin you for any place."

"I never took nothing, not even a pin. Didn't I give back a penny a lady dropped one day? It wa'n't that. His brother'd a kept me, but he didn't never like me an' some of the checks was wrong. I didn't do it anyway, that's sure. I ain't no thief!"

She was angry, discouraged, ashamed to be found in such untidiness.

"I'm sure you were honest, child," said Charlotte, pacifyingly. "I could not even try to do anything for you if you were not. Is your father working?"

"Himself is on part time," said the mother, "and Patsy is doin' fine in the autermerbil business."

"That's good! Have you tried for anything, Pinkie?"

"I'm on Mondays and Saturdays at Cooper's. They'll take me reg'lar in the spring."

"It's gaddin' she is all the time on the street," broke in Mrs. Driscoll's angry nasal tones. "Eatin' and not payin' nothin'. Puttin' all she gets in hats and fixin's."

"That won't do, Pinkie. You can't live like that. What are you going to do?"

Charlotte felt that she had exhausted her powers without finding for the girl a vocation or even work that would hold her. The sight of the dirty, disheveled figure discouraged her; she shivered in her wet clothing despite the heat of the room; the smoke of the frying meat sickened her, yet made her conscious that she was faint with hunger.

"P'r'aps I'll get married!"

Pinkie snapped this remark forth with the air of one who would do as she pleased and send counsel to the winds. The girl's eyes had a strange way of seeming to slant upward, giving a sly, ugly look to the face when she was

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The "Simple Life" in the Orient

By STANWOOD COBB

IF Charles Wagner had lived and died in the Orient he would never need to have written his "Simple Life," because there it is lived so habitually that it is taken as a matter of course. In the Occident there are movements of different kinds on foot for the encouragement of this "simple life." In the East it needs no encouragement.

To an American trained in the etiquette of the West, life in Turkey seems like camping out; and one falls into their way of living with as much delight as here one leaves the stiff and formal ways of the city for a week or a month of tent-life by mountain or seashore. All the unnecessary things are stripped away, and only those things which make for comfort and real ease of living are to be found.

The Turk has been a nomad for so long that he still carries the traces of the wanderer about him and his home is more or less an enlarged and glorified tent.

What would you think of a home in which there were no chairs and no beds, no bathroom, no pictures upon the wall? Yet such a home may be comfortable and artistic. Beautiful rugs upon the walls take the place of pictures, and instead cf chairs the Orientals have long divans running all around the room. These divans are wider than our couches. They serve as both chairs and bed. The Turk sits upon them cross-legged, in the attitude so well known through pictures, and reads or writes in that position. They never write at a desk or table, but use the left hand to support the paper, and with the little ink-well upon the divan or the ground in front of them will write all day.

In the University of Cairo, one of the largest in the world, I saw neither desk nor blackboards. In the various open-air courts the students were seated cross-legged on the ground around their "hodja," or teacher, listening to a lecture or taking notes on small pieces of paper which they held in their hands.

But to return to the divans. When you come to an Oriental house in which you are to stop, you are shown into a room such as has been described and take up your abode upon a section of the divan. Anywhere from one to ten persons can be accommodated in one room. By day you recline there and chat — a favorite Oriental occupation — or read; and when night comes blankets are brought and the same divans serve as beds. Each one rolls up, head to head and foot to foot, candles are extinguished, and soon you are asleep.

When the Oriental is in his own home he wears only his underclothes to bed. Upon getting up in the morning he puts on a long dressing-gown and cases his bare feet in slippers, — a costume more comfortable than any other on earth. Why shouldn't men enjoy the luxury of such gowns as well as women? Collars are unknown. If they wear shirts made to hold collars they leave the collar off and go about with the collar-band only.

When dressing for the street they slip on a pair of light, loose trousers, possibly a jacket if the weather is cool, and over all the long silk gown which comes up to the chin when buttoned and conceals a multitude of sins—if sin it be to have dirty linen.

With large, easy shoes upon their feet, these light flowing robes, and a sunshade over the head, an Oriental is as comfortable in warm weather as costume will permit. Notice this — their costume is built for comfort. Those of us who know what it is to hit camp in the Maine woods after a long hot journey from the city, and strip

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PRIMITIVE METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION
THE WATER BUFFALO

HUMAN ANIMALS DO MOST OF THE
TRANSPORTATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE

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TWO OLD TURKS: ONE IN TURKISH COSTUME, ONE IN EUROPEAN FROCK COAT

TURKISH "MULLAH" OR PRIEST IN COSTUME. AS KINDLY A FACE AS ONE WOULD SEE IN ANY LAND

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THE SWEET WATERS.
PLEASURE RESORT OF CONSTANTINOPLE
WOMEN IN THE SPRING

ITINERANT BUTCHER

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A TYPICAL MIDDLE-CLASS TURK

CATTLE AND WATER BUFFALOES FEEDING

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off all the barbaric trappings of civilization, and then loaf around in the luxury of camp clothes, can realize how comfortable life is in the Orient, as regards clothes, at least.

On account of the seclusion of women and their absence from social and business life the men of the Orient become rather lax about their personal appearance. They seldom shave more than once a week, or twice a week at most. If you meet a government official, an editor, a professor, a statesman, the highest people of the Empire, you may find them with a hirsute growth upon their faces which the social life of the Occident taboos. Where the Turk comes into frequent contact with Europeans this is changed however, and he adopts their standards.

It was laughable yet pathetic to see one little change made by the Revolution in the matter of street dress. Many of the old-style Turks had been in the habit of appearing on the street in their comfortable kimono-like home costume. Under the new régime this was considered a little behind the times, especially as the European ladies protested to the government against this untidiness. A law was passed by Parliament prohibiting these poor old men from appearing upon the street in decolleté, and they had to dress up thereafter.

I do not wish to be understood, however, as branding the Turk with slovenliness. He is by far the neatest and cleanest of all the Orientals. His person he keeps scrupulously clean. washing his face, neck, hands and feet with religious regularity (ablutions are one of the reqiurements of their religion). If he fails to wash the rest of his body it is because total immersion is not one of the ideals of the East. An Oriental can live for a long time without a complete bath, and be as happy as an Englishman would be miserable under the same circumstances. His clothes he also keeps clean, and even the laborers always look neat. A costume which contains so many patches that the original cloth is hard to discover will yet be clean and well kept.

They are neat, too, in their habits. A Turkish food-shop is much neater than a Greek or Armenian one. I have traveled several thousand miles on ship with the peasants of every race in the Orient, and have discovered that of all these the Turks are the neatest.

When the Turks come in contact with European civilization and adopt its costume and habits they are great dandies, exquisite in their dress and appearance. The Turk is one of the handsomest, most graceful, and most charming of men, and no one could fail to be attracted by a gentleman of this race when he puts himself out to please.

In one respect the East stands at a point to which we may hope to progress after a few centuries of effort and struggle for common sense in clothes; that is, they have no change of styles — that tyranny of the tailors which devours so large a portion of our time, patience, and money. The Oriental buys a silk robe and it is good for life. It may even pass down to the next generation and still be in style. He has no collars, neckties, silk hosiery to change from season to season; no spring styles and winter styles; no change in the form of his shoes; and his red fez is good all the year round and every year.

The fez is as democratic a hat as the derby. It lasts for years, and costs at the most only a medjedie, or 80 cents. Rich and poor, high and low, wear the fez. It is the national head-dress of the Ottoman Empire, and to wear anything else would be unpatriotic. If a Turk in the interior, where Mohammedan customs are still rigidly observed, should appear in a felt hat or straw hat he would undoubtedly be mobbed, just as much as if he insulted his country's flag.

After the Revolution the New Turks tried to discard the fez by gradually modifying its shape and appearance, but the opposition was too great and the matter was dropped for the time. One of my Turkish friends, when he went on any excursion with me, would take a cap in his pocket and upon leaving the outskirts of the town substitute

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it for his fez, which is not an ideal head-dress for a hot sunny day.

I wonder that the Turks have so long let this religious custom of the fez stand against their comfort. In winter it is all right; but in the bright sun of summer it heats the head and affords no protection for the eyes and neck. Usually the peasants attach a handkerchief to the back of the fez and drape it over the neck to prevent sunstroke.

At every street corner in the city are little shops for cleansing and reshaping the fez, usually run by Jews or Armenians. This work is done for one cent, and you go away with your fez as good as new.

The Oriental reverses our customs, and when he enters a house keeps his hat on but takes off his shoes. I once wore a fez, but I could never get used to keeping it on indoors or when I met ladies. The Turk bows gallantly but never lifts his hat.

The custom of taking the shoes off upon entering the house is one which, far from being ridiculous, as many Americans think, is both comfortable and hygienic. None of the dirt of the street is tracked into the houses— and in the East the streets are pretty dirty. Our housekeepers here, who lose so much good temper over the careless way the men-folk have of tracking mud and dirt across a newly cleaned floor, can realize the advantage of taking off one's shoes at the door.

The old-time Turk wears thick socks and low shoes without any leather at the back. They walk with a peculiar motion which is necessary to keep such shoes on, developing tremendous ankles, and upon reaching home slip out of their shoes without needing to use their hands in the process, and walk across the threshold in their stocking feet. Then they curl up on their divans as comfortable as a dog by the fire. Since the washing of the feet is a religious duty, carried out from one to five times a day, there is no offensive odor.

The New Turk, however, who has become affected with European footwear, puts on over his shoes a kind of leather overshoe something like a low rubber, and takes this off upon entering a house, keeping his shoes on.

Americans who are suffering from afflictions which require the services of a chiropodist, what would you not give if you could shuffle off your tight shoes whenever you entered a house and sit as the Turk does, in your stocking feet? What a comfort! And yet I will guarantee that you have considered the Turk a most eccentric and unnatural man because his custom as regards the covering of head and foot is diametrically opposite to ours.

Such little things as this, even, may teach us tolerance for other races, whose customs seem so different from ours. Let us remember that there is a reason for every such custom, and that often this custom may be intrinsically better than our own.

I think a great opportunity is lost in our schools by not presenting the customs of foreign peoples in such a way as to develop tolerance and breadth in the pupils. Our geographies have aimed too much at arousing interest by showing the peculiarities of foreign races. Just as sure as a child comes to think any race *peculiar*, he will despise it. He should be shown the deep underlying sameness of human nature, which expresses itself under different environments and needs in different customs.

On the surface men seem different; at the bottom they are one, seeking the same things in life, moved by the same needs and passions.

To a stranger a Turk, in his red fez, peculiar garb, and swarthy complexion, is something to wonder at and even ridicule, as the old joke in *Punch* illustrates: "Arry, 'ere comes a stranger. 'Eave 'alf a brick at 'im." We most of us have bricks up our sleeves for the stranger. What the world needs is to realize that no men are strangers. When you have associated with that Turk for a while he will become as a brother to you, and the differences will seem to drop away.

Since the parents of children of the lower classes, where these prejudices are strongest, are seldom able to inculcate this tolerance, owing to their own

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limitations, it shoukd be the duty of the teachers and text-books of our primary educational system. Unfortunately our teachers are not yet sufficiently prepared for this. Where custom does not conflict with religion, yes. But the majority of even educated people in this country to-day, while becoming more tolerant of social customs, laugh at religious peculiarities which are no worse than things in our own churches. I shall have another word to say on this when I come to deal with the religious life of the East. Unfortunately the Americans are one of the most provincial of peoples in these respects.

In matters of diet the Turk again displays his simplicity and common sense. One of our most noted dietarians whom I met in Constantinople declares the Turk to have the finest physique of any race in the world, and lays this fact to his simple diet and abstinence from liquor.

Although the Turk, when a man of wealth and in official life, surrounds himself with a luxury of diet befitting his rank, those in ordinary walks of life are very simple in their habits of eating. For breakfast they take only the small cup of Turkish coffee and possibly a roll. At noon they eat a very simple lunch — perhaps only a bowl of sour milk (yaourt) and bread. At night comes the main meal of the day, but not elaborate. It consists of meat and rice (pilaff), several dishes of vegetables, salad, and a pastry, ending with the delicious Turkish coffee.

In the summer the Turk is almost a vegetarian. The amount of meat he eats is very small. He is fond of fresh salads and good vegetables and fruit.

The diet of the workman and peasant is simpler still. He lunches off a piece of bread and an onion, or any fruit in its season. A quarter of a loaf of bread costs him one cent, a melon, a bunch of grapes, or a piece of cheese costs another cent, and for two cents his lunch is complete. At night he has a stew with cheap vegetanles and a bit of meat in it, the whole thing costing four or five cents.

Yet it is amazing the strength of the Turkish workman with this slim diet.

The hamals or porters can carry loads of from two hundred to eight hundred pounds. They are the most astounding burden-bearers in the world. It is nothing for one of them to carry a piano on his back. I have counted twenty-four chairs upon the back of one hamal.

It is perhaps because of the simple diet of the Orient, as well as the soothing effect of the climate and the absence of excitement and worry, that the Orientals do not need exercise as much as we do. They never suffer from indigestion or headache. Yet they will remain sedentary from morning to night. The idea of walks or games or horseback rides for the sake of exercise seems preposterous to them.

It might be of interest to describe some of the Turkish dishes. Food made from milk they are very fond of—a relic of their pastoral life perhaps. The most famous dish of this kind is "yaourt," a form of cultured milk. It has the consistency of thick sour milk, and can even be carried in a handkerchief. It is made from the milk of the cow and also from goat's milk and from that of the buffalo-cow, which is rich in cream. No more delicious food than this has ever been invented, especially for hot weather.

"Sutlack" is a rice-milk of the consistency of gruel. It is very delicate and easy to eat when the appetite flags. Then there is "mahalabi," something like cornstarch pudding, eaten with sugar and rose-water; and "taouk-gok-sud," or chicken-breast-milk, made of grated chicken breasts. All of these dishes are appetizing and easily digested.

The Orientals are very fond also of sweet pasties, of which they make many delicious kinds. "Ekmek-kadaif" is a sort of bread soaked in honey and eaten with the "kaimak" or thick cream of the buffalo-cow, made up in the consistency of cottage cheese. Or if you prefer, there is "paklavar," made of thin layers of pastry with honey and ground English

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walnuts between the layers. "Tel-ka-daif" is made of strings of pastry soaked in honey.

These dishes are almost sloying in their sweetness. There is nothing weak about them. Half a portion would fill most people with sweetness enough to last for days.

In vegetables and fruits the Orient is rich. Many of our fruits originated in the East and were brought to Europe by the Arabian conquests and commerce. In Constantinople one can get fresh fruit almost all the year round.

Strawberries commence in May to cover the hillsides of the Bosphorus with pickers, and fill the market-places with baskets of the luscious fruit. Cherries appear in June and last for a month or more. For two cents you can get all you can eat of them. They are delicious on hot, dusty tramps in the country. Just as the cherries go the melons begin to come in. There are many varieties of them and they last into the autumn. Then the figs and grapes appear. It is worth while visiting Constantinople if only to buy a bunch of those magnificent grapes from a street vender.

Grapes in the East come in such large and beautiful clusters that they carry me back to Sunday-school days, and the picture cards portraying the spies of Moses bringing back from the brook Eshcol a huge bunch of grapes *upon a pole between their shoulders.* Perhaps when you were in Sunday school you had periods of doubt and skepticism, as I did, occasioned by just such things as these; but come to Constantinople and for two cents you can get a bunch of grapes large enough to dispel your doubts, quench your thirst and satisfy your appetite.

Pears and apples carry one into winter, and in January there begin to appear the splendid Jaffa oranges and tangerines from Egypt, and the cycle is complete.

Fresh vegetables also can be obtained almost through the year. Tomatoes, peas, and beans begin to come from Egypt in February. Lettuce and cabbages can be picked fresh from the gardens about Constantinople as late as January. The eggplant is a favorite vegetable, and the ochre.

Meats are poor in Turkey, all except chicken and mutton. The beef comes from Russia, Bulgaria, and South America and is poor. Chickens are cheap, but one tires of them. The mutton is good, but is cut in peculiar ways. The meat of the hog is of course not to be had in Mohammedan countries except from Christian butchers.

The Turks have a favorite dish which consists of eggplant stuffed with chopped onions and rice, and cooked in oil — delicious but hearty. They also stuff marrows with chopped meat and rice. Another dish is rice wrapped in grape-leaves and steamed.

Last, but not least, is the great staple food of the Orient, "pilaff," which is as necessary to their existence as the potato to the Irish. Pilaff is rice cooked in a certain way so as to preserve each grain distinct and firm. It is made from unpolished rice, — the little white powder about each grain forming a gelatinous coat in cooking. It is boiled in mutton fat and has a delicious flavor. There is a chemical difference in the rice thus cooked, owing to this little coat of gelatine about each grain, which makes it easier to digest than our rice.

Often I sigh for "pilaff" as the Hebrews did for the fleshpots of Egypt. It is a unique dish, and a much more satisfying and healthful staple than potatoes. There are different forms of "pilaff;" it is sometimes cooked with small currants and pinenuts, sometimes mixed with bits of roast mutton. This latter dish, called "kebab-pilaff," makes a delicious meal. A plateful of the "pilaff" with the freshly cooked mutton sliced and scattered through it, followed by a bowl of "yagourt," a cup of Turkish coffee and a cigarette, puts you in a condition of contentment where you do not even envy kings. The most delicate "pilaff" is that made by the Persians and flavored with orange peel.

Before I leave the subject of food I must mention a Persian dinner to

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which I was once invited in Ramleh, a suburb of Alexandria. It was nine o'clock before we reached the house. I was very hungry, as I had been traveling all day, and was ready to sit right down and eat. But we chatted away in the guest-room with no hint of food until I began to wonder if the cook had absconded or had had his head chopped off for flirting with my friend's wife. It was ten o'clock. Still the talk went on — my host entertaining me in execrable French and I answering in worse. I don't know which of us was bored the most, but I hope he did not feel any worse than I did.

At last the signal for dinner came just in time to save me from an acute attack of nervous prostration. It was eleven o'clock. If I had only known that it was the Persian custom to do their after-dinner talking before dinner, to dine late at night, and to fall asleep immediately after, I should have fortified myself with a supper at six o'clock and been spared this agony.

The meal progressed through the various stages of salad, meat and pilaff, vegetables, until it came to fricasseed partridge. I was mildly surprised to see my host pick up several choice bits of partridge with his fingers and put them on my plate. That is a great courtesy in the East. I was not able to eat all the meat he gave me, and at the end a perfectly good wing was still left on my plate. As my Persian friend passed my plate to the servant he took off this wing with his fingers and put it back on the platter.

The ordinary etiquette of the East is like camping etiquette with us. Fingers were made before forks, it is true. We have only to go four hundred years back to find the same customs prevalent in the best society of England.

Often the Orientals eat without individual plates. The peasants always do. A bowl of soup is put down on the table and all attack it with big wooden spoons until it is annihilated. Then meat may come on in little rolls. These they eat with their fingers. A bowl of yaourt is next placed in front of you, and that is scooped out with pieces of bread. When the meal is finished the only utensils to be washed are the wooden spoons and a few bowls and platters.

This is simple life indeed. Yet so neat are the Turks and Persians in all their habits that one need not be at all disturbed at eating in this way. Too much civilization burdens life with much unnecessary squeamishness.

The program of the Turks' "simple life" would not be complete without making mention of his love for nature and the open air. This is one of his most admirable characteristics.

In the spring the shores of the Bosphorus are crowded with pleasure-seekers, and how simple and natural are their ways of finding pleasure! They do not need races or games or merry-go-rounds, steeple-chases or shoot-the-chutes or dance-halls. There are no Cony Islands on the Marmora.

By boat or by carriage the Turkish family seeks a charming valley, a point overlooking the sea, or a hill-top with magnificent view. Here they pass the day in the open air, happy to be in the midst of nature and to drink in the beauty of the spring.

All up and down the hillsides of the Bosphorus you will find on pleasant afternoons groups of people sitting on the grass and dreaming. Little children play about. Here and there a vender of candy or of ice cream passes. Sheep graze on the green slopes. The sky overhead is cloudless. The variegated costumes of the women reflect the sunlight in vivid blues, greens, and reds. It is an idyllic scene.

Even the laborer seems to enjoy and appreciate nature in a way quite foreign to our farmers. The plowman stops between his furrows, sits down to a cigarette. and looks off over the landscape in a dreamy meditation. Crows float lazily through the sky. The air is heavy with spring perfume. Even the plowman has become a poet. Labor loses its hard, toilsome aspects and becomes a joyous occupation. Who could help being joyous upon the banks of the Bosphorus?

In many other ways, which I can

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only mention here, the simplicity of the Oriental shows itself — in his primitive way of traveling on shipboard, living on the open deck under an awning, and cooking his simple meals with a spirit-lamp (even the middle classes, such as small merchants, doctors, the clergy, travel this way); in the simplicity of the Oriental shops, so small that the owner can reach almost everything without moving; in the democracy of the Turkish people and their real sense of brotherhood.

All these things must be left for further description. Enough has already been said to show how thoroughly simple is the Oriental way of living. The true Oriental, untouched by Western culture, does very little for ostentation and display. All his clothing, his food, his habits, are calculated for comfort and peace. He is not encumbered with many possessions. His needs are few and simple. His life is an object lesson in happiness. It teaches us Occidentals that it is not what we have that makes us happy so much as what we can do without. It is the absence of desire rather than the multitude of possessions which is the source of joy. The spirit of renunciation is strong in the East: I should say it is natural to the Oriental temperament. A little of this spirit inoculated into our strenuous, fiercely competitive, house-mortgaging and automobile-buying American life would not be without its advantage.

From New York to the Bosphorus, what a long journey in space, but what a longer journey in manners and customs! "As far as the East is from the West."

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PRESIDENT TAFT AT THE EXERCISES IN CONNECTION WITH THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW Y. M. C. A. BUILDING

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Recent Songs by American Women Composers

By ETHEL SYFORD

THE spirit of song is the spirit of keenly feeling and of freely giving. It is the spirit of intimate sympathy with an emotional experience, fundamentally. Resultantly it is the earnest desire to give it forth, to give it with all its throbs, to revivify it, to catch the unique pulsing of the experience and to hold it enthralled for others to enjoy. This is the essence of "bursting forth in song," and it is therefore small wonder that some of our realest and most individual song writing is being done by women.

The songs of Gena Branscombe reveal a personality rich and intense in imagination and emotion and at all times sincere. Miss Branscombe is a Canadian by birth, but almost the whole of her musical study and composition has been done in the United States. Her creative gift was discovered by Felix Borowski, with whom she studied for seven years. She has also been a pupil of the pianist and composer, Rudolph Ganz, both here and in Berlin. While in Berlin she was a pupil of Humperdinck and also had remarkable success with several "composer's evenings" devoted to her own works.

Individuality of perception and of expression are the distinctive marks of Miss Branscombe's work. "There's a Woman like a Dew-drop" (from Robert Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon") is a song of distinctive passionate power. It is varicolored in its harmony, and the verve and sweeping intensity of its feeling fairly lift us into the ecstatic and powerful climax. Even more spontaneous is "Glück," the words of which she translated from the German. This is one of the most admirable and most meritous of American songs. It is less pretentious harmonically, and its beautiful melody, its charm and sincere enthusiasm make it fairly perfect in its exquisite beauty. "Ould Doctor Ma'Ginn" is so simply and so sympathetically painted in its humor that it is a most successful bit of ballad writing. As simple and as quaint as any old English song are "My Love is like a Tempting Peach," and the Christmas song, "Hail ye tyme of Holie-dayes," both of which are dediacted to David Bispham. They have charming and individual melody most suited to the words, and the direct fullness of the harmony makes them genuinely songful. "Of my Ould Loves" is a more elaborate ballad, richly colored in its harmony, and with a depth of feeling that deepens as its lyric melody moves to its impressive ending. It is a beautiful lyric ballad. "Krishna" and "Dear Little Hut by the Rice Fields" — the words from "India's Love Lyrics" by Lawrence Hope — are full of tenderness and wistful yearning, and are utterly unaffected in their note of Orientalism, unlike most of the Oriental song settings of to-day. Miss Branscombe's songs well deserve the popularity they have won, and their frequent appearance upon the programs of such artists as Madame Nordica, David Bispham, Herbert Witherspoon, George Hamlin, and others, as they are among the best that America has produced.

Another composer of unique individuality is Clayton Thomas (Mrs. George L. Cade in private life). Who does *not* know her famous "Japanese Love Song"? Mrs. Cade has an apt faculty for sympathetically reproducing the local color and atmosphere of Japanese music. This is most vividly realized when she appears in Japanese costume in her latest work, a Japanese Song Cycle, "Matsuris" ("Our Festal Days"), consisting of a Prelude,

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"Cherry-Blossom Fête," "Summer in Kyoto," "Feast of Lanterns," "Feast of Dolls," "Autumn Song," and "Imperial Chrysanthemum." Mrs. Cade has a quaint sympathy with quaintly unusual texts, — texts that could easily make an appeal to children, though neither the texts nor her treatment of them make them at all limited to this use; however, there does seem to be a most logical connection between her choice of such texts and her sympathy with the simplicity that characterizes the mono-mood of Japanese poetry. "Summer in Kyoto" is full of charm.

"If I were a little Child again" and "When Cherries grow on Apple Trees" in their attractive playfulness are as satisfactory for encore songs as they are interesting for children. The melody is tuneful and the words are full of fun. The "Hammock Song" is most fittingly treated to a peaceful and languorous melody and a swaying and soothing accompaniment. "The Song of the Egyptian Princess" is one of the most satisfactory of American songs. It is full of spirit and feeling, and it has that fluency of melody and harmony that characterize all of Mrs. Cade's work. It is this quality that makes her so thoroughly dependable. No work has ever come from her pen that is not thoroughly tuneful and singable, sympathetic in treatment and utterly without concern to produce the queer and strained harmonic gyrations which seems to be the only concern of too many of our "moderns." It is a logical sense of the fitness of things that makes Mrs. Cade's compositions so unfailing and so reliable. "Birds are Singing" is as attractive a waltz song as has been written by any American. It is full of the joyousness of spring and full of dash and rhythm.

Margaret Ruthven Lang is one of the most musicianly and poetic of modern song composers. We have had no American composer whose gift for melody is of a higher order, nor have we had one with whom the sensing of the realer poetic beauty has been more keenly sought and realized. Sympathetic musical expression of the subtle poetic beauty of the words is Miss Lang's constant aim. I do not know of any modern song that is a more perfect moment of genuine art than "A Song of the Spanish Gypsies," — one of her latest compositions. The words were translated from the Spanish.

Three lines only, but they are out of the soul of things, and Miss Lang has caught their vision so completely for us that it is the stroke of a master hand and of the best that any nation has ever produced. The song is written for alto or baritone.

"A Garden is a Lovesome Thing," for alto or baritone, is another of her recent compositions. "Snowflakes" (poem by John Vance Cheney) seems fraught with the very essence of their beauty and of their feathery frostiness. The poem "There would I be" is also by John Vance Cheney. These two songs are for soprano or tenor.

It is more than the sympathy of sensitive imagination that Miss Lang has lent these words, it is the touch of the mystic in her which gives all of her later things an irresistible force, a completeness, a consummate finish that means the greater artist, the sympathy of a superior intelligence. Miss Lang has never written anything that has not commanded an audience among musicians. Many of her things are enormously popular. Her church "Te Deum" is one of the finest Te Deums ever written. It is of the very spirit of the church and of that same intelligence in its beauty that always marks her work as the work of one of mystic faith, of reverent exaltation, the work of a devout listener to the spiritual beauties of nature and of emotion. If I were to sum up Miss Lang's achievement, the *spirit* of her work, I would say that it is of that beauty that comes alone from faith, from genius and from devotion.

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Biographical Sketch of Zadoc Long

By JOHN D. LONG

ZADOC LONG was born in Middleboro, Mass., July 28, 1800. He was descended from the Pilgrim stock of 1620, though his surname came from a grandfather, Miles Long, who came from North Carolina to Plymouth, Mass., and there married a descendant of Thomas Clark, who came to Plymouth in the autumn of 1623. On the maternal side, Zadoc was descended from three of the *Mayflower* Pilgrims, Bradford, Brewster, and Warren.

Zadoc's father, Thomas Long, a native of Plymouth, was often in summer time employed on board fishing vessels, then lived on a farm in Middleboro and also made shoes. In 1860 the family moved to Buckfield, going by sloop to Salem and thence overland by team to Buckfield. Zadoc often described the arrival at the foot of North Hill, up which he and his brother Tom ran, stopping now and then to pick the thistles from their bare feet. At the top were the house and farm now owned by his son, John D. Long. Here Zadoc, until he was fourteen, helped his father on the farm. The hardships of that pioneer time were severe, the living of the large family poor and simple, the firewood often taken in the morning from the snow that had covered it overnight.

At fourteen the boy broke down with a running sore on his leg, a part of the bone of which was removed. At fifteen he attempted to learn shoemaking and turned his leisure to study. He was soon convinced of the importance, whatever a man's position in life, of an education. He went to a woman's school in the summer and to Hebron Academy for a few weeks in the fall. His board there was paid in shoemaking. Afterwards, in 1850, he wrote a rhyming letter to his son John, then at that Academy, describing his own very different experience there:

"How I got up before 'twas light
And snuffed my candle late at night,
And toiled and studied to surpass
The smartest scholar in my class;
Wrote composition like a sage,
And spoke my piece on the stage;
Five hundred lines in Virgil read
In one day on a wager laid.
How I was poor and lame and lean,
Wore homespun clothes of bottle green,
Your grandpa's wedding trousers lined,
Turned inside out and patched behind,
My brother Tom's waistcoat of blue
Three summers after it was new,
And how I traveled to recite
A mile at morning and at night,
Because I could not then afford
To pay the price of nearer board,
Or people nearer did not choose
To take their pay in making shoes.
This is not poetry, but better,
The simple truth, John, every letter,
Yet I was counted bright, you see, John;
When I attended school at Hebron."

In his diary he says: "Summer of 1816 attended Buckfield Grammar School under the tuition of Charles Mongride. Boarded with Henry Farwell, whom I have reason to remember with gratitude for his assistance in my education. That winter taught school in the district where my father lived, — a great undertaking for one in my circumstances, a mere boy obliged to walk on my lame leg. Succeeded however, and my school was commended by the committee as the best in town. Summer of 1817 unable to do anything. Attended school at Hebron a few weeks. Kept a private school in the fall at Buckfield. Summer and fall of 1818 instructed a private school in Buckfield six months, and in the winter taught school in the west part of the town. Had now nearly fitted myself to enter college and was ambitious to go, but sickness and poverty were insurmountable obstacles. Spring of

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1819 let myself clerk in Stephen Phelps' store at Buckfield till I should be twenty-one years old at something more than $100 a year. About three months before the end of my term was attacked with another bone sore upon the leg which had till then been sound. Was carried to my father's and confined five months before any hope was had of my recovery. Had several surgical operations. The pain was excruciating and I was reduced to a living skeleton. I expected I should die and prepared to take leave of the world. The evidence of its being well with me after death was not so clear and satisfactory as I desired it to be. I lacked faith in the immortality of the soul. I wanted to raise the curtain between time and eternity that I might see more clearly the things beyond this life. This sickness was a sore disappointment to me. I had arrived at that age when life's prospects are brightest. By rigid economy had saved from my earnings about $200. I was dreaming of honors and pleasures to come when the hand of affliction waked me to the vanity of all earthly hopes. While in the store I devoted some leisure time to study and recited lessons in Greek to Mr. Moses Emery, preceptor of Buckfield Academy. There I first saw and became acquainted with Julia T. Davis, who attended school at Buckfield. She was then about thirteen years old."

He was married to her August 31, 1824, at New Gloucester, which was her home. She was a direct descendant of Dolor Davis, who came from Kent, England, in 1634. He was the ancestor of the numerous New England Davis family, among whom have been three governors of Massachusetts; and his wife Margaret was a sister of Major Simon Willard, famous in colonial history. The correspondence of Zadoc with his sweetheart before marriage is copied in his journal and is marked by refined sentiment, but is in the formal style of that time. Even then he had formed the habit of scholarly writing both in prose and poetry.

Meantime, to quote again from his journal, "in the fall of 1821 recovered my health in some measure. It required all the property I possessed to defray the expenses of my sickness. Infirm and moneyless, my chance in the world was not very fortunate, but my ambition was good. Was able to take charge of a school in the winter. In the spring of 1822 taught the district school. April, 1822, went into S. F. Brown's office with a view of studying law. Read Blackstone and quit it. September, 1822, commenced trading in Buckfield in company with Nathan Atwood on capital of my own of $58. Found it difficult to buy goods on credit. The traders in the village would not recommend me on account of our inexperience. September 4, 1823, have dissolved partnership with Nathan Atwood, arranging to trade in company with Lucius Loring under the firm of Long & Loring. Our business has been more favorable than we expected. We have saved from it about $400 for each. February 6, 1825, dissolved partnership with Lucius Loring, having taken the whole concern, store, potash, goods, debts and credits, upon my own shoulders."

From this time till 1838 he was engaged in trade in Buckfield, and then retired from active business. He had acquired a property of some $16,000. He lived immediately after his marriage in a house, afterward Sydenham Brigham's tavern, which stood where Benjamin Spaulding's store now stands, then in the house next east on the Turner road, and in August, 1834, he bought and repaired the old Dominicus Record homestead, which is to-day occupied as a tavern, called Hotel Long, and for which with nine or ten acres of land he paid $1,000.

He had four surviving children, two daughters and then two sons. He was devotedly attached to Buckfield, and never failed to sound its praises. He had a sincere love of nature and was devoted to his garden, his books, his correspondence and especially his diary which consists of twelve large folio volumes, written in his peculiarly fair, legible hand and which is a true and interesting transcript of the doings and

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life of a country village in Maine in the first two-thirds of the last century. He was deeply interested in the maintenance of good schools, giving each of his children the best education the time afforded. He helped support religious worship, being himself a liberal Unitarian.

He was a zealous Whig in political convictions, although that party was in a great minority in the State and especially in the town. To the village Lyceum and to the Portland newspapers he contributed articles on political and other subjects and many verses, some of which appear in the town history. He made speeches at Whig conventions and was nominated for Congress in 1838, but his competitor, Virgil I. Parris, a native of Buckfield and the Democratic candidate, was elected.

In 1840, when the whole State went with a rush for Harrison for President, Mr. Long was elected a presidential elector. He was for many years a justice of the peace, acting as a trial justice, and showed judicial quality in that office.

In person he was tall and spare with fine cut features and a gentle manner. His elevating influence attached to him those who met him and made a strong impression on many young men who in after years remembered him with sincere respect. Especially he impressed upon his children, by conversation and by his copious letters, the fruits of his own life experience and reading.

He was recognized as one of the most cultivated men in the State, and though not accustomed to public speaking had rare facility in conversation and a fine sense of humor, with great aptness for anecdote. He was fond of literature, and accumulated the largest library in town, making special purchases for his children in order to give them a good range of reading. It is especially fitting that the free public library in Buckfield, erected by his son in 1890, should bear the name of Zadoc Long engraved on its front and stand as a monument to his memory.

He was a conservative in literature as in politics. His favorite authors were Channing and Scott and Cooper, whose novels he read, but he never could join in the then rage for Dickens. He was a devoted follower of Webster and Clay, regarded the Federal Constitution and Union as sacred, and had in his advanced years become so imbued with the spirit of preserving their integrity that he did not accept, as he would have done if younger, the splendid uprising of the Civil War with its risk of bringing both Constitution and Union to dissolution. Hence he remained throughout that period not quite in step with the radical and more progressive political spirit of the day. His journal at the time of the defeat of Henry Clay for the presidency is a despairing lament over what then seemed to him and many others the approaching downfall of our democratic system. Happily the world moves on its onward and upward course in spite of convulsions that now and then make the philosopher anxious but soon give place again to order and progress.

Mr. Long's home in the center of the village, shaded by great elms and maples, most of which he had planted, and bordering on his garden and on the beautiful field which he loved and which had not yet been cut in twain by the unsightly railroad embankment, was the welcome resort of neighbors and friends. It was an idyllic home. Some can yet recall the great spice apple tree near it, — now gone like himself, — under which in summer days he sat with a son or a neighbor or guest keeping him company, and near which in winter lay twenty cords of hard wood waiting to be cut and fitted for the fire and then piled by his hand neatly in the neighboring shed, and the chips gathered for kindling. Ah, happy days!

His children, Julia Davis, Persis Seaver, Zadoc, Junior, and John Davis, all left the paternal nest, the two daughters marrying and settling in Massachusetts, the two sons both seeking their fortune in that State. His beloved wife died September 19, 1869.

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Then the fire on the old family hearth went out, and in his old age, his heart breaking with all its sad changes, he also went back to the State of his nativity, living a year with his son John in Hingham, Mass., and then with his daughter, Mrs. Nelson D. White, in Winchester, Mass., till he died on February 3, 1873. He lies with his wife and his son Zadoc in the family lot in the Buckfield village burying ground.

The Possibilities of Pinkie

(*Continued on page 423*)

angry. Charlotte looked at the figure slouched into the chair, in dirty undress, at the face that had lost all its beauty in hardening to this ugly mask; at the mother who leered at her with a knowing look from the cloud of smoke sent up by the scorching chops,— the evil genius of it all,— disgust and wrath arose in the heart of this clean, respectable, ascetic New Englander.

"Perhaps you won't," she replied, as she went out.

At the entrance to the court she nearly ran against a man. They were both surprised. The ramshackle tenements of the court were deserted save for one family. Pinkie's parting remark sharpened Charlotte's curiosity. The man's coat, even under its coating of snow, showed white streaks that indicated a worker in plaster. He was slim but hardly as tall as Charlotte. The dark eyes and hair, the dusky skin, something in the setting of the head recalled the proud pose of those Tuscan princes pictured by Benozzo in that stately procession of past splendors that wends its silent way around the walls of the Riccardi Palace. No Irish youth could suddenly recall that vision of Tuscan sunlight in dingy, storm-swept Linden Court. Could it be that Pinkie was "keepin' comp'ny with a Dago," despite the scorn she had always shown for the race?

Charlotte's anger disappeared in fear lest he should find the girl as she had left her. Woman's instinct made her wish to run back with a warning and she half turned, blocking his path. As she did so she saw a head disappear from a window. Ellen, watching the departing, had seen the coming guest and hastened to perform the sisterly act.

To the surprise of the other occupants of the car, who found nothing hilarious in its chill atmosphere, Charlotte suddenly burst into half-hysterical laughter. Tired, cold, hungry, discouraged as she was, she could but laugh at the way in which nature had outwitted and outdone her in the search for a vocation for Pinkie.

In May she met Patsy, loafing in the sunshine at the entrance to the Avenue, evidently out of the "autermerbil business."

"Pinkie's married, Miss Merrydew. She's gone to live with his folks in Orange Court."

He volunteered the information with malicious pleasure, expecting to surprise and annoy Charlotte. Between Pinkie and Patsy war was constant in the home. Outside the girl was always ready in defense of her brother. It was "my Patsy" as it was "my dad," "my ma," and "my Ellen." Loyalty was a guiding star in the development of this tempestuous nature.

"Whom did she marry, Patsy, and when? Why didn't she let me know?"

"He's a Dago and makes images like they have in church. She calls him a 'sculpture.'"

"How do you like your new brother-in-law?"

"He's too classey for me and ma. Dad goes to see 'em every Sunday and Ellen."

"Could you show me where she lives? I'd like to see Pinkie."

"Sure," replied Patsy, straightening his coat and pulling his soft cap forward to a more dignified angle.

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He piloted Charlotte past row upon row of liquor shops. The barroom loafers stared. Some of them knew Patsy. He gave them no chance to speak, but trudged on ahead of Charlotte as if shy of being with her in the street. Through streets of towering factories they passed and came at last to the winding ways of that oldest quarter of the town, a quarter fashionable not quite a century ago. Fashion departed before shops and boarding houses. Then came the invasions of the immigrants. Irish pushed American to south and west; Jew drove out Irish; Italian displaced Jew. A few conservative New Englanders clung to the homes of happier days, resisted the invading foreigner, refused to be uprooted from their birthright. Perhaps the last to go was an old friend of Charlotte's grandmother, who lived amid beautiful relics and memories, behind doors closed and barred against the teeming multitude of foreigners, crowded into the homes of old neighbors, filling the street with strange gabble, night and day. When, at last, death left the house untenanted, it fell into the hands of a wealthy Italian who transformed its spacious parlors into four apartments, each sufficing for the needs of a family.

Pinkie sat on the steps of her father-in-law's house, surrounded by a dozen dark-eyed girls of varying age, to whom she was relating one of her loved fairy tales. They were so absorbed that Charlotte's approach was not noticed. Patsy turned back when he had pointed to the house. The voice that repeated the old but ever fascinating tale seemed to Charlotte to have lost some of its shrillness.

"Her lovely dress turned all to rags, but her glass shoe fell off on the palace steps" (a little brown hand reached out to caress the toe of Pinkie's worn satin slipper, large for Cinderella, not suggesting splendor), "and the prince found it. Why! Miss Charlotte!"

The girl gave a little gasp. She flushed deeply and tears shone on the blue eyes. The little girls returned from fairyland to stare at the new sister-in-law's friend.

"The fairy godmother told Cinderella that she would help her no more if she stayed out after midnight, but she did, after all. Pinkie will tell you the end of the story in a few moments when I am gone." Charlotte held their attention for a moment that Pinkie might recover her self-possession. She saw that her coming had touched the girl keenly. She seemed pleased that the old friend, whose guidance she had refused, had cared to hunt her out in her new home.

"They're *his* sisters, most of them," she explained. "There's twelve in all. Some's boys."

"You are living with them, Pinkie? Are they good to you? Do you like them?" asked Charlotte.

"Sure, they're just dippy about me. My mother-in-law's awful good to me. I help her with the work an' she's goin' to show me about makin' the clothes. You know."

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to be married?"

"Guess I didn't know it myself, till it was done. 'Twas way back in November at the Justice of Peace. It's only two months since we was married in church. I didn't tell dad nor no one for a long time."

"And your husband's name?" queried Charlotte.

"Sultore, Guiseppe Sultore, an' that's what he does in Italian. He's workin' with his father an' he makes good money. Say, Miss Charlotte, he's makin' a bust of me, my head, you know. He likes my hair this way, do you?"

The pompadour had disappeared and the golden hair waved back softly to a coil in the neck. Clad in a blue cotton wrapper, that hardly corresponded with the elegance of the satin slippers, but revealed the white throat and neck, the girl looked very beautiful. Her expression had softened and grown womanly. She seemed surprised but happy to find herself mar-

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ried. Apparently her blond beauty and ready wit made her acceptable to her husband's family.

As she wended her way back through the winding streets of the old town, Charlotte mused upon her seemingly unprofitable efforts. The "better chance" that she had sought had ever been beyond Pinkie's possibilities. The girl had found for herself the most suitable work, and in accepting the vocation for which nature intended her had sought no counsel from her distant-minded friend. In that distant-mindedness Charlotte recognized her weakness as a vocational guide. It seemed to her that the mist of interpretation, which enwraps each human soul and shuts it from any clear vision of another's life, thickened to a blinding cloud when the path pursued by that other life was as distant from its own as Pinkie's path from hers. Yet somehow, through this cloud, guided by love rather than wisdom, she had groped toward Pinkie's distant way, and with friendly clasp had helped the girl past the worst pitfalls in her temptation-strewn path. In so far as she had attempted guidance she seemed to have failed. In so far as she had held herself ready to give the sympathy and love of a friend she seemed to have succeeded.

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XV

(*Continued*)

What was she that she should dream such dreams? She sobbed until exhausted, and went to sleep with her head still buried in the wet pillow.

The worst of it was, as she realized when she came to set the table for breakfast in the morning, that the darned pillow-case was all wrinkled. It made such a shabby-looking tablecloth that she couldn't use it. She took one of her clean handkerchiefs, which she had ironed on the mirror that night, and spread it at 'Gene's place. She herself would eat off the bare wood. But she didn't mind that. She didn't care whether she ate or not this morning, but she wanted to make this last meal they were to have together as shipshape as possible for him.

While she was waiting for him to come in, she packed her dress-suit case. This didn't take her long. The stove and the dishes she would leave. He could sell them. She folded up her few clothes with her shabby waitress' uniform and a clean white apron on top. Then she shoved the case under the bed where he couldn't see it. She didn't know how much he would mind her going, but he might as well have his breakfast in peace anyway.

He came in heavy as usual from his deep sleep.

"Mornin', Bella," he greeted her.

She turned red at the sight of him, but evidently he didn't remember the episode of last night. At first she was inclined to resent this, but on second thought she realized that this, after all, was better. It made things more confortable all round.

"Mornin', 'Gene," she answered cheerfully.

He glanced out the window to see what the weather was, and in what direction the wind lay.

"Fair an' th' wind nor'west," he announced.

With a natural enough desire to please him, she had discovered his weakness for being considered a real sailor and catered to this little vanity.

"Smooth sea to-day, 'Gene?"

"A leetle choppy," he opined, "prob'ly a good ground swell outside the harbor."

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"I'm glad your ship don't haveter butt into that," she said.

"Wouldn't mind none if she was built fer it," he declared.

"I was lookin' at the Thomas R. Sullivan yesterday," she said. "She ain't one, two, three with th' Michael Regan."

"The Sullivan ain't nothin' but an old tub," he answered. "We can beat her a boat's length across the harbor any day."

"I betcher," she answered. "There's somethin' swell erbout the Regan."

He took his place at the table. She had warmed over the beef stew he had so enjoyed last night. For his luncheon she had prepared a little surprise in the shape of an apple pie. It was baker's pie, to be sure, but she knew he would like it. She had hidden it in the bottom of the tin lunch box she bought for him the other day. With it she had packed away a piece of cheese, three or four sandwiches, and a couple of doughnuts. On top of this she had another surprise — a five-cent cigar. She was glad that these extra attentions happened to come on the day she was leaving.

He ate his breakfast with a relish. When he had finished, he asked his usual question:

"What ye goin' to do to-day?"

"I dunno," she answered.

He had a little surprise of his own.

"Better come down this afternoon and ride with me," he suggested.

"Ride with you? On the boat?"

He nodded as grandly as though he were both owner and captain.

She shook her head.

"We can't stand the price, 'Gene."

"I'll tend to that," he answered. "O'Toole said he'd pass ye in."

"Pass me in? Then I could ride all th' afternoon? Jus' as long as I wanted?"

He nodded. This opportunity was a sore temptation. During this last week she had spent half her time sitting in the park watching the old ark steam back and forth, straining her eyes for a glimpse of 'Gene. A return trip cost only four cents, but four cents would buy almost half a dozen doughnuts for him, so she had forced herself to remain content on shore. It was a cruel fate which gave her this chance at just this time. But if she were going she might as well go at once. She wouldn't dare risk another evening here with him, especially after such a holiday excursion as that. It would make it twice as hard to leave.

"No," she answered. "I guess I won't."

"'Fraid o' bein' seasick?" he demanded with the jesting wink of your tried sailor.

She smiled to herself. He didn't remember that she had been going back and forth on that Ferry for several years before she met him. Still she did not propose to destroy the flavor of his little joke. She made up a face.

"I ain't takin' no chances," she returned.

"Oh, come 'long," he urged. "Ye'll get used to it in a trip or two."

"Dry land's good 'nuff for mine," she replied, in order to prolong his relish of the situation.

He laughed heartily.

"Never yet seed a woman who waren't skeered of th' water," he declared.

He rose and reached for his lunch box.

"Ye'd better come," he insisted, as she handed it to him.

She shook her head. He was surprised at her stubbornness.

"'Gene," she said slowly, "I'm goneter vamoose."

He could hardly believe his ears.

"You? You meanter say you're leavin'?"

"Right, th' first time," she nodded.

Instead of standing there before him she returned to the table and in as matter-of-fact a fashion as possible began to clear away the dishes.

"I'll clean house for yer. An' I'll leave all these cookin' things in your room. Maybe you'll get yer own breakfasts."

He strode towards her.

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"Be you crazy, Bella?" he exclaimed.

"I dunno. Maybe I am. But I'll bet a dollar to a lead nickel I'd be headed for the daffy house sure if I didn't go."

"What ye mean?" he stammered.

It was long since anything had so confused him as this possibility of her leaving. He had thought her a fixture. The bottom seemed to drop out of everything. He felt already the cold curse of city loneliness.

"You're allers askin' what I means when I puts it to you straight," she replied.

She stopped her work and faced him.

"You don't need a dictionary to get at what I mean when I talks to you, 'Gene."

"But ye was all right yesterday. What ye quittin' for?"

"'Cause I'm sick o' loafin', for one thing," she answered.

"S'posin' ye do go to work, can't ye stay here jus' the same?"

"No," she answered.

She lowered her eyes and continued her household duties.

He thought rapidly for a moment. He was half frightened and half irritated. He didn't like these interruptions in his life when things were going so smoothly. He put down his lunch-box and watched her in silence. He saw her grow uneasy under his gaze. She kept her back to him as much as possible.

"Ye gen'rally say what ye mean," he said, "but this time thar's suthin' more ye ain't told."

"Gee, but you're the wizard," she answered lightly.

"What is it?" he demanded.

She raised her head again at this.

"Run along an' sell yer papers, 'Gene."

"I won't till ye tell me."

"Then you'll stay there till Hell freezes over."

"No, I won't."

He was growing imperious. He approached her and laid his big hands upon her shoulders.

"Now, Bella — what's ailin' ye?"

"Nothin'," she answered mildly.

"What ye quittin' for?"

"'Cause —'cause —" she felt pitifully weak under the pressure of his grip. "'Cause — Oh, 'Gene, we've been good pals. Now don't go for to spoil it all."

"You're the one who's spoilin' it," he answered.

"No! no!" she replied breathlessly. "That's why I've gotter go — to keep it from spoilin'!"

"Look up," he ordered.

She tried to squirm free.

"Look up."

"I don't wanter."

"Look up."

"I — I —"

She looked up. For a moment he stared into her brown eyes. Then he smiled.

"You aren't goin'," he said.

She felt herself weakening.

"You aren't goin'," he repeated.

"What you mean?" she asked with a startled cry.

"Who's talkin' English now?"

"But I've gotter go. Oh, my Gawd, I've gotter go right off."

He smiled again, showing his white irregular teeth. He was very confident now.

"Ye'll stay right here an' we won't need but one room, I reckon."

In a frenzy she fought him. He held her without effort.

"Easy, easy," he warned. "Leave 'nuff of me to get to a Justice of th' Peace."

She ceased her struggling and, gripping his two arms like a drowning woman, she met his eyes.

"'Gene," she gasped, "you mean—"

"That I'm goneter marry ye whether ye want to or not."

She sank to the floor. He picked her up and held her lips to his lips.

CHAPTER XVI

A Glimpse of Paradise

WHEN Nat regained consciousness enough to know or care where he was, he found himself in a very wide four-

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posted bed in a very large room. He recognized neither the bed nor the room. Near the bed stood a table covered with bottles. By the slant of the sun-rays flooding in beneath the half-drawn curtains he judged that it was well into the morning. He started to rise, but he fell back weakly without being able even to make his elbow. This was certainly a peculiar state of affairs for one who had never been sick in his life. He tried to figure it out, and in the process fell asleep once more.

When he awoke for the second time, his head was clearer, but he was not even then fully prepared for the vision which greeted his eyes. Within an arm's length of him stood Julie. She was dressed in white muslin and wore no hat. She seemed as much at home in this strange room as though she belonged here. She appeared to be startled at sight of his wide-open eyes; perhaps she was afraid. He closed them again. Then he felt that she had crept still nearer to him. He heard her voice—a trembling whisper:

"Nat."

"That you, Julie?" he asked.

He felt her warm fingers upon his hand.

"Nat, Nat, Nat," she repeated in excited wonder.

He opened his eyes once more. She was bending over him, her sweet face alight with glad greeting. He couldn't understand it. He remembered dimly, like some half-forgotten nightmare, that the last time, whenever that was, wherever it was, she had been afraid of him. He stared about the room in an attempt to connect the past with the present.

"Where am I, Julie?"

"You're here, Nat," she answered eagerly.

That sounded like an indisputable statement, but he would have been inclined to believe her if she had said he wasn't. Admitting, however, that she was correct, was "Here" some nook in paradise or a corner in some more matter-of-fact locality? On the whole, in spite of her presence, he was inclined to accept the latter view. He looked to her for further information. He was too weak even to think for himself.

"Don't — don't you remember, Nat?" she asked, her warm fingers still resting on his.

"I remember somethin'. I had a cold and you were skeered."

She pressed his hand.

"Please — please don't remember that," she pleaded.

"And you —"

She placed her fingers hurriedly over his lips.

"The doctor said you were to remain very quiet," she warned, "very, very quiet."

"Who said that?"

"Dr. Swanzey. You've been sick. You were brought up here to my room."

"This — this is your room?" he asked.

"Yes, yes. And please don't talk any more. Please don't *think* any more."

He looked about him again — this time in some awe. Then he closed his eyes.

"If you could go to sleep again," she coaxed.

"Will you stay here?"

"Yes. Right by your side, Nat. I — I won't move."

He didn't know whether he went on dreaming that she was here or whether she actually remained. It didn't matter much. In either case he felt very drowsily content. Whenever he half opened his eyes, he saw either a vision or Julie herself.

So an hour passed, and when the old doctor entered, life became more real but none the less pleasant. The doctor felt his pulse and took his temperature, and with a smile nodded back to the waiting girl. He was a portly, white-bearded old man with a face which might have served as a model for a figure of "human kindness." It was at once childlike and strong — the strength being hidden, however, beneath the beard, so that all one saw was the mild brown eyes that gathered many little wrinkles in the corners

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whenever he smiled, which was often. When he was through with his examination, Nat asked him a question.

"Can I get up?"

"Up?" stormed Dr. Swanzey in reply. "If I catch you trying it, I'll put ye back if I have to use an axe."

"I hate t' stay in bed with nothin' but a cold," objected Nat.

"A cold? You've had pneumonia — that's what you've had if ye want to know. And if it hadn't been for this angel of light here —"

The angel of light turned away so that Nat couldn't see her face.

"If it hadn't been for this angel of light, you'd been by now where I couldn't do ye any good."

"Guess I've been a lot of bother," Nat apologized.

"Ye have, son — sure's thar's a God in Israel. Ye've skeered the tar out of three families — including my own. So the thing for you to do now is to lie back and keep quiet instead of talking about getting up."

"I will," Nat agreed mildly.

"And when you're well I want to know just what fool thing you did to get such a cold. Then I want an affidavit swearing ye won't do it again."

The angel of light was moving towards the door with an abruptness that suggested a precipitous retreat.

"Julie," Nat called.

She turned.

"I s'pose you're going now."

Dr. Swanzey looked from his patient to the girl and then back again to his patient. He saw a light in the latter's eyes which brought the little wrinkles to the corners of his own. He had half opened his black leather medicine case with a view to adding a mild tonic to his other prescriptions. He closed it again with a snap. He turned back to Nat.

"Mind what I say, now; don't stir a toe out of that bed till I give the word."

He strode towards the girl at the door. He bent close to her ear.

"I prescribe for him, you — as much as he can stand."

Her ears instantly became two pretty pink cameos.

"Before meals and after meals," he added, "and just before retiring."

He lightly patted her back, and went off down the stairs chuckling to himself. She was sore tempted to follow him. In the first place she wished to correct his mistake; in the second place she knew that Nat would notice her scarlet ears.

"Julie," he called.

"Y-yes," she answered.

"You can go."

"It's about time for your mother and father to get here. Do you want me to watch for them to come down the road?"

He had forgotten for the moment that he had a mother and father. It sent his thoughts back home, and this gave him his connecting link between the past and the present. He remembered now how he had left the house to come down here to find Julie.

"Do you, Nat?" she asked.

"Yes."

She hurried off, and left him to retrace in his mind the incident which led him to the top of the mountain and back. This girl here didn't seem like her who in hate and fear had fought to free herself from his arms. Nor did she seem like the schoolmarm he had knowwn before that. She came nearer to her whom, in his heart, he had taken into the winter woods with him — like her and yet different too. That was the wonder of Julie; she changed from month to month, from week to week, and yet she remained always the same. She was always Julie. Through all the changes the central figure remained fixed; through all the changes he knew her better, loved her better.

In the afternoon his father and mother came and spent an hour with him. He was glad to see them, but the effort of talking left him exhausted. He drowsed until night after this, and then fell into a deep sleep which lasted until morning.

He awoke so refreshed that when Silas Moulton came up to see him before breakfast he had already made his plans for going home. But the former

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checked him before he had spoken a dozen words. He was a lean, wiry little man, with a keen face, and eyes as black as Julie's.

"You don't leave this house till you're sound as a nut, my boy," he announced with decision.

"I'm makin' a lot of bother," said Nat.

"So you are, so you are. I reckon if you didn't I'd never forgive you. Your father went to enough bother for me once to save my life, and I've never yet had a chance to pay him back."

Nat remembered the story. It was after the battle of Bull Run. His father, though wounded himself, had shouldered his injured comrade and carried him off the field, where he undoubtedly would have been trampled to death. Nat was glad enough to let this be an excuse for his further stay, although he knew well enough none was needed. There wasn't a more hospitable man in St. Croix than Silas Moulton.

A little later Julie herself came in with his breakfast. She took away his breath, she looked so daintily fresh, so wonderfully beautiful. Clad in a blue and white checked calico dress, with a snow-white apron over this, her eyes clear as morning stars and her cheeks a dark crimson, her black hair marvelously neat and silken, he found himself stammering when he tried to say merely good morning. She was a picture a man needed his full strength to gaze upon steadily.

She placed the tray on a table and helped him to sit up. While she bolstered the big pillows behind his back she was so sweetly near to him that his white face suddenly flamed into a scarlet as brilliant as hers. Then she placed the tray in his lap with the injunction that he must eat every mouthful.

"'Cause look at your arm," she concluded.

He looked at his arm. It did look small, but it felt still smaller. He could barely raise it.

"You must get strong again just as soon as ever you can. I hardly know you, Nat — when you're not strong."

"I'll be all right in a day or two," he answered.

But he knew that as soon as he was he must leave her; so, after all, he had no great ambition in the matter. She stood over him until he drank his glass of milk and ate most of the egg on toast with a taste or two of jelly. Then she sat on the foot of the bed and chattered about one thing and another, while he listened, not to what she said, but to the music of her voice. Several times she caught him doing nothing else but that. She then stopped abruptly with a chiding.

"Nat!"

Whereupon he dutifully swallowed another mouthful. He could hardly be blamed for not caring to eat during his first hour or two in this new world to which he had awakened. And it was a new world. Everything was intensified; the sun was brighter and warmer than he had ever known it; the air was fresher and sweeter; all colors were keener and more brilliant. In the midst of it she stood out like a new creation.

So for a week Nat lived lazily, drowsily, deliciously in this humble paradise. Julie flitted in and out between the dawn and the twilight and was very good to him. While she was in the room he gave himself up completely to the present, and during the intervals she was out of sight he dreamed into the future. Out of the latter two ambitions slowly crystalized. One of these was very practicable; he meant next winter to conduct his own lumber operations on Eagle. Last year Judge Martin had offered him an option on some standing pine, and had agreed to take in payment his notes running to the end of the logging season. He had shaken his head. He was not then on his own feet. But now — as soon as he was strong enough to get out he meant to see the judge. The other scheme had been until now nothing but a wild fancy. It was not based on business or sense. But he determined none the less to fulfill it.

(*To be continued*)

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1912

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Beautiful New England

Studies of the Distinctive Features of New England Landscape

The Mill Pond

USE does not necessarily destroy beauty. The rural landscape of New England owes much to its minor waterways, lying in golden-brown shadows among the rocks, shadows that our Boston artist, Mr. John Enneking, knows so well and interprets so exquisitely. Nor could it be unworthy of his or another's art to give us the spirit and tone of the prisoned waters. They do not tumble among the boulders, but brim their narrow valleys like a full cup. The hills and trees grow downward into an inverted sky, and when winter frosts and snow play fairy pranks over the rough rocks and scattered branches and fringe the water with iridescent crystal, the sense of unreality is deepened. It is like a Japanese print — a playground for the imagination in its less serious moods. Nor is the beauty of these industrialized waterways without its message of comfort to those who fear for the absorption of all natural beauty in the triumphs of commerce. Nature, untroubled, accepts the work of man and seizes upon its vantage points for the display of her own masterpieces. Fern and moss and leaning bough soon transform masonry and flash-boards, and the world of beauty comes into its own.

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Photograph by J. Maxwell Clark

A DAM AT NORTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

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DAM AT NORTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS. SUMMER VIEW

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ABOVE THE DAM, NORTH HADLEY, MASSACHUSETTS

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AMERICA'S ART TREASURES
Portrait of a Lady by Sir Joshua Reynolds

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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A NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR PATERNALISM

A PUBLIC commission for the protection of the innocent rich seems to be called for as the next step in paternal government. It is a disgrace to our civilization that these people should be left to think for themselves while Miss Jane Addams and other "progressive" intellects are planning out the lives of all ordinary people from the pre-cradle to the post-mortem stages of existence. The ill effects of this cruel neglect of a peculiarly unprotected class are already apparent.

This alleged "De Luxe Book swindle" could very easily have been prevented by a state Commission on the Fool and His Money. Such a commission might make of no effect the ancient law expressed in a reputed "saying of Jesus" concerning ill-garnered gold — "From folly it has come and unto folly it shall return."

There could be an official, let us say an actuarial, determination of the proportion of income that might be spent in folly — a limitation to not more than nine-tenths of incomes in excess of one hundred thousand dollars per annum and smaller percentages of smaller incomes. The rich man's first thought is for spurious art treasures, and his second for De Luxe editions. Books intended to be read are only printed for the poor. No man with an income in excess of thirty thousand dollars per annum buys a book that can be read with satisfaction. The demand creates a supply. The desire to pass on a gold-brick is also an element perennially calling for the manufacture of that famous product in prodigious quantities. The most poignant and prostrating sorrow of many of the victims of the present front-page swindle is that the *exposé* came before they could pass on the monumental hoax to others. It is impossible to eliminate these things, therefore a commission should be appointed limiting for each person the percentage of his income to be thus expended, without attempting to put an end to a practice that affords the greatest known amount of human enjoyment. We should not go gunning for all of the bluebirds of happiness. Think of the gloom on the "Gold Coast" in Cambridge if no "friend" should appear to guide the coin-full and wit-empty freshman to "a little shop on a back street" where there were still a few bottles of fine old Madeira (really some of the same lot that Luther received from the Pope) at five hundred dollars a bottle. No one objects to that, and a sensible public is not much coucerned over the annual purchase of books at $50.00 a volume when much better ones can be had for a dollar and a half. It is only when the price goes up to thirty or forty thousand dollars that we really sit up and take notice.

As a time-honored and perpetual swindle, and in the amounts of money extorted, the art object has the De Luxe volume beaten to a frazzle. There has been no material change in the process of enhancing values since

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the game was played on poor old Rembrandt.

First, a man whose work is really meritorious is marked for the slaughter. He becomes *persona non grata* in the leading art stores. His fellow artists come to speak of him as "poor Jones." The art critics politely mention his contributions to local exhibitions, but make mistakes in the titles and get his own name wrong. He continues to paint, paint, paint unsalable pictures, and the more unsalable they become the better they are. For the artistic temperament thrives on neglect and poverty. By and by Jones dies. Then the vultures swoop down. His canvases are obtained at a few dollars each or in job lots by Swein, Pork & Co., the celebrated dealers in high-priced paintings. Then Pluckem & Co. buy a few of them at four hundred dollars apiece, and Swein, Pork & Co. buy an equal amount of Pluckem's treasures. The transaction is duly recorded by the public press. Silence for a year or two. Then Swein, Pork & Co. buy back their paintings for a thousand dollars apiece, and Pluckem buys back his for a like amount. This time the newspaper world, in recording the important sale, speak of the paintings as "genuine" Joneses. The two dealers are having such a good time of it that it is a shame that any one from outside interferes. But they do. The art museums usually break in at about the four figure and the millionaire collector at the five figure stage of the game. But alas! After a few years it is discovered that the canvases purchased (Swein, Pork & Co. having handled them indirectly through auctions and not being responsible for the calamity) were mere imitations — cheap copies in fact! Swein, Pork & Co. cannot help it. Did any one suppose that genuine Joneses could be bought for such trifling sums? They have a few that are unquestionably genuine, but it will require six figures to induce them to part with them. In fact, they would rather not part with them at any price. But they do, and folly pays the bill.

Should we object? Of course not. If it were not for this ancient swindle we would have no public art museums. Is any one so ignorant as to suppose that rich men would buy paintings for art museums during an artist's life at a few hundred or at most a few thousand dollars apiece? Perish the thought. And it works out well for Jones. Does any one who understands imagine that Jones would paint well with his rent paid up and a square meal under his waistcoat? Ask Jones.

There is painting being done in Boston to-day that will be sold fifty years from now at prices that will attract the favorable attention of ignorant millionaires. Why should any one expect them to buy them to-day, when they can be bought at so much higher a price fifty years from now? And what would happen to Jones if the purchasing agent of a perfectly genuine millionaire collector should appear in his doorway waving a check of four or five figures? Why, it would take him two precious years to fit up a studio suitable to his new grandeur, another year to go with the wife on that long-dreamed-of trip abroad. But why pursue so melancholy a possibility? The millionaire's purchasing agent will not appear in Jones's door. Jones will not fit up an attractive studio. The millionaire will take the trip. Jones will paint unsold and unsalable pictures, and the fool millionaire continue to do his buying of spurious Joneses of a generation back of Swein & Co., at prodigious prices. Our museums will be filled and art will flourish among us, as it should.

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Picture Plots

TO the minds of most of us the words "moving pictures" suggest nothing but a cheap form of entertainment, designed particularly for those who can neither afford nor appreciate the "better" things in the show line. We sneer at the crowds going and coming from the nickeldromes and kindred places, although we must confess that we are often compelled to sit up and take notice at the "motion plays" that are presented after the acts at the high-class vaudeville theaters.

That anything higher than mechanical art enters into the production of the films that make these "plays" possible we little dream, although it is a fact that a considerable portion of the literary folk of the country are daily taxing their imagination in efforts to make good films and, incidentally, to enlarge their bank accounts.

Despite the cry against motion picture houses, the business of film production is progressing, and the rivalry among the dozen or more concerns in this country engaged in such work is so great that no expense is spared in endeavors to put out superior films. "New ideas! new ideas!" is the constant cry, and, naturally, the manufacturers turn to the literary folk for assistance. At least ten firms are buying ideas to be worked out on the screen, and the dearth of good ideas is such that a few concerns are advertising that they will pay high prices for the kind of suggestions they want. Ideas put into workable form are called "scenarios," and for acceptable "scenarios" the advertising manufacturers agree to pay from ten dollars to one hundred dollars.

All of the big companies maintain literary departments, the business of which is to pass upon "scenarios" and work up ideas submitted. Persons of recognized literary ability are at the heads of most of these departments, and this fact, it is generally agreed, is tending more to raise the standard of the moving picture than all the legislation and censorship that the public reformers are bringing about. As to the writing of "picture plays," one of the large firms has issued a booklet, which contains the following:

"That the motion picture, in recent years, has taken its place in the amusement world is clearly established. Briefly, it bears to the stage production the same relation the short story bears to the full volume novel. It differs chiefly from the stage play in that no lines are introduced. Despite this limitation and despite the brevity and low price at which this entertainment is offered to the public, film manufacturers require that their product must qualify with the ever ascending standards, dramatically, artistically, and morally. To this end the manufacturers are spending thousands of dollars each year to obtain the most skillful producers, the best dramatic talent, and the most effective stage devices in the production of the pictures. The same is true of the story which the picture portrays.

"The writing of stories or plays for modern picture production is practically a new profession. Writers of successful motion picture plays find their work constantly in demand and at good prices. The field is not crowded with successful authors, and many who are able to produce available plays have not yet grasped the first principles of the moving picture drama, nor do they seem to have any inkling of what the manufacturers require. Many of these have the qualities, imagination, talent, and ingenuity which make for success in this line, some of them having won success in the magazine field.

"In the writing of motion picture plays any one who is capable of evolving an interesting plot adapted to motion picture presentation may win success."

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WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING

By GRACE AGNES THOMPSON

IN the death, a few months since, of Williamina Paton Fleming, of the Harvard College Observatory, the science of astronomy lost one of its most patient and diligent workers, as well as the most efficient woman investigator who has yet been identified with this science. While other women engaged in astronomical research and discussion have merited distinction for their perseverance and painstaking interest at a time when the world derided woman's capacity for scientific comprehension, their work did not aid notably the progress of science. Mrs. Fleming has made contributions to astronomy that will be of the highest value to future generations of astronomers.

Mrs. Fleming was born in Dundee, Scotland, in 1857, the daughter of Mary (Walker) and Robert Stevens. In those years her father owned the largest carving and gilding business in the north of Scotland, his picture frames and work in gold-leaf being widely known. He was deeply interested in photography and spent much of his leisure time upon experiments therein. He was the first to introduce the daguerreotype process into his city. His death, when little Williamina was seven years old, ended these researches, and his business, after being conducted for a time by Mrs. Stevens, was given up altogether. Williamina was now sent to the public schools of Dundee for her education; later, while still almost in childhood years, she became a "pupil teacher," according to a Scottish method of that period, and continued such instruction for five years in Broughty Ferry, a town which adjoins Dundee, thus learning early in life the lessons of independence and responsibility. In 1877 she was married to James Orr Fleming of Dundee, and in December of the following year came to America. Their one child, Edward P. Fleming, a graduate in 1901 of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is now engaged as chief metallurgist for a copper mining company in Chile, South America.

The science of astronomy has passed through many metamorphoses during the twenty-four centuries since Pythagoras taught his pupils the true theory of the sun as the center of our planetary system. Its latest phase is the astrophysical, which began early in the past century when Fraunhofer, by experimenting on light for the perfection of optical lenses, was led to the discovery of the many lines in the solar spectrum. This new astronomy or astrophysics seeks to demonstrate what the celestial bodies are composed of, basing its proofs upon the identification by Bunsen and Kirchoff of the lines in the spectrum with various terrestrial elements. All progress in its study has been through photography; not merely the imaging of stars as points of light, but the more important representation on photographic plates of each star's prismatic reflection in lines of light and shade.

It was during the experimental period of this new astronomical work that, in 1879, Mrs. Fleming came to the Harvard College Observatory. She had been in America barely a year. A sudden stress of her personal affairs compelled her to take up some sort of work for a livelihood. Because she liked and understood mathematical subjects, she selected bookkeeping and accounting, and set herself to the task of thorough preparation. In the midst of this effort it became necessary to replenish her small fund of money. On hearing that a professor at the Harvard Observatory needed the services of a coypist, she hastened thither, and was employed. A little later she undertook

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MRS. WILLIAMINA PATON FLEMING

some of the stellar computations. This work fascinated her, enlisted all the energy of her clear and brilliant mind, but not all the capacity. One day the professor found certain computations, marveled at the precision and discrimination of her mathematical skill; and a course in astronomy, the development and recognition of further gifts, new duties with additional responsibilities, followed, each in due order.

Thus, by such happy chance, as often directs into its proper channel the force of an unrealized genius that the world must not lose, was established in that observatory where her ability could be most fully utilized this enthusiastic and industrious young woman, whom astronomy was yet highly to honor. Mrs. Fleming's position at Harvard Observatory became permanent in 1881. At that time, under the direction of Professor Edward C. Pickering, who had succeeded Joseph Winlock in 1877, the work of the observatory was divided between researches in photometry, or light measurement, by which the relative brightness of the stars is determined,

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The success of the work at the H.C.O. is due to the untiring energy, zeal, executive power, and inventive genius of its able Director, Professor Edward C. Pickering, who since 1877 has devoted practically his whole time, to the work. Nearly all the instruments used in both the photographic and photometric researches have been constructed from his plans and under his direction, while all the plans of work at the various stations have been the direct income of plans for researches on a comprehensive scale, in order to obtain all the necessary material or observations to render the researches undertaken complete, from pole to pole. At no other Observatory in the world has work been undertaken on such a scale, and to him is due the credit that at Harvard this has not only been undertaken, but is being carried on most successfully.

AUTOGRAPH TESTIMONIAL BY MRS. FLEMING

and measures of their positions with the meridian circle. But the director was also shaping those plans upon which the enormous astrophysical labors of the observatory have had their foundations; while expanding the scope of the routine work, he adapted the mechanical plant of the institution to photographic operation.

That decade was the greatest period of transition in the history of astronomy. Since the very earliest knowledge of photography the idea of photographing the celestial bodies had been ever present with astronomers. Even so early as 1840, Dr. J. W. Draper of New York obtained a few photographs of the moon about an inch in diameter, and in 1850 Professor G. P. Bond of Harvard, with the help of Mr. J. A. Whipple, obtained photographic impressions of Vega and Castor. They also secured upon a daguerreotype plate a picture of the moon, whose exhibition in London induced Warren de la Rue to take up the subject of celestial photography. Their work on the stars was resumed on glass in 1857 with good results, but because the collodion plates then made were not sufficiently sensitive to reflect clearly objects so distant, and such experiments soon lost the interest of mere novelty, their effort was only spasmodic. For some years the great observatories of the world directed all their attention to other researches.

But Dr. Henry Draper, at his observatory in New York, continued quietly to experiment. At last, in 1872, by means of a prism placed in front of the lens of his 28-inch reflecting telescope, he obtained the first successful photograph of the

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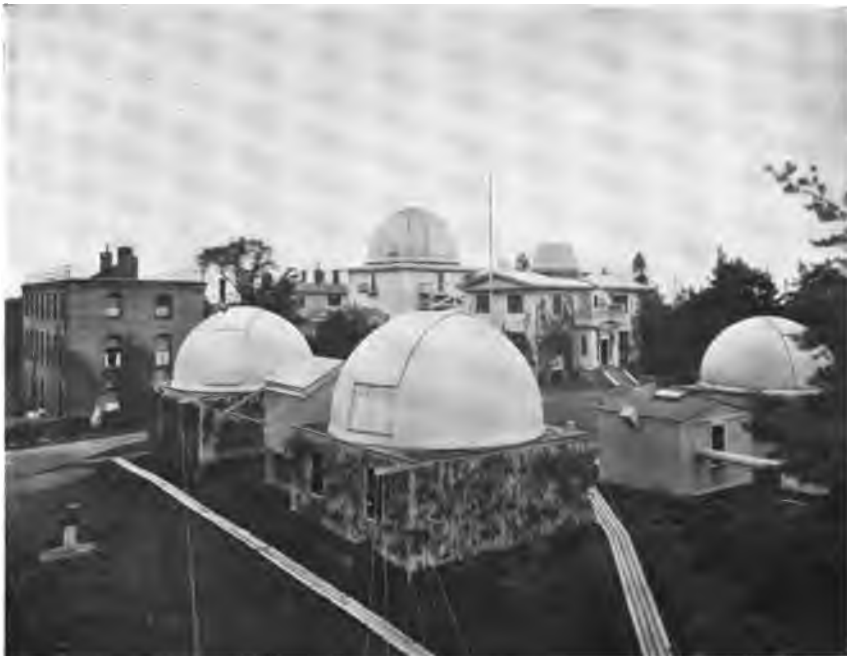
spectrum of a fixed star. Dr. Huggins, afterwards Sir William Huggins, of England, made similar photographs at about the same time, and to him many ascribe the honor of first attainment along these lines. But not justly, for though the light was refracted and the image of the star deflected into a band, no lines were visible. Dr. Draper's photographs showed these lines, and the credit belongs, therefore, to him. Photography of stellar spectra now advanced rapidly, world-wide attention being paid to it by astronomers. In 1882 the untimely death of Dr. Draper ended a career that was full of scientific promise. In 1885, Mrs. Draper, with the intention of seeing the work he had begun continued, and from personal interest in a subject with which she had become thoroughly familiar through long association with her husband in his researches, established at Harvard Observatory a department, known as the Henry Draper Memorial, for study and classification of stellar spectra.

During these important years Mrs. Fleming manifested a very genius for the task of organization. Though still only an assistant, the matter of putting into active, practical operation, economically and without any waste of time, so novel a department was due in large measure to her co-operation, her ready wit, and her excellent judgment. Since the Memorial researches were to be maintained by Mrs. Draper, it was thought fitting that a woman should also conduct them. Miss N. A. Farrar, by virtue of seniority in observatory work, with Miss L. Winlock and Mrs. Fleming as assistants, first undertook the charge. But upon Miss Farrar's marriage to Mr. Charles Harris of California, the following year, the position was given to Mrs. Fleming. And now indeed a mighty field opened out before her.

So rapidly did the work progress that within three years twelve assistants were required. The original narrow space available in the main building was soon outgrown; in 1893 a fireproof brick building was con-



HARVARD COLLEGE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY

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structed for the storage and study of the Memorial photographs. As the art of photography developed, Harvard Observatory kept pace. New instruments were constantly added to the equipment, and ingenious devices fashioned to facilitate their operation. Not only the two principal stations, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Arequipa, Peru, but various temporary stations, for meteorological and other observations, were maintained. Both machinery and plant (if one may speak in such terms on a subject that the average reader regards with profound awe) were thoroughly modernized, all the romantic furniture of a "temple of romance" made as unromantically serviceable and convenient as any new-fitted mill or factory: therein is new, twentieth-century romance, which looks forward instead of backward. It has always been the policy of this institution to adapt to its uses whatever methods and devices might appear in the commercial world or be designed by the invention of its own assistants that could promote its work, and to consider utility and economy before architectural display or mere sentiment. So that here simple shelters or even mounting in the open air have taken the place of costly domes; electricity, of complicated. weights and clocks; automatic switchboards and ingenious reflecting mirrors in a comfortable room, of ladder-perch, star-gazing in the benumbing gloom of winter nights.

Such was the atmosphere in which Mrs. Fleming worked, which, indeed, she helped create. Any account of her work is closely interwoven with the welfare and progress of Harvard Observatory. That became her constant and chief interest, and to it she devoted her life, going thither on holidays as on the usual work days, hardly ever taking a vacation, working often through serious illness. In fact, she would be still living, doubtless, had she heeded more vigilantly the

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demands for rest of a constitution whose original vitality was exhausted, and in her last illness more promptly sought the aid of a physician. Her lively spirit could not realize, it seemed, that she, the courageous, the vivacious, might indulge her zeal beyond possibility of recuperation. Though it was evident that her health was becoming gradually impaired during several years, she lost none of her grasp upon the absorbing and increasing volume of work. Only when pneumonia made critical a complication of conditions in May, 1911, did she retire to a hospital, where, on May 21, her illness became fatal.

From the first, prodigious labors were undertaken by the Draper Memorial under Mrs. Fleming's direction. Throughout each clear night, at Arequipa and at Cambridge, photographic instruments recorded the ever-changing vista of starry realm from celestial pole to pole, and year by year there multiplied in the oaken cases of the Memorial Library a collection of glass negatives that is greater to-day than the aggregate collections of all other observatories. To catalogue these plates as books are catalogued in a library is but a minor care compared with the cataloguing of the individual stars, classified from these photographs according to respective spectra and magnitudes. Yet such routine tasks, progressing as the photographic collection increased, have been the essential basis for all those investigations on a scale impossible anywhere else in the world that have engrossed the Harvard Observatory for many years. Other catalogues, also, were prepared; notably the Draper catalogue, giving general description of the spectra of more than ten thousand stars, completed by Mrs. Fleming alone in 1890, and since used authoritatively all over the world. It was a task most difficult as well as important, for the reason that lines in the spectra of faint stars were often too faint to be recognized except with much study and the best of judgment. She had a very acute and discriminating eye for such observations, the slightest difference between photographic impressions of any object on varying dates never escaping her. For, it should be understood, an investigation of stellar photographs for scientific research involves, not cursory glances at several negatives, but the most minute, serious, painstaking scrutiny, both with and without a microscope, star by star, region by region, throughout a series of impressions that portray the history of any selected portion of the sky during two or more years. In classifying spectra, Mrs. Fleming perceived that while a large proportion of them resemble a few typical stars, there are also many that have peculiar or unusual lines. By the presence of bright lines she thus discovered ten Novæ out of eighteen new stars discovered during an entire century, and only twenty-nine known to astronomy. In each case she made the final authoritative confirmation of the first appearance of the Nova, never doubting the validity of photographic evidence, even when, in early days, skeptics attributed such discoveries to defects on the film. Not once did her decision err.

She also found more than three hundred stars that vary in brightness. Observations of variable stars had previously been to students of the sidereal universe what the writing of verse is to the novelist, what the painting of scenery is to the portrait artist,— a kind of professional recreation. Even amateur eye-observers have contributed now and then to the list of these picturesque bodies, but not till a systematic investigation of them through the vast resources of Draper Memorial photographs was undertaken at Harvard and assigned to Miss H. S. Leavitt in 1903, were astronomers able to calculate to what extent the sky abounds in orbs whose light varies from time to time. Prior to that date only about fifteen hundred variable stars had been confirmed in variability, of which some five hundred were detected since 1895 on Harvard photographs by Professor Bailey dur-

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ing studies of star clusters, and upwards of three hundred by Mrs. Fleming in examinations of spectra, as mentioned above. Since 1903 more than two thousand variables, of magnitudes too faint ever to have been detected by any but the steady vision of the camera, and often too slightly variable to be noted in any but the most careful study of the photographs, have been proved variable and are being classified according to the degree and type of their fluctuations. It was through Mrs. Fleming's early discoveries that this investigation was instituted, Professor Pickering thus giving to the world of science important data unavailable at present except through the Memorial Library.

During her examinations of stellar spectra, Mrs. Fleming found fifty-nine gaseous nebulæ, till then unknown to astronomers, sixty-nine stars of the Orion type having bright hydrogen lines, and ninety-one stars of the fifth type, Class O. She became much interested in the red stars, which some romanticist has called "flowers of the sky," fading orbs that are yielding to age, "frail as their silken sisters of the field." Their spectra are of the fourth type, Class N, and appear very short on photographs taken with the objective prism. Other spectra which resemble these, in much scattered regions, but which contain as much blue light as stars of the second type, Mrs. Fleming assigned to a new type called sixth type, or Class R. These are "the forget-me-nots of the angels," flowers of the sky in fullest florescence. Sirius and Vega, for instance, are brilliant stars of the first type, young, vigorous; sentinels guarding two boundaries of our visible universe. Our own sun, like Capella and Pollux, are older, as their golden light proves already in the sear and yellow leafage of celestial bloom. Alpha Tauri (the poet's Aldebaron) and Antares glow ruby red.

Such is the glamour that glorifies into romance the tale of a labyrinthine record of classes and Greek letters, of right ascensions and declinations and minute fractions of time and arc, of plate numbers and degrees of magnitude, whose perusal would seem a wilderness of numerals to the unastronomical mind. The wonders of astrophysics, the fairyland of astronomy in which the astrographer may journey now with somewhat of confidence, can be established only by means of facts indicated in these authoritative tabulations, else each astronomer must repeat every item of investigation for himself. Let womankind rejoice that here, as in every other difficult task of the world, woman has fulfilled faithfully her arduous part.

The latest work upon which Mrs. Fleming was engaged is a catalogue called "Peculiar Spectra," which gives tables of the curious Class O and Class N stars, with descriptions of their peculiarities. The results of her laborious work in measuring the position and magnitude of sequences for observing two hundred and twenty-two of the variable stars she discovered, she has presented in "Photographic Study of Variable Stars," in Vol. XLVII of the Harvard Observatory *Annals*. Most of these variables were detected by the presence of bright hydrogen lines, traversing a banded spectrum of Class M. This combination of lines and bands, which she called Md, always greatly interested her; she considered it certain evidence of the star's variability. She gave much attention to this class of spectrum, dividing it into eleven subclasses which depend upon the relative brightness of the hydrogen lines and the position of the maximum intensity of the continuous spectrum. A discussion of the ten Novæ which she discovered is given in "Peculiar Spectra," among the other curious phenomena just mentioned.

This distinction of Nova discoveries, had she achieved nothing else, was sufficient to extend her reputation world-wide. But in many ways the remarkable success of the entire output of the Draper Memorial may be accredited to her; not only because of

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her distinguished executive management of this department with all its incidental correspondence and constant supervision of work, nor even because her own eyes, looking through the magnifying glass, examined every photograph added to the Draper Memorial collection before allowing it to be used in any investigation, and she personally supervised for publication much of the copious data contained in volumes of the *Annals* of the observatory; but because her discerning scientific judgment suggested many of the most important and interesting investigations undertaken, and then aided in planning and carrying them out with an unerring precision. This is a strong statement, and in asserting it I wish to leave the fact clear that in nowise did Mrs. Fleming proceed except with the advice and approval of the director. His is the guiding mind of the observatory, and no more fitting tribute could be offered here than that inscribed by Mrs. Fleming's own hand for the writer five or six years ago:

"The success of the work at the Harvard College Observatory is due to the untiring energy, zeal, executive power, and inventive genius of its able director, Professor Edward C. Pickering, who since 1877 has devoted practically his whole time to the work. Nearly all the instruments used in both the photographic and photometric researches have been constructed from his plans and under his direction, while all the plans of work at the various stations have been the direct outcome of plans for researches on a comprehensive scale, in order to obtain all the necessary material or observations to render the researches undertaken complete, from pole to pole. At no other observatory in the world has work been undertaken on such a scale, and to him is due the credit that at Harvard this has not only been undertaken, but is being carried on most successfully."

Mrs. Fleming's chief gifts were executive and administrative — the greatest gifts required for such extensive routine investigations, each occupying many years. The public does not recognize this type of genius so readily as it relishes the sensational declarations of observers who, perhaps, never contribute one jot to the absolute science of astronomy, but deal in lively speculations and star gossip. Three-fourths of her time was necessarily engaged in administrative duties, so it is really surprising that she was able to accomplish any personal investigations of the photographs at all.

"A gift of order is much different from a gift of administration. The former helps the latter. Mrs. Fleming had both," Professor Pickering stated recently, in recalling her work. "She was very methodical and possessed an extraordinary memory, which was especially manifest in her preparation of the observatory records. She could have accomplished far more during the last years of her life if she had had more assistants; but since the annual income of the observatory was reduced $5,000 a few years ago, it was not possible to employ a corps large enough to carry out all of our desired plans. Nor do the *Annals* of Draper Memorial work already published represent all of Mrs. Fleming's personal contributions to astronomy; she has left completed and partially completed work that will fill several further volumes, which are now being published from time to time."

Mrs. Fleming's influence in astronomy has been felt throughout all continents in scientific circles. Her ability was quickly appreciated there. The importance of her work and the faithfulness and industry with which it was conducted led to the establishment of her title of *Curator of the Astrophysical Library*, a place created for her in 1897 by the Corporation of Harvard University, and marking the only instance of a woman filling an official position in the institution. The Corporation testifies now that Harvard has benefited satisfactorily by the appointment.

(Though not yet formally bestowed

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by the Corporation, that title has fallen worthily upon Miss Annie J. Cannon, who has been engaged in the Draper Memorial work since 1896. In compiling a catalogue, everywhere recognized as a standard, giving detailed description of stars visible to the naked eye in both hemispheres and involving many years of ceaseless labor, Miss Cannon catalogued the southern as Miss Antonia C. Maury had catalogued the northern stars. She is now conducting a stupendous tabulation for more than one hundred thousand stars of such general description and detail as given in the Draper Memorial catalogue,— a task, says the astronomer, that would require two decades if woman's wit had not systematized it to less than half of one.)

Mrs. Fleming's honors among astronomical societies remain unchallenged. One of these is her honorary degree from Wellesley College as Associate in Astronomy. Another is her membership in the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America; likewise that of the Société astronomique de France. A greater one came from London in 1906, where the Royal Astronomical Society records the names of only three women, and those as Honorary Fellows,— Miss Agnes M. Clarke, who has written the three best histories of astronomy executed by any person; Lady Huggins, who gave to her husband such able assistance in his astronomical researches as Caroline Herschel gave to her brother, or Mrs. Draper to her husband, and Williamina Paton Fleming. A few months before her death, also, the Astronomical Society of Mexico presented her with the Guadalupe Almendaro medal for her discovery of new stars.

Honors so high and work so engrossing, monotonous often as well as imperative, might be presumed to supplant any domestic gifts or interests. Not so with Mrs. Fleming. Indeed, not so with any famous woman astronomer history has known. It seems that that very genius for tactful execution, for patient attention to detail, for swift comprehension, which has re-enforced their intelligence in astronomy and lifted them into prominence, has been only a larger expression of the power that made them able housekeepers and home-makers. For women, in the world of science, wherever notably successful, have not come there as rivals of men, but rather have supplemented and extended, often suggested and planned the work of men, thus fulfilling the principle of their mission in the scheme of creation as helpmeets. Many gifts, apparently diverse, composed the strong harmony of Mrs. Fleming's ability. Ingenuity and high artistic taste gave her rare skill in that humble, but noble craft, sewing; she might have supported herself by needlework, millinery, dressmaking, what she would. Because that was not necessary, she delighted in doing bits of sewing (not always "fancy work," but good, practical stitchery) for friends or for persons in need, and she and some of her assistants managed to fill such interstices of mathematical labor as only a woman could find in dressing dolls for hospitals and fairs. Mrs. Fleming's dolls always sold readily, those in full Highland costume being especially popular. On one occasion, a few years ago, she conceived the idea of getting up a Christmas tree for the children of families connected with the observatory work of Arequipa Station in Peru. Everybody helped enthusiastically, and the tree became a gorgeous reality. Of course there had to be some dolls, and Mrs. Fleming insisted they should be astronomical dolls. Vega, Castor, Pollux, and a score of other star representatives were very interesting, but it was conceded that there was quite an astronomical sensation when Mrs. Fleming introduced a big, handsome Algol, and as its dark companion a miniature black Dinah.

In personality Mrs. Fleming was very quiet, very earnest, very sincere, quick to sympathize, altogether magnetic. Of all women none could have

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been more reticent of personal credit. To journalists, who sometimes sought her, she would talk readily and enthusiastically of the interesting and profound researches undertaken through the Draper Memorial and made possible by so vast and so comprehensive a library of negatives. Her own part in these researches she unconsciously left inconspicuous, because she regarded her work as a high privilege. But she gave unstinted praise to her assistants, and encouraged their efforts by attributing in her preparation of the *Annals* or in statements for the public press every possible item of investigation to the woman who was engaged upon it. Her attitude towards the efficiency of Harvard Observatory and its significant rank among the great observatories of the world is indicated in her tribute to the director, contained in a preceding paragraph, wherein she expressed, not an intended quotation, but such abstract facts as she feared might not otherwise be forcibly enough stated.

Fond of people and excitement, there was no more enthusiastic spectator in the Stadium of the football games, no more ardent champion of the Harvard eleven. She was never too tired to welcome her friends at her home or at the observatory with that quality of human sympathy which is sometimes lacking among women engaged in purely scientific pursuits, and her bright face, her kindly manner, and her cheery greeting, with its attractive little Scottish accent, will long be remembered by even the most casual visitors to the observatory.

SERVIAN HARVESTERS

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SERVIAN CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL,
THE PROCESSION

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"ROLO," SERVIAN NATIONAL DANCE

SERVIAN CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL, THE CHRISTMAS-TREE

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"IT FELL TO THE FLOOR, UNCOVERING A SORT OF NICHE"

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE PICTURE

By MARY DENSON PRETLOW

THE sound of laughter made the Librarian turn impatiently, the frown on her face deepening as her eyes fell on her assistants. They were standing in a group laughing and talking. They seemed to have forgotten where they were and to have laid aside their usual subdued and quiet manners.

The place was deserted so far as outsiders were concerned, and had the Librarian been less unhappy, she would have noted with a thrill of pride how fine a picture the room made with its long stretches of book-lined walls, its rare prints and engravings, its subdued lights and shining brasses. It had the appearance of being a secluded haunt for book-lovers rather than a part of that piece of modern machinery called the city's "Public Library."

Outside the snow was falling in big flakes, softening the grim lines of the factory opposite and making the tenements beyond positively beautiful. The people on the streets seemed to emerge from whirling clouds of white, and as they passed the window the woman noticed that they all wore a look of joyous content. Most of them were carrying packages of varying sizes piled high in their arms.

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It was Christmas Eve in that dark street as well as in the great bright world beyond.

The Librarian, reflecting bitterly on the inequalities of life, felt that she fairly hated the people in the streets. At this hour they usually passed with heavy, tired steps, but to-day they flew, eager to get home to show their gifts and decorate their trees. To-morrow the candles would be lighted and the children of the rich and the poor would dance in glee around the glittering, gift-laden trees. She could almost smell the spruce as a candle burned too low!

She glanced again at her assistants; they were watching the clock and talking about bonbons and roses. Last year she had roses, pink roses, dozens of them, and this year she would have, no doubt, gifts of a kind. She would open them in her hall bedroom, then go down to the half-done turkey that would make the Christmas dinner. She would listen to the mild jokes of the mild young men who, like herself, would have no place but the boarding-house table to dine.

Sheer self-pity forced a resolution. She *would* have pink roses and French bonbons, what matter if no card of loving greeting came with them! She would *buy* her Christmas joys or the outward semblance of them.

She was recalled from her musings as to the probable cost of Christmas roses by seeing a man who carried a cedar tree in his arms almost knock down a little girl who had turned toward the entrance of the library. In the vestibule the child stopped to stamp the slush from her sodden shoes. As she came in, the warm air made the snow on her shawl melt, leaving a tiny trail of water to mark her progress from the door.

She was a mere slip of a girl, of perhaps fourteen winters. Looking into her somber eyes one would have said that there had been no summers in that child's life. She wore a rough blouse underneath her shawl, from the folds of which she brought carefully, half fearfully, a book. It was "The Story of Christmas."

"You are getting that book wet!" the Librarian cried.

The child, more frightened than there seemed cause to be, gasped out:

"Please, ma'am, mind my card, I don't want any more books," and ran toward the door.

"Come back until I see if your book is all right."

The child hesitated:

"Please, ma'am, I'm in a hurry."

The reason for her hurry was soon apparent, as the frontispiece of the story, an expensive lithograph, was missing.

The woman looked from the book to the child, whose face was expressionless.

"Zilda," she said, "where is the picture?"

"What picture?"

"The picture that was in this book when you borrowed it."

"No, ma'am, it no picture had."

"But it did, I tell you."

"No, ma'am."

Finally the child became excited and protested aloud that she had never seen a picture in her life in that or any other book.

"Please, ma'am, let me go home, I must go home."

"If I let you go home will you bring the picture?"

"I can not. I have it not and my father he dies."

The Librarian looked for a moment at the merry throngs in the streets, then turned to the pitiful figure of the child whose sunken chest was heaving as she sobbed out denials. Often in the past she had been lenient in such cases, for it is hard to deal out justice to a weeping child, especially if the child looks cold and hungry. But the very happiness of the day, the happiness in which she felt she had no share, unconsciously hardened her. She said to herself that she would do her duty even though it was Christmas Eve and the poor Italian child had a cough and was wearing ragged shoes. She would rise above her emotions, and for her negli-

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gence, carelessness, sin, whatever it was, Zilda Ferari should pay.

She turned to the child.

"Where do you live?"

"I do not live any more, it's on the streets we are. The Judgment he sits in the parlor."

"Don't be stupid, Zilda, I have your address and I am going home with you to get the picture and then I will take you to the Children's Court."

The child gave a piercing shriek.

"You cannot go home with me," she said, "my feet, they are dead;" and she sank in a heap on the floor.

But when it was time to start her feet were in a state of resurrection and she seemed fairly cheerful. She even admired her companion's fur and asked if she would not let go her hand a moment as she would like to stroke "the beautiful lady's" muff. She had often, she said, dreamed of such muffs, "soft and catty," but she would really like to touch it with both hands at once. As she was allowed the use of only one, she failed in her effort to snatch the other away in the crush at the corner.

Farther on she declared that they were lost, she did not know which way to go.

At every turn there was a reason for delay; at every unguarded moment an effort to escape. At last she began to sob again.

As the crowd pushed and jostled them it would have been hard to tell which was the most unhappy — the child being hurried on to her doom, or the woman terrified by the shivering of the little figure beside her, horribly conscious of her own warm wraps, yet resolved that she would tread the path of duty.

As they turned into the street where was to be found the Casa Ferari, the child stopped.

"Teacher," she said, "you must not go, I have lied to you!"

"I knew that, Zilda —"

"But not how great was my lie. Let me tell you about it, Sister."

At this title of endearment the woman tightened her hold on the child's cold hand.

"We are the Black Hand, Sister, and when you go in it is dark and some one stabs, quick!"

"They would not dare, Zilda, and besides you are not the Black Hand."

"What does 'dare' mean, Sister?"

"Oh, just that such a thing would be impossible."

"But, Sister, the big Black Hand man just loves to stab, once I heard him say, 'Stiletto meo e carrissimo!' and he kissed it. Sister!"

While this did not frighten, it by no means inspired confidence in the self-imposed instrument of justice, and she was rather glad to pause for a moment at the door of the big tenement house.

Here the manner of the child changed. She faced her captor unfalteringly, and said quietly:

"Let me go in first and tell my mother, for my father, he dies!"

The sincerity of her tone frightened the woman and made her hesitate, then she added this to the already long list of excuses, and said:

"Why do you lie when it is so useless, Zilda, and about your father? For shame!"

"'Tis no shame, 'tis no lie, my father he dies. He coughs much, he lies still, he groans much and soon he dies. He cough much," she cried, thinking she saw a look of hesitation. "He coughs so — and — so — and then red blood. Oh, my father he dies!"

"Then let us go in."

The child lifted her tear-stained face and looked at the woman, that look that is hard to understand on a child's face, for it seems to take your measure and then defy you.

"Come," she said, "and may the Blessed Virgin curse you!"

She led the way, not up but down a flight of steps. Each step plunging them deeper into that darkness from which she had said a stiletto might at any moment flash.

The woman paused, feeling her way; the child flung back at her a single word heavy with contempt:

"Codarda!"

In the hallway below they stumbled

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against something, a something that moved and squirmed in the dim light, a bundle of living, dirty rags. Zilda hastened to explain with morbid yet impish delight:

"That's old Maria, she gets drunk every day, mostly she likes to lie on the first floor landing, but to-day old Pietro has her place.— Aha, Maria, for shame to let Pietro beat you out of your good, light place!"

"Would you like to go up and see old Pietro? He is not so drunk as Maria, he can yet put forth his hand and say: 'Alms, alms! I am poor and old and very cold!'" Her voice was no longer childish, it was the voice of a man old and cold.

"Come, oh come," she said, "I can show you many things! On the top floor a little boy with no legs, down below a woman with no tongue, they say her lover cut it out. Once she danced so — " And she caught at her scant skirts and began to dance, her wet shoes sounding cold and sodden on the stone floor.

Then she began to weep again.

"You will not go? No? Come, my father he dies! The Blessed Virgin curse you."

She pushed the door open and the sting of the air, foul with gas from a coal-oil stove, choked like fingers at the throat. Over this stove a number of children huddled. They scattered at sight of a stranger, peering out from their corners like frightened little animals at bay.

The mother appeared in the doorway, hiding the next room from view. She stared at the stranger and said nothing, but Zilda began to interpret:

"My mother says you lie, go home or the big Black Hand man will stab you."

Then she turned to her mother and said in Italian:

"She says she is going to put me in jail. She says I stole the Christmas-tree picture."

Just what happened next the Librarian could never remember, except that a frightful cry had drawn them all into the next room and then together she and the Italian woman had worked to save the life of a half dead man.

She remembered calling for brandy, for a hot-water bottle, for something, for *anything*, and then came the awful realization that the man was not only ill but starving; that except for the cot on which he lay, a few broken chairs and the miserable clothes they wore, there was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the two poor rooms that family called home. She sent for brandy and then rushed out in an agony of terror lest they should all starve before she could get back.

She tried to remember the names of the things Italians are supposed to eat and then bought quantities of meat and onions, milk and eggs, fruit and cakes. She fed the sick man while the family at first silently, then hilariously, stuffed. There was no table, no plates, no cups, but in a circle on the floor they ate and laughed and cried.

When the patient had fallen asleep the Librarian, trying to steal softly into the next room, brushed from the wall a piece of heavy paper that had been stuck there. It fell to the floor uncovering a sort of niche, and there, carefully pinned to the wall, was the sought-for frontispiece, a bright colored picture of a Christmas tree. About it were strewn a few faded paper flowers, in front of it was set a tiny piece of candle with a match, all in readiness to celebrate on the morrow!

"Come, Zilda, we must buy some coal and find a doctor."

The child's hand stole softly into hers.

"Why do you cry, dear Sister?"

It did not take long to find the doctor and buy the coal. Then she bought a tree, and let Zilda select a gift for each of the family, including herself.

The children all begged to go as far as the corner with their visitor when an hour later, bright with red and white candles and mysterious with packages, the little tree stood shining in the darkness and she turned from it to say good by. But she would not let them go beyond the front door and

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then with a last "Dio ti benedica" ringing in her ears she started toward Broadway and an up-town car, only to remember that the candles had taken her last penny.

She turned her face toward the north and laughed as the snowflakes met her.

"What does it matter?" she whispered softly; "it is good to walk, for every one you meet is happy. It is Christmas Eve!"

OLD SCHOOL DAYS ON THE MAINE COAST

By EMMA R. GOODWIN

LIKE almost every one who can remember back fifty odd years or more, I began my education in a little red schoolhouse. It stood in a sparsely settled part of a small shipbuilding town on the coast of Maine. It was thus located alongside the old town house so as to cover the geographical center of the town and make reaching it equally difficult for everybody. It was built of red brick and furnished with the regulation green seats and desks, deeply carved with the autographs of our illustrious predecessors. A single outside door admitted us to the entry, which served the double duty of woodshed and cloak-room, and from which we entered the main room by two doors, one for the boys and one for the girls. Between these doors, on a raised platform, stood the teacher's desk. To the right and left were the stoves, tall, black, and cylindrical, connected by long, uncertain pipes with the chimneys at the rear of the room. The floor was an inclined plane, so constructed, I suppose, that all round, moving bodies — apples, oranges, balls, and marbles — might come to rest near teacher's platform. I remember making frantic efforts to stop their fateful course as they sped past my seat, but they all eventually disappeared in teacher's capacious desk. It was a part of the discipline.

Discipline in those days was given first consideration, so it is not strange that as I recall my early experiences the punishments which were inflicted on us should come first to my mind. A favorite punishment for the troublesome boys was seating them with the girls. I remember being often inflicted with a masculine seatmate. I still have my doubts as to which of us suffered most — it was a sort of vicarious atonement on my part. But those boys were not so bad, after all. There was Joe Seabury! His greatest offense was making a noise with his feet. How he could have helped it, and wear his heavy copper-toed shoes, is beyond my power to explain. He was the only child of Captain Joseph Seabury, who was almost always away at sea on a three years' voyage. Joe, likewise, later followed the sea. He was the biggest tease of them all. There were no storm bells in those days, and holidays had not come into fashion. The only times when I remember being dismissed were when the big ships were launched. Then we were let out just long enough before high tide to give us time to reach the shipyard. It is many years now since those noble ships leaped "into the ocean's arms."

Never were we excused for bad weather. When it was unusually severe we took our dinners and "stayed at noon." We liked to do this for its social advantages. One noon when we girls were busy exchanging doughnuts, cakes, and pies, there was a loud knock at the door. We were a little alarmed at first, but one of the big girls finally plucked up courage and

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answered it. We sat breathless while she interviewed the unknown visitor. Finally she returned and said I was wanted. I had never been called out but once before that I could remember, and that was when Cousin Ella came unexpectedly from Portland to make me a visit. During the interval of getting out I ran over all my possible aunts, uncles, and cousins, even to the third and fourth removed. Imagine my surprise and discomfiture when I closed the door behind me to have Joe jump from behind the woodpile, grab me around the neck, and give me a rousing kiss on the cheek. I think echoes of the explosion reached the remotest corners of the little schoolroom, and I thought I should never get over my mortification.

THE FRONT DOOR

I think on the whole I was a good little girl, for I recall numerous collections of soiled and much worn little slips marked "merit," which teacher eventually exchanged for beautiful colored pictures of birds and flowers, whereon was clearly written, "Presented to Emma R. Sargent by her teacher, Miss Abby So-and-So." However, I recall one instance of violation of rules on my part. It happened in the early spring when a few of us wandered beyond the sound of the recess bell, hunting for young checkerberry leaves. I remember thinking the recess unusually long, and making a quick run back to the schoolhouse, only to find that we were five minutes late by teacher's watch. In consequence we were kept one whole

THE OLD TOWN HOUSE

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THE SCHOOLHOUSE

hour after school. It seemed an unjust sentence, but there was no appeal, so we had to accept it, and were given long columns of figures to add to beguile the time. But like all things else in this world it came to an end at last and we were set free. I was feeling pretty much cast down with my disobedience behind me and a long walk home alone ahead of me. Always Susie, my dearest friend and seatmate, and I walked home together. She was a dear, sweet, fat, pink and white little girl with whom I shared all my secrets. We had a post office together on the sand hill back of the schoolhouse, a sequestered hole in the ground covered with a flat stone, wherein we deposited our letters to each other. We were so seldom apart it was hard to escape each other long enough to deposit them. Strangely Susie had not been with me on the checkerberry hunt — I think she may have been mailing her daily letter to me — and had consequently been dismissed at the regular time. What was my joy when I stepped sadly out into the world again to find Susie and Joe sitting on the stone step, patiently waiting for me. I lived nearer to the schoolhouse than they, so they had to leave me by the way and go on together quite a bit farther. I often urged my father to buy a house out on the street where they lived. He did later, but I was eighteen then, Susie was through school and keeping house for her father, for her mother had died, and they said she was engaged to young Captain

THE SHIPYARD

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THE OLD HOME

Nat Sweetsir. I did not see much of her, for I was going to the Academy then, though I felt too old to be still in school; and Joe, poor Joe, was away on a long foreign voyage. He never came back — was washed off the deck by a big wave in a storm.

I fear I have been too long in getting at the course of study, for I suppose it was for that, really, that we were sent to school. There was reading and spelling and arithmetic — we didn't call it number, it was much more than that — and English grammar and history and geography, and writing twice a week. I do not remember learning to read in school, but I do remember Hilliard's Fifth Reader. There were no trifling supplementary readers in those days, with foolish little nature stories by unknown authors. Hilliard's Fifth was filled with solid first-class literature from cover to cover, and we read it and reread it until I was able to repeat the most of it from memory. I can even now recall many of the favorite selections — "The Loss of the Arctic," by Henry Ward Beecher: "Eight days had passed. They beheld the distant bank

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THE ACADEMY

of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland," etc.; "The Death of the Little Scholar," by Charles Dickens; "The Soliloquy of the Dying Alchemist," by N. P. Willis; and that beautiful prose poem, "Mount Auburn," by Joseph Story, beginning, "We stand here upon the borders of two worlds." Teacher often selected one of these for us to read. I think the serious tone of them was believed to have a subduing influence on our naturally high spirits and tended to keep us within bounds. We learned to write by copying a beautiful slanting script copy at the top of the blank pages of our copy-books. These copies were proverbs supposed to embody the capitals and small letters, and, incidentally, ennoble our characters. I remember one which I have never been able to really understand. It was, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Now, if moss is a figurative expression for financial success — the accumulation of money and the things money will buy — and stone stands for us poor humans, my observations have proved the contrary of this statement to be true. The roving boys and girls, those who left the old town, are the ones who have been most successful. We all recall with much pride the career of one of our number who went into business "up west somewhere, Boston way," I believe, and amassed a fortune of several thousand dollars which he left to the old town for a library. But maybe moss in the proverb does not mean worldly success. This was borne in upon me

"WHO NEVER LEFT HIS ANCESTRAL ACRES"

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one day when I met old Eben Stubbs, who never left his ancestral acres, and I observed the beautiful moss-green color of his old black coat.

Other troublesome and contradictory proverbs were in that old copy-book, namely, "Let well enough alone," and, on the next page, "Nothing venture, nothing have," etc. We got a good deal of spelling. Besides the everyday lesson, which we spelled off standing in line with our toes on a crack in the floor, there were occasional spelling matches. The aim of the teacher seemed to be to put out words which we never had seen and which probably we never should see outside of the dictionary. I recall two of them, "pterodactyl" and "valetudinarianism," which in all the long years that have passed since then I have not been able to work either into my correspondence or my conversation. The last I may be able to use however, if I am spared a few more years. English grammar was taught principally by parsing such difficult constructions as "Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you," and sections from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Sometimes some poor overworked boy or girl would plead, "Say, teacher, won't you excuse me from 'Paradise Lost' to-day? I ain't had no time to study;" but teacher always stood firm and we were never let off.

We changed teachers very often in our school. It was the policy of the school committee not to allow all the school money to flow into one family. Equal justice to all was their motto, and, whenever we had a new teacher, she started us afresh with the first chapters of our history and our geography. Mr. Elbridge Wagg, chairman of the school committee, seemed to favor this method too. It may be he was influenced by what he heard on examination days, which in his official capacity he always attended. Teacher always passed him a book and he asked questions. I remember one examination day when Susie particularly distinguished herself by her answer in the history class. "Who discovered the Pacific Ocean?" pronounced Mr. Wagg. Susie's hand waved frantically in the air. "Well, Susie?" "Benjamin Franklin, sir," bravely piped up Susie, then, catching a glimpse of teacher's lifted eyebrows, she quickly added, "Well, his name began with B anyway, and teacher said Benjamin Franklin discovered something."

Geography examinations were illuminating also. Poor Joe, though his father had been many times around the world, was as innocent as the rest of us of much knowledge of it. "Where is Patagonia, Joseph?" said Mr. Wagg. "In the southern part of Ireland, sir," replied Joe. Everybody laughed at this — I didn't see why. It didn't seem funny to me, and Joe felt awfully about it. So Mr. Wagg said it wouldn't do us any harm to review our history and geography, and we went calmly on learning over again that De Soto discovered the Mississippi River, and Balboa planted a cross on the mountains overlooking the Pacific Ocean, undisturbed by the momentous happenings of our own time. The fact that our country was plunged in a great civil war, that President Lincoln was calling for more and still more men, and that General Grant was leading them on to victory or defeat, nobody knew which, was never intruded into our history recitation. It would have been quite out of place to interrupt the orderly arrangement of our text-book narrative. Up-to-date history we learned when we got home from our fathers or the newspapers. I used to wonder in those war times what there would be to make newspapers of when the war was over. Even the shipping news made way for the war news.

A few years ago I went back to the old town and took my daughter Helen with me. One day when we were standing under the big overarching elms in front of the old Academy, watching the boys and girls tumbling out the door, for it was recess, a gray-haired old gentleman came up and

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greeted us. "I suppose things look a good deal changed to you after so many years," he said. "No, Doctor," I answered, "things haven't changed very much." I was watching a boy and girl coming down the walk that looked like Joe and Susie. "Who is that old gentleman?" said Helen, when he had passed on. "That man? Oh, that is young Doctor Bates." Helen gave me a puzzled look, but did not say anything — she suspected where I was. I was away back in the old school days.

THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XVI

(*Continued*)

His father had given him on his twenty-first birthday a plot of land on the crest of the hill just above the old homestead. He meant to erect there a house of his own. A vagrant artist, pausing there to set up his easel the summer before Julie came to Hio to teach, had furnished Nat his inspiration.

"Just one big room," the fellow had said, as Nat came over from the plow field to watch him, "just one big room and a little room off this for the kitchen. Then a broad flight of stairs sweeping to a snug bed or two under the eaves. That is all — that is enough. A fireplace at one end of the big room, possibly, and a piazza facing the west. Windows everywhere. So, my lad, a man could live with his maid and his God very pleasantly, eh?"

So a man could live with his maid and his God very pleasantly. The idea had appealed to Nat at once. With the succeeding months and Julie's black eyes, the idea had ever burned in the back of his mind. It was the next best thing to a home on the summit of Eagle. The simplicity of it appealed to him. The man had summed it up well, "With his maid and his God." That was all the company Nat craved, and so far as any very concrete notion went, he could get along without the latter except as expressed in the sky, the trees, the rolling sweep of forest, and the decent standards of his own heart.

As soon as he was able to leave his bed and get out of doors he recovered his strength rapidly. At the end of another week he felt that he could no longer pose as a sick man and retain his self-respect. An incident which occurred late one afternoon when he was returning from a long walk with Julie made such a position more than ever ridiculous. They were strolling home through the big pasture, when they came face to face with a yearling bull which Mr. Moulton had that day turned loose. The animal was vicious and charged them at once. With a terrified scream Julie took to her heels, but was stopped in her tracks by an order from Nat.

"Stand where ye are!" he commanded.

She obeyed, though her knees trembled beneath her. Nat easily enough drew off the attack, and then faced the brute, who with lowered head was preparing for a second charge.

"Ye'd better not," Nat warned him, much as though the bull were a mischievous small boy.

With eyes aflame, the animal pawed the ground uncertainly. Nat walked directly towards him. The bull with a nervous bellow backed off. Nat followed, and with a quick dive seized the brute by the horns. He gave a sharp turn to the right, twisting the short thick neck in that direction. For the matter of ten seconds the two stood immovable in this pose — the bull

*Begun in the February number.

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straining to recover his balance, Nat bearing down with relentless strength. Then suddenly the man threw in the weight of his body, and the yearling sank to his knees. With this advantage Nat gave one more twist, which borught out a roar of pain and sent the bull to his side. It was easy enough to hold the gasping brute in that position.

"May — may I run now?" begged Julie.

"No," answered Nat, "don't run. Come here."

"Oh," she pleaded, "I — I can't, Nat."

"There's no danger. Come here."

She felt as though those same arms which had so relentlessly forced the bull to his side were now forcing her. She came — staggering as she walked, she came. As she stood by his side, he said:

"You oughter get used to animals, Julie. They don't mean no harm."

"I — I want to run, Nat," she confessed.

He was patting the sleek neck and rubbing behind the limp ears.

"See — thar's nothin' ails him except he's plumb full of life. Put your hand on his head."

An hour ago she would have called the act an utter impossibility. She stooped and placed her fingers for a second on the throbbing neck.

"Good!" he praised her. "Now stand back a little."

"You — you aren't going to turn him loose?"

"Why not?" he asked.

"But —"

"You can run, Julie, if you're scared.

For a moment she hesitated. She glanced at the fence a hundred yards away. Nat waited.

"I'll hold him till you're over," he said.

She stepped back a pace or two, clenched her fists, and said:

"I'll stay here."

"Then — steady," he called.

He loosened his hold and sprang to a position in front of her, alert as a cougar for a possible attack. But, as he thought, the youngster had learned his lesson. With a snort of disgust the bull scrambled to his feet, turned tail, and ran. Nat laughed.

"Look at him go!" he exclained. "Hi — yi!"

With each shout the bull let out another link until he finally disappeared behind a distant clump of trees. When Nat turned, he found Julie somewhat pale-cheeked but smiling.

"I stayed — didn't I?" she said, eagerly looking to him for approbation.

"I thought ye would," he answered.

"And now — and now I guess I'll take your arm."

He helped her over the fence. On the other side she sat down quite out of breath.

But the incident had given Nat the consciousness of his shoulder muscles again, and with that he realized the work for which they were made and which was awaiting his return. He determined upon the spot to leave in the morning.

"Julie," he said, abruptly, "I'm going back to-morrow."

"Back — where?" she asked in astonishment.

"Home," he answered.

For a moment her eyes rested on his and then she answered in some confusion at her stupidity:

"Why, of cousre, Nat."

For a breath or two she had forgotten that he had another home. She turned away her head.

"I'm goin' to build a house," he announced next.

"Yes?" she asked, resolved not to be surprised at anything else he might say.

"A house of my own — on top of the hill."

"That is a fine place for a house," she nodded.

"I don't know how long it will take me 'cause I want to build it all myself."

She glanced up swiftly.

"I should think it would take you years," she answered.

He laughed uneasily.

"I feel now as though I could do it in a week," he said.

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"Then you must be planning a very small house," she concluded.

"Just big enough for two," he answered slowly.

She found her cheeks growing scarlet. She started to rise.

"Julie," he called, reaching for her arm and checking her.

"Yes, Nat."

"When it's done — when it's done, I'm coming back here and —"

"Nat," she interrupted.

"Yes?" he asked eagerly.

"You mustn't say what you were going to say."

"You know what I mean?"

She turned impulsively and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Nat," she said hurriedly, "we've been good friends. Let's stay just good friends. I like you just as you are — big and strong and kind. Somehow you seem like the best friend I have in the world."

He seized her hand.

"That's enough," he said.

"You don't understand," she faltered. "Oh, Nat, don't make me hurt you."

"I guess you're allers goin' to hurt," he answered, "but it doesn't seem to make any difference."

"If you only knew," she cried helplessly.

"Knew what?" he demanded.

"I can't tell you. I mustn't tell you. You must just take my word that — that we can't ever be anything but the best of friends."

"I wouldn't take any one's word for that," he replied determinedly.

She drew away from him. With head bent low, she clasped her hands in her lap. He rose and stood before her.

"I wouldn't take any one's word for that," he repeated. "Maybe I'll have to wait. Maybe I'll have to wait a long time, but some day, sure's fate, you're coming up into that house."

She struggled to her feet.

"Nat," she cried, "you mustn't say such things. You have no right."

"Maybe not," he answered, "but I can't help sayin' them. I jus' want to tell ye what I know, Julie."

"Know?" she demanded wildly. "How do you know?"

"I've known it ever since that night on the mountain," he answered.

"But that," she hid her face, "that was all an accident. And even then — Oh, Nat, you're making an awful mistake."

"No," he answered. "Here ye stand — you and me. If any one tries to take you away, they've got to get by me. They've got to get by me, an' they couldn't do it, Julie. Don't ye see?" he asked very simply.

His body had stiffened, so that when she stared at him he truly did look a formidable barrier. He was some primeval fighting man who could have borne her away right there and then had he chosen. For a second she felt absolutely helpless; for a second she was glad of her helplessness. This seemed to solve the whole difficulty. He placed his hand on her shoulder.

"They'd have to fight hard to get you away from me," he said.

Trembling beneath his hand, she believed him. She threw up her head.

"Oh!" she exclaimed below her breath.

From the house came her mother's voice calling her. She jumped back, as though to escape from some great danger. Then, with another startled glance at Nat, she took to her heels and ran.

CHAPTER XVII

The Builder

NAT came from the home of Julie Moulton to the home of his birth, and felt like an outcast from them both. Neither seemed any more like home than the log cabin which had sheltered him last winter. There was nothing of himself in either of them. They were like last year's birds' nests.

He took up the routine work of the farm at once, but each day left him as restless as a lost dog. He found it impossible to remain indoors, where the talk was largely of 'Gene, and so often walked miles in an effort to tire him-

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self into a stupor. Twice during that week he covered the fifteen miles to St. Croix, and after standing a moment before the Moulton house walked home again. Then by degrees his hot thoughts came into some sort of order, and he realized that before he would ever know again the meaning of home the home must be his own. Then it was that his brain was quickened with the great passion — the passion of the builder, of the creator. Then it was that he became one with the vagrant artist — one with all artists, for that matter. He must build and into the building he must put himself.

He threw himself at once into the plans. With a sheet of blue-lined writing paper before him he sat up until dawn one night drawing and figuring. And though he was alone, with only the loud-ticking kitchen clock for company, it seemed to him that Julie was bending over his shoulder all the while. He could almost feel her warm breath, almost feel the velvet brush of her cheeks. Hours passed like minutes in a glow perfumed by her presence. Neither sleep nor bodily fatigue had any power over him. He was in the mood out of which are born great symphonies, great pictures. Yet, when he was through, his paper revealed only a roughly drawn parallelogram with little indentations and a column or two of thick black figures. That was all. It was like a child's drawing. And yet, if one had the eyes to see, it was the most wonderful sketch of a home ever drawn. It contained everything of brave strength, of deep loyalty, of pure purpose, of honest sincerity. It was built with the freshness of the dawn, painted with the glory of the sunset. Every window contained a dream, and every door was hallowed by tiny figures which moved in and out with honest laughter. Julie stood by his shoulder and smiled down at him and whispered that it was very good. He tumbled into bed for an hour's sleep that night and woke up refreshed and reborn. The next day he ordered his lumber, and the following morning went to the crest of the hill with a ball of twine, a handful of stakes, and his shovel.

He drove the first stake with the arrival of the first gray streak of light on the horizon line. The act had all the grave dignity of a prayer. When he lifted his head again towards the east, it was as though Julie had been there and had kissed him. Then it seemed to him as though the gates at the four points of the compass were suddenly thrown open. The world grew big, infinitely big. Had he been a poet, he could have written a fine poem at that moment; had he been an artist, he could have painted a great picture; had he been a musician, he could have caught a masterful symphony. As it was, he could only sense those glories without holding them. He saw visions without being able to interpret the visions. The most he was conscious of was a broadening joy, a triumphant peace that passed his understanding. He squared his shoulders, and for a moment stood there bewildered by it all, joyously confused as he had been when he had spoken to her in the pasture. Then he measured off forty feet and drove his second stake.

He worked that morning until breakfast, and then took up the regular toil of the day. That evening, after he had done his milking and fed and watered the stock for the night, he came back to the crest of the hill. It was then that his father came up and began to question.

"What ye about, Nat?" he asked.

Without stopping, Nat answered simply:

"I'm building a house."

"A house?" queried the father.

"A house," answered Nat.

For a few moments his father watched him curiously. He couldn't understand.

"Be ye goneter get married?" the father finally asked.

"Yes," answered Nat.

"To the schoolmarm?"

"Yes."

"When?"

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"I don't know. I haven't asked her yet."

Joshua sat down on a rock and lighted his pipe. With his elbows on his knees, he looked on until dark. When Nat picked up his tools to leave, his father joined him.

"Thar's room enough to home," said his father.

"Not for Julie and me," answered Nat.

When Mrs. Page heard, her eyes grew moist.

"She'll make ye a good wife," she said.

The next morning again at dawn, Nat turned the first shovelful of earth. That night his father appeared again and offered to help. But Nat refused the offer. From cellar to attic he had determined that this should be the work of his hands and his alone. And so the father sat and watched Nat struggle with a rock that weighed half a ton; saw him heave and strain till the veins on his forehead swelled into whipcords.

"Don't be a tarnation fool," said the father, as Nat paused.

The old man rose to throw his weight on the end of the lever. Nat shook his head.

"Leave it be!" he ordered.

Joshua sat down, and in the end saw the rock toppled over into place. He saw the sweat and the strain, but he couldn't see the joy. Day after day he watched, and saw with admiration feats of strength that would have tested the capacity of any other two men in town, but that was all he saw. He understood no more of the deep happiness of the fight than a man can understand that which lies below and hallows and soothes the travail of a woman in labor. He saw his son grow leaner than ever, saw his forearms grow as hard as the hind legs of an ox, and saw the foundation laid and the floor timbers in place before the end of the month.

Every Sunday Nat harnessed up the colt and drove to St. Croix. There he was received by the father and mother of Julie Moulton as one of the family. There he was received by Julie at first with some uneasiness, but later, as he did not refer again to the talk in the pasture, with a certain eagerness. He came like a breeze from the top of Eagle, and he freshened up her memory of 'Gene.

Nat liked the evenings best. Then the four of them used to gather on the big granite slabs that made the front stoop; Julie cuddling against her mother's side on the top step, and Nat and Silas below. Nat often sat so near to her that his elbow brushed her white skirt. The older people grew reminiscent at such times, and Mrs. Moulton told much of her early life in the convent at Montreal. Sometimes Julie sang the songs her mother had learned there and had taught her. They were light French chansons, and her voice was well suited to them. Nat couldn't understand the words, but that didn't matter. The music was enough. It expressed a great deal of what was in his own heart, and left him more eager than ever to get back to his house. He learned many of the tunes and often whistled them while at work.

In this way the summer passed and the house took form. It was unlike anything to be seen within a hundred miles of St. Croix. On the first floor there was one big room with a large stone fireplace, and off this a little room for the kitchen. Upstairs, again, there was only one big room where there should have been three or four. Around three sides of the house was a piazza ten feet deep. The building, instead of facing the road as every honest house should, fronted nothing but the valley and the mountains.

By the first week in September the roof had been shingled, the sides clapboarded, and the windows all put in. This left nothing to be done but the finish of the interior. Still Nat told Julie nothing about his house. He had no idea of making a secret of it, but it didn't seem to matter just now whether she knew or not. He wished to have it ready, that was all. When she came back to school, she would see for herself and this would save words.

School was to open the second Mon-

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day in September, and that week Nat worked harder than ever. With the aid of lamps he worked far into the night in his anxiety to have the house all done to show her when she returned. His father thought his son had lost his wits. He rose from a troubled sleep one evening, dressed, and went up there. It was almost eleven. Nat was just finishing the plastering of the ceiling.

"Any one'd think ye was goneter git married to-morrer," scowled his father.

"So?" answered Nat.

He resetd his arm a moment. It ached from finger-tip to shoulder-blade.

"Be ye?" persisted the old man.

"No," answewed Nat.

"When then?"

"I don't know."

"Won't she set the day?"

"No."

Nat resumed his work.

"Let me finish thet for ye," said his father.

"I'll have it done in another hour," answered Nat.

His arm cast fantastic shadows on the walls. Joshua watched them with an uncanny feeling. Without another word he remained there until Nat finished and blowing out the lights staggered back home.

The next morning was Sunday, the day he was to go to St. Croix and drive her home. He rose at dawn and raked up the space around the house and swept all the floors. The rooms were barren enough without furniture, but when the sun flooded in they looked very warm and tidy. It didn't take a very vivid imagination ro supply the chairs and tables, especially when he knew just where he was to get them. In three weeks there was to be an auction at the Lovell place, and he figured that he had just about money enough left to buy there the things he needed. If possible, he meant to persuade Julie to drive over with him and help pick them out.

That forenoon Nat hitched the colt

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in the two-seated wagon, so that there would be plenty of room behind for her trunk. It was a fair crisp day, with the smell of nuts in the air, and he went over the road to St. Croix as though behind a Pegasus. Julie's trunk was all packed, and she was dressed in a new dark-blue suit. With the excitement of the journey in prospect coloring her cheeks, she looked very much like a bride. Nat was too impatient to be off to enjoy his dinner, though for the occasion Mrs. Moulton had quite outdone herself. It seemed to him that the meal would never end. Even after this Julie was an hour in getting together odds and ends before she was ready to take his hand and mount the seat beside him. In spite of all these delays they were on the road by three o'clock. It was the first time they had been alone together since that afternoon in the pasture. Both were conscious of this fact. They did not speak until they had left the scattering houses behind and had plunged into the first long silent stretch of fragrant pines. Then Julie relaxed a little from her stiff position by Nat's side, and looking up to see what he was about, found his eyes upon her.

"It seems good to be taking you back, Julie," he said.

"I'm not getting back; I'm going away," she reminded him.

"I always think of you as gettin' back when you come near Eagle," he said.

She looked away uneasily. There was a steady self-confident air about him that disturbed her. She couldn't say it displeased her, but at the same time it made her decidedly uncomfortable. It made her distinctly conscious of his bigness and, in proportion, of her own weakness.

"I'm getting back to school, if that's what you mean," she answered feebly.

"You're gettin' back home," he said.

"But I'm not, Nat," she insisted, as though, if she did not make this perfectly clear, he might by some magic make it a reality.

"Do you remember what I told ye before I came away?"

"I remember that I told you to forget all you said," she answered.

"Ye might as well have told me to stop breathing," he answered.

She glanced up at him and found his eyes full upon her. They did not flinch. With a flush she turned away from them. They were wonderfully clear eyes. They differed from 'Gene's in that there was never any mystery about them. She shivered a little, and he tucked the buffalo robe more tightly about her. There was something infinitely tender in the very motions of his hand. She smiled her thanks at him.

It was this which encouraged him to confide in her a bit of news second in importance to the house alone.

"The judge has taken my notes for that pine on Eagle."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "Then you'll be your own boss this winter?"

"This winter, anyhow," he answered.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked, for his face had grown sober.

"I've got a little less than an even chance to win out," he answered.

"If you have that much of a chance, I'll bet on you, Nat," she replied sincerely.

"To meet the notes I've got to get a lot of timber down the mountain, into the river, and down the river before the water drops."

"You will, you will," she answered eagerly, catching the inspiration of the contest.

This was just the sort of thing any one would back him to do. She saw that even as he voiced his difficulties to her, his jaws came together.

"Yes," he said, "I'll do it."

His eyes had been leveled straight ahead, and now they turned to meet hers. They brought her heart to her throat and left her tingling all over. She felt the thrill of one who for the first time handles the lever of some powerful machine.

"But I shall want you with me," he said.

She started.

"I'll be with you all I can," she answered.

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"I don't think I'd have tried if it hadn't been for you."

"For me? Why, Nat, why —"

"If it hadn't been for you," he repeated, and turned away his eyes.

She was very silent the rest of the journey. She was afraid to speak, almost afraid to think. Her thoughts went wild. If she had been alone, she would have sung to relieve her feelings. So they came to the foot of Hio Hill, and the wagon began to creak up the long incline. As they neared the schoolhouse, he said:

"That's been a mighty lonesome-looking building since you left."

She glanced swiftly beyond, to the place where she had said good by to 'Gene. She was half in hope that she could pass that spot now without emotion, but she found herself turning first cold, then hot. She edged a little away from Nat and sat very erect. She felt like jumping out and running into the woods, but the horse plodded steadily on, like Fate. And like some fateful mirror, she saw once again every detail of that hour when she had let herself go into the strong arms of 'Gene. The memory of it made her feel faint. She closed her eyes — closed them tight — and forced herself to remember not only that, but all that led up to it and the promise at the end. She did not open them again until the horse drew up into the yard and she heard Nat's voice. There was a quality in it which brought her very quickly to herself.

"This," he said, "this is yours — when ye want it, Julie."

She was staring, not at the Miller house, but at a new building on the crest of the hill. It was long and low and it faced the west. It was just such a house as she had dreamed about, just such a house as a bride might dream about.

She clutched Nat's arm.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I built it for you this summer."

"You — you —"

But her eyes grew misty and her voice choked.

"Want to go in and look at it?" he asked eagerly.

She drew a deep breath. Then she answered quickly:

"No, no, no. I — I wouldn't dare, Nat. I wouldn't dare. Please turn round — *right now.*"

(*To be continued*)

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Wendell Phillips

By CHARLES L. HINCKE

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold."
"A sower of infinite seed was he, a woodman that hewed to the line."

ADOWN the dim far-away vista of time that takes me back to the golden days of my Boston home, the ancient Brimmer School on Common Street stands most vividly within my memory. Passing, as we did daily, up and down the crooked street, with the admonishing clock tower of the Hollis Street Church peering at us over the roofs of the houses, to the somber school building near the corner of Washington Street, I again see a venerable figure stepping out of one of the old-fashioned houses on the opposite side of the street,— a figure erect and stately, a head of grayish hair, a face whose features were clear cut and strong. He was a newcomer on the little street.

One day the master said to us, "Boys, if some morning you meet an elderly gentleman walking along the street, salute him in a friendly manner, for he is one of the honored men of Boston, and has devoted his life to the cause of justice, liberty, and humanity. Boys, Wendell Phillips has come to dwell within this neighborhood."

How we thrilled at the news and the thought of his being in our midst! Wendell Phillips, of whom we had heard so much, whose speeches were among our choicest reading lessons, whose name was associated with that of William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and the freedom of the slaves. And with what awe we gazed upon his strong yet lovable face as we would pass him upon the street bidding him "good day" and receiving his kindly greeting in return.

Wendell Phillips was of the bluest of New England blood. Born a Bostonian, November 29, 1811, in the large mansion that stood at the corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets. His ancestors had come over in the good ship *Arabella* which crossed the Atlantic in the wake of the *Mayflower*. Following in the footsteps of his forebears, where in each generation there had been a minister of the gospel, he, like them, was to have become a clergyman. He enjoyed the advantages of the best schools of his native city, entered Harvard where he graduated with high honors in 1831; after which he studied law and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1834.

It was during the era of the first great antislavery excitement, when the whole country being in arms against the slave power, he witnessed the indignities heaped upon men like Garrison that the old patriotic, freedom-loving blood, which had made his acnestors among the foremost of the patriots of the Revolution, was stirred within him.

He threw himself into the front of the battle against slavery, and for thirty years and more fought oppression, putting aside for it a brilliant future in his profession and made opposition to slavery the great business of his life.

The incident that led to his becoming an abolitionist happened when one day he attended a meeting at Faneuil Hall and heard the Attorney General of the State of Massachusetts vindicate the murder of Lovejoy in Illinois, who had been shot down while in defence of his property, the printing press, trying to maintain, at fearful odds, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press.

Standing among the auditors young Wendell Phillips, unknown to fame, listened with indignation, and when the Attorney General retired sprang to the platform only to be met with hostile protestations by the partisans of the attorney, but he met this ex-

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pression of disapproval with a calm front and a voice that was serene, rebuking the recreant American — the slanderer of the dead. At this the uproar became furious and for a moment it seemed as if violence would follow. Friends quieted the mob-l ike audience and Phillips proceeded. His slight speech delivered and the orator was born. This put him at once into the front rank of the speakers of the day. The martyrdom of Lovejoy caused Wendell Phillips to consecrate himself to the advocacy of human rights.

He became the most polished and graceful of orators our country had ever produced. He spoke very quietly, as if talking to people in his own parlor, yet he had a great power over all kinds of audiences. Often called to speak before howling mobs, he never failed to subdue them. At one time before an audience in Boston, the majority of whom were exceedingly hostile, yelling and singing and completely drowning his utterances, reporters were seated below the platform and Phillips turned to them and bending low seemed to be speaking in a low tone to them. By and by the curiosity of the audience was excited, they ceased their clamor and tried to hear what he was saying to the reporters. Phillips looked at them and said quietly: "Go on, gentlemen, go on. I do not need your ears. Through these pencils I speak to thirty millions of people." Not a voice was raised again. The mob had found its master and stayed whipped until he sat down.

As an orator Wendell Phillips stood alone; his style was unique, and yet eloquent as he was as a speaker he was far more effective as a debater; here all his fire and verve were brought to the surface. His lectures were of exceeding interest, whether the subject was literary or on the matter of the day. His speeches were always couched in the choicest words of the English language, carrying all before him. The man was greater than his speech. The lightning of his righteous wrath was terrible. It smote his antagonists with certain death. Yet he remained cool and self-possessed. He never hesitated for a word or failed to employ the one best fitted to express his thought on the point in question.

During his youth, when first he mounted the platform, his style was ornate and picturesque. On his return from a European trip, after witnessing the disgraceful position the United States had been brought into by the refusal of the then minister to France to sign a treaty for the abolition of the slave-trade, he spoke as follows:

"As I stood on the shores of Genoa, and saw our beautiful American ship, the *Ohio*, floating on the placid Mediterranean, with her masts tapering proportionally aloft, her pennon flying, and an eastern sun reflecting her graceful form upon the sparkling waters, attracting the gaze of the multitude on the shore, I thought the scene one to pride any American to think himself an American; but when I thought that, in all probability, the first time that gallant ship should gird on her gorgeous apparel, and wake from beneath her sides her dormant thunder, it would be in defense of the African slave-trade, I could but blush, and hang my head, to think myself an American."

Severe as is the criticism in these enlightened days when a man like Theodore Roosevelt dares to show his respect and appreciation for the colored man, what must it have meant in those days of personal danger? Wendell Phillips deliberately put himself out in trying to help and shield the negro. His silver tongue was ever ready in his defense. He was once asked the price of a lecture, he answered, "One hundred dollars and expenses if on a literary subject; free of charge if upon slavery." If ever the colored man had a friend, he was theirs and his name should be deeply graven within their hearts. He took his place with the lowly and despised, and to their cause gave his time, his money, and his eloquence. Frederick Douglas, in paying a glowing tribute to Wendell

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Phillips, says: "The cause of the slave had many advocates, many of them were able and very eloquent; but it had only one Wendell Phillips."

One time when this same representative of the colored race, entering a railway train in company with Mr. Phillips, was requested to leave that particular car, Mr. Phillips quietly arose and went with him into the "Jim Crow" car, saying, "Douglas, if you cannot ride with me, I can ride with you." He never failed to give pecuniary assistance to the colored students and in every way possible tried to be of help to them.

The following extract is from a eulogy delivered by Frederick Douglas and gives one a slight idea what it meant in those days to espouse the cause of the negro:

"Daniel Webster once said, 'Any man can do an agreeable duty, but not every man can do a disagreeable duty.' After slavery struck at the life of the nation, after it had crippled and killed thousands of our sons and brothers on the battlefield, after it had rent asunder the nation at the center, and imperiled the existence if the Republic, it was easy to be an anti-slavery man; but when slavery ruled both the State and the Church, when it commanded the support of both press and pulpit and wielded the purse and sword of the nation, when he who dared to speak in favor of the abolition of slavery lost caste in society, made himself of no reputation, and exposed his person and property to violence and peril, — to espouse this cause at such a time was not an agreeable duty, but one that required the noblest qualities of head and heart."

Wendell Phillips always spoke of his wife as his great aid and assistant. He used to say she preceded him in everything. She was a peace woman before he was. She was his Egeria, his counselor, his guide. It was she who made him an abolitionist, as he often told those about him. It was her suggestions, the promptings of wifely devotedness and womanly intuition, that inspired him to utter his loftiest and bravest words in those dark days of the great antislavery contest. It was his affection for her that gave added tenderness and pathos to his pleas for the suffering slave. His devotion and kindness to her, who for years had been an invalid, was beautiful to witness, and his desire was to outlive her so that he might minister to her until the end.

During a lecture tour he wrote from Iowa, the far West: "I, the traveler, the elderly gentleman, have been — kissed, in Illinois! Put that into your pipe and smoke it, if you can without choking your envious soul. Yes, kissed!! On a public platform, in front of a depot, the whole world envying me. 'Who did it?' you ask? It was an old man of seventy-three years, a veteran abolitionist, a lovely old saint. In the early days of the cause we used to kiss each other like the early Christians, and when he saw me he resumed the habit."

For over forty years Mr. Phillips lived in a house on Essex Street, the old-time residence district of Boston, but finally the exigencies of trade compelled him to leave the spot where he had so long resided, and in sorrow he removed his household gods into a small house on Common Street, not far from the corner of Tremont Street. From that day his heart failed him; he grew old fast, and there he died, after a short illness, on February 2, 1884.

All Boston mourned when it heard the sad tidings, and wreaths of ivy were laid upon the casket of the man who, while alive, was reviled, but reverenced and adored when dead. Those eloquent lips were silenced. But the lips of his friends were unsealed, and from everywhere, over the country at large, came expressions of sorrow and esteem. Said Julia Ward Howe:

"Golden-mouthed Phillips is dead,
Whose eloquence charmed even his adversaries,
Whose whisper restrained great assemblies,
The most finished orator of our time."

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Funeral services were held at the Hollis Street Unitarian Church, one of the oldest edifices in Boston and sacred to the memory of John Pierpont, Starr King, and Francis Jackson; the services were simple but deeply effective. At their conclusion the body was reverently borne to Faneuil Hall, the streets thronged with mourners all the way. Arriving at the hall, it lay in state, while the people of Boston, old and young, white and black, crowded the square, sorrowfully entering the building and slowly passing the casket for one last look at the kindly face of Wendell Phillips. Late in the afternoon the remains were carried to the old Granary Burying-ground, where in the ancient family vault all that remained of Wendell Phillips was laid at rest. Not a word was spoken at the grave, the vast crowd by its silence testifying its honest tribute of respect to the memory of the dead.

"One day, a living king, he faced a crowd
Of critic foes: over the dead king bowed
A throng of friends who yesterday were those
Who thought themselves, and whom the world thought, foes."

THE FIRST ROCKING CHAIR

By ADA A. BREWSTER

WOULD you like to hear about that priceless curiosity which is carefully preserved in one of the Old Colony houses that dates back over two hundred years? I hear you ask, Did it come over in the *Mayflower?* and I answer, it had not the honor. No such invention to promote indolence for the lazy or rest for the weary was then known. I am told that few are found in England, and those are unused by English people, and are called "American chairs."

It was in the year 1780 that it was first thought of and fashioned in those early days of the Pilgrim Colony. The lady of the house, widow of Deacon Wrestling Brewster, was an invalid, obliged to occupy a chair much of the time, and as they were stiff and hard one of the farm hands pitied her. He bethought him of the rocking of a cradle. Why could he not make for that delicate sufferer a little more comfort? Cutting circular pieces of wood he attached them to the legs of her chair and behold, it rocked! Not much of a sweep to be sure, but he had become an inventor. He had made the "*first rocking chair.*" It is now an heirloom.

There are other ancient relics at the old house at Woodside. — that is the name by which the place is now known. One is a very precious book of excellent sermons from which Elder William Brewster of the *Mayflower* preached to his devoted congregation. He, not being an ordained minister, read from printed sermons. The volume is doubly prized by his descendants, for it contains marginal notes written by the hand of that brave and godly man who led his little band of followers through their troublous journeyings in the old world safely to this their new land.

The coming of the old house into the Brewster family is interesting. Built by Major William Bradford (son of William Bradford, governor of the Pilgrim Colony) for his daughter who married Lieutenant Holmes, and in which in 1697 their son Ephraim was born. The earliest date found concerning the homestead is that birth.

In 1741 Ephraim Holmes exchanged the dwelling for that of Deacon Wrestling Brewster, "both being satisfied," the deed declared. The homestead that had been Deacon Wrestling's, as he was called, was situated in the woods where his wife feared Indians. I have

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THE FIRST ROCKING CHAIR

spoken of her being an invalid, having much of the time to keep her chair. A friend has told us that in her school days the picture of the "first chair" was in the history she studied, where there, too, she learned this pretty story, that the husband changed houses so his wife would be enabled to sit and watch him working over "his broad acres." We would be pleased to find that history. When the friend first visited Woodside and saw the old chair she recognized it and told us the tale. Another reason for the moving has been given, that the deacon liked to live near salt water as an easy access to fish and clams. A very good reason, but the other is more sentimental and we like to believe it. Possibly both are correct.

Deacon Wrestling built an addition to the house, and Thomas Brewster, his son, added a T. The lower room at the right as you enter the front door has not been altered, possessing the paneling, beading and inside wooden folding window shutters, also paneled. Other rooms are paneled in various ways, all have large beams across the low studded ceilings. The small window panes, door-latches and high poster bedsteads with valance and tester are mostly retained. The quaint narrow staircase and small, inconvenient "front entry" are curious in this day of roomy dwellings. But the joys brought by the exchange of homes must be seen to be appreciated. Situated upon a hill, sheltered by woods of oak and fragrant pine at the north, while the sunny front exposure looks down over fields, the ever varying tide as it ebbs and flows through black-grass meadows, Abram's Hill crowned by the pretty village of Kingston, Mass., and beyond, the historic town of Plymouth backed by the purple hills of Manomet reaching into the ocean. "Captain's Hill," that sturdy wind-swept promontory of Duxbury Bay, you cannot overlook. Upon the summit stands the shaft which raises into view the bronze image of the doughty captain of the Pilgrims, whose home was upon that hill. The homestead of their elder, William Brewster, was also there after he left Plymouth. When children we used to visit Mr. Marshall Soule, who lived at the "old Brewster house." Mr. Soule, being an antiquarian, was a fitting keeper of the relic. I am thankful he cannot know that it has been permitted to decay, leaving not a vestige to mark the spot where once dwelt that faithful Pilgrim leader, not even a tablet!

Will not the loyal Brewsters arouse and do justice to their noble minded, gentle hearted, and courageous souled ancestor, not allowing the descendants of other *May-*

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flower colonists to excel us in our duty?

It seems of interest to add that the invalid wife of Deacon Wrestling Brewster was a descendant of Ray Thomas, whose farm afterward was purchased by Daniel Webster. The mother of Ray Thomas was the first American lady presented to the court of King James.

FIREPLACE IN THE ROOM THAT IS UNCHANGED

RECENT SONGS BY AMERICAN WOMEN COMPOSERS

By ETHEL SYFORD

FOR several seasons the name of Marion Bauer has appeared on the concert programs of some of the greatest singers whom we have heard. Miss Bauer's "Light" has been sung with much success by Mme. Schumann-Heink and by Sig. Bonci; Mme. Gerville-Reache and Maurice Renaud both sang Miss Bauer's "Nocturne" last season. The real significance of these facts, however, is that for the amateur singer these songs are ones that are tangible, — entirely within the capabilities of the singer of modest attainments. Though of French parentage, Miss Bauer was born in Walla Walla, Washington; she was brought up in a Western military post. At least two of her songs show how sympathetically her sensitive imagination was kindled by this contact with the life of the real West, — her "Red Man's Requiem" and "The Coyote Song" are so full of the spirit of the plains that they are each typical of the experience which they represent. "Send me a Dream" is a beautiful romantic lyric and one which is much liked because of its soulful melody. The words are by Miss Bauer's sister and it is dedicated to Mme. Gluck.

"Send me a kream from the Dream Tree,
And then perhaps I may know
How the leaves of pale green
Get their delicate sheen
And the fragrant pink blossoms grow.

"Send me a dream from the Dream Sea,
And then perhaps I may hear
Some sweet song in the shells
Of the mermaid who tells
Her secret in tones silver clear.

"Send me a dream from the Dream Clouds,
And then perhaps I may feel

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Just a tear from the sky
As it passes me by,
And the grief in the earth to conceal.

"Send me a dream from the Dream Star,
And then perhaps I may see
In the tremulous glow
Both above and below
The light that is shining for me."

"Over the Hills" is more simple in style and is very effective because of its fervor and its sympathetic adaptation. The words are by Paul Lawrence Dunbar. "Star Trysts" is more elaborate. George Harris has used this song in New York repeatedly and he has frequent requests for this number and for "Send me a Dream." This latter song, together with "Over the Hills," "Light," and "Nocturne," is sure of extensive studio and home use because they are effective and what one might call grateful bits of artistic song writing.

The thoroughly musical quality of Mary Turner Salter's songs is so well known, especially to New Englanders, that whatever she contributes to the song world is sure to attract. Mrs. Salter was born in Peoria, Illinois, and began her career as a singer in the West. Later she studied in Boston and New York under Mme. Rudersdorf, the mother of Richard Mansfield. Mrs. Salter became prominent as a concert and oratorio singer.

Mrs. Salter's deep feeling, rare musical instinct, poetic imagination, and her knowledge of the voice have been the forces which have made her work so satisfactory and so full of recompense to the singer. Mrs. Salter has been a church singer and a concert singer, and her sacred songs and her secular songs show the results of her comprehensive experience, because she has never allowed the beauty of her ideas to roam upon heights that are impracticable for the singer. "My Dear" and "The Sweet of the Year" are sure to always be counted among the best American lyrics. "My Dear" is full of tenderness and feeling and its *andante espressivo* is significant of its feeling-ful mood.

"One deep and loving thought of you
To stay with me the long hours thro',
To brighten day that else were drear,
My dear."

"The Sweet of the Year" is the

READY FOR THE OCEAN'S ARMS

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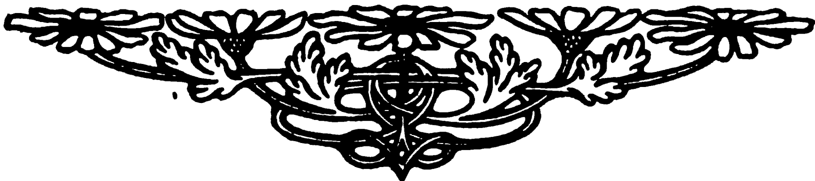
mood of a more eager, a more animated joy and its *molto animato* fairly darts and flashes with joy. The "Song of Agamede" — the song which Agamede sings to the tree which grows on the grave of her little son — is a song of yearning anguish which is tremendously effective; the last stanza is significant:

"Die, die, thou little tree,
And be as all sweet things must be;
Deep where thy petals drift,
I, too, would rest, would rest, —
The changing seasons through."

"The young Musician" is a clever child's song and it has an innocent humor which makes both the words (by Louise Ayers Garnett) and the music attractive. The two sacred songs, "I Lay my Sins on Jesus" and "There is a Blessed Home," are among the most satisfactory of recent sacred songs suitable for church or home use.

Miss Mabel Daniels is another New England woman whose song writing has been successful. She was born in Swampscott, Mass., and is a graduate of Radcliffe College, where she was prominent as leader of the Glee Club and the composer of three operettas for women's voices. Her book, entitled "An American Girl in Munich — Impressions of a Music Student," gives an interesting account of her studies in Germany, and it is profitable reading for all who are thinking of studying abroad. Her song for high or low voice, entitled "Villa of Dreams," was awarded the Custer Memorial Prize by the National Federation of Musical Clubs. The words are by Arthur Symons. The song has especial harmonic beauty and freshness. Two three-part songs for women's voices — "Eastern Song" and "The Voice of my Beloved" — were awarded the Brush Memorial Prize and they are sure to have an extensive use. "Daybreak" is one of the most spontaneous and joyful outbursts of love that could be imprisoned in song. This song has been sung by Miss Lilla Ormond with great success. It is written for soprano or tenor, mezzo soprano or baritone. "The Lady of Dreams" is a lullaby of dainty and melodious fancy. Three Irish songs "An Irish Coquette," "In the Dark," and "The Fields of Bally Clare," are full of the directness of feeling that is characteristic of folk-music.

It is refreshing and a real pleasure to notice how markedly the songs of each of these six women have an individuality all their own. There is real artisitc beauty about each song which I have mentioned, and it would be hard to choose from among them. Incidentally, two songs by Gena Branscombe ought not be overlooked. A "Serenade" (I send my heart up to thee) has been made familiar to us by Paul Dufault. The words are from "In a Gondola" by Robert Browning, and Miss Branscombe has been most sympathetically true to their mood. It is a song of only two pages, but it is a bit of beautiful song and very "singable." "Sleep, then, ah sleep," by Miss Branscombe, is another gem of soulful and sustained melody. The words are by Richard Le Gallienne and the song has been sung by David Bispham and by Mme. Gadski with repeated success.



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Birds of the Month

By WINTHROP PACKARD

Field Secretary of the Massachusetts Aubudon Society

(Birds of the Month will be a regular feature of the magazine. It is designed to call especial attention to the esthetic and economical value of our wild birds, the need of protecting them, and the work done for their welfare by the Audubon Society.)

THE typical bird of December is the junco. Coming to us with gray skies and the chill of snow, his colors are of both. It is as if the gray of winter skies had dropped a little cloak for his shoulders, one that he wears quite jauntily above his waistcoat which matches the white of the snow over which he flits so cheerily. For neither zero gales nor deep drifts bring dismay to this six-inch wanderer in winter fields. He may have been born on the bleak hills of Labrador, or above the tree line on the summits of the White Mountains, or even on the lesser hills of northern New England, and he may wander in the dead of winter as far south as the Gulf States, but wherever he is he is cheery, self-reliant, and amply able to take care of himself.

In late September he came down from the north or from the hills, and, in the three southern New England States at least, he will glean in coppice and shrubbery until mid-April. For the junco is of the sparrow tribe and with his conical, flesh-colored bill is a most industrious eater of seeds. For him the birches have been growing all summer long their little cylindrical cones which open little by little after the first frosts and scatter seed for him on each new fall of snow until springtime. For him the golden-rod and aster, the wild grasses and the weeds of cultivated fields and gardens hold stout stems above the crust and scatter manna at every new dawn. And in his flocks come the tree-sparrows and the few field and song sparrows which may winter here, sure that long experience has taught him where the fattest larder lies widest open.

We have two snowbirds, so called, in New England. One the snow-bunting, which is the only one of our sparrow-like birds to have white predominating in its wings and tail as well as on its body. This bird is born in the very Arctic and is the little white bird so common in our northern three States in winter, but which only occasionally comes down into Massachusetts and Connecticut. The other is the junco.

Climbing the summit cone of Mount Washington one sunny day in early July, at a point near the top where the ascent was so steep that I needed to use both fingers and toes, a junco flew out right in my face from beneath an overhanging rock. Behind her, cleverly placed in a hole among the grasses, was her nest, of rootlets and moss, lined with fine grass and feathers and, snugly tucked in among the feathers, four pale bluish-white eggs, marked with reddish brown. No bird ever nested higher than this in New England, nor does any other bird nest as high anywhere in our good old six States. The eggs were perfectly sheltered from cold, in their deep hollow, snugly packed in solt feathers and grasses, and the nest was admirably placed, not only for concealment from possible enemies, but for protection from inclement weather. Let the wind blow as hard as it might — and no place in New England gets quite such gales — beneath the rock, in the tiny hollow among the grasses, no draft could reach. Let the snow fall if it would, and it may come deep even in junco nesting-time on the summit of Mount Washington, no drift could lie across the face of that

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sheer cliff. Torrential rains might send the water cascading down the cliff, but the jutting rock, like a pent-roof, would shunt any flood and leave the nest dry and safe. There the young juncos opened their eyes on a wider outlook than any other bird sees for the first time, while their father trilled his defiant little home song from a near-by crag.

I found a nest similarly skillfully placed on the trail over Adams toward the Madison hut, and near the Lakes of the Clouds, over on the hill between Washington and Monroe were others. Indeed these little drab birds, whose white outer tail feathers are so conspicuous in flight, and whose flesh-colored, conical bills stand conspicuously out among their gray feathers while they sit at rest, nest numerously over all the summits of the Presidential Range. The region would be lonesome without them in July.

The bleakness of winter comes early in the season up there, and by the twentieth of September their southward wanderings have brought them down into the latitude of Boston, where many of them will spend the winter. They bring with them all the jaunty fearlessness of mountaineers, and they sing, though the skies may lower and the cold bite, little joyous songs as they glean among the weed seeds in the pastures, hedgerows, and gardens. I do not like to have the barn grass and amaranth weeded too well from my garden in August and September, for I know well if these are left to grow tall and husky the juncos will come in flocks for their seeds all winter long. The songs they sing then are not the defiant trills of the nesting season but rather a twittering, almost canary-like jubilation which is very sweet to hear when skies are gray, the wind shrills mournfully and the white blanket of the snow lies over all things.

With the juncos the winter chippies, otherwise known as tree-sparrows, stray through the shrubbery and fill their crops with such seeds as the juncos do not get. In the friendly rivalry I sometimes fancy that they divide the spoils, each species taking only the seeds he likes best, at least in time of plenty. Often when the snow is deepest I find the juncos feeding on the garden weeds while the tree-sparrows flock about the birches, devouring their tiny seeds which flip from the little cones along with the fleur-de-lis scales which hold them in. You will know the tree-sparrow from other brown, sparrow-like birds by the dark gray dimple in their otherwise light-gray breasts and by the white, or it often seems to me paler brown, bar on the darker brown of the wings. The tree-sparrow, or winter chippy as many love to call him, does not nest as high on Mount Washington as does the junco, but he braves the winter cold just as nonchalantly and like the junco he sometimes sings even in the dead of winter. It is as if the soul of a canary had found a voice in this blunt, brown bird of the barren hedgerows and white drifts, for out of the plain singer's throat comes the most delightful melody, very like that of a canary at his best, but finer and slenderer in quality, a joyful outpouring that does not seem to be for the world at large but rather for the bird himself, as if he counseled patience and cheerfulness in a song that was really meant only for his own ears.

As the winter passes both birds sing their friendly folk-songs oftener until, when the impulse to move north comes to them, they are in full chorus, the notes ringing far louder and clearer than during the winter.

Any or all of our winter visitants may be with us in December, but these two birds are commonest and may be made very friendly if we will but be friendly toward them. Often when the snow is deep both varieties come about the very door looking for food and eager for crumbs. They are seed eaters and will frequent weedy spots in the garden finding seeds day after day in places where one would think their gleaning had long ago taken the last one. Then, if we will put out chaff from the floor of the barn or indeed

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seeds of any sort we may have them for constant companions.

Unless the work has been begun sooner, December is a fine month in which to begin systematic winter feeding of the wild birds. Beside the varieties mentioned in the foregoing one may expect as occasional visitors and perhaps intimate friends for months chickadees, brown creepers, downy and hairy woodpeckers, goldfinches, redpolls, white-breasted nuthatches, flickers, blue jays, crows, and perhaps crossbills, pine grosbeaks or even the rare and occasional evening grosbeaks. To get them scatter seeds in sheltered spots in the woods, then nearer home in several places and make a final best feeding place of all near the house in a place that can be watched from the windows. When the birds have become accustomed to follow the trail from the more distant feeding places to the one nearest home all but this may be gradually abandoned. Once the birds have definitely located a good feeding place they will come to it all winter long and may be made very tame.

All birds eat seeds and grain in the winter when other food is scarce, but to especially tempt the insectivorous birds like the chickadee and nuthatch, for instance, the same plan of a food trail from the woods to the dooryard should be followed, using suet securely fastened to the southerly side of tree trunks or limba. Chickadees thus tolled to the neighborhood of the house and made friendly secure of their welcome often become so tame as to perch on the finger and take food from the hand.

This is a good time of year to put out bird boxes too. Home-made ones are good, if they are made right. If not they are worse than useless. Those which imitate the holes made by woodpeckers are best. Several firms now make a business of making scientifically correct bird boxes and giving full directions as to how to place them. These are not only right for birds, but are picturesque and add beauty to a country place. These in place now will be visited by the winter birds, perhaps used as shelter, and will be all ready for occupancy by the first arriving spring migrants. The spring is such a busy time with men as with birds that if we let the matter of putting up bird boxes go until then we are likely to let it get by us until the birds have chosen for the year, then of course it is too late. Let's do it now.

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IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS AT CHOCORUA

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VIEW AT BETHLEHEM, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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VIEW AT INTERVALE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

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WINTER SPORTS IN NEW ENGLAND

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NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS

By WILLIAM W. DOHERTY, ESQ., OF BOSTON

THE Republican Party in Massachusetts had its origin in the hearts and consciences of men whose moral nature revolted at the idea that there could be property in man or any sufficient excuse for the enslavement of men of any color or race; whose sensibilities were shocked at the cruelties inflicted upon the unhappy Africans held as slaves in the Southern States of the Union; and whose devotion to the right, as they saw it, impelled them to adopt and support any lawful means for the restriction and final abolition of slavery in the United States.

The opponents of slavery were found in every class and community of our Commonwealth, and in the ranks of every political party; and, while all were not of the same mind as to the best means to be adopted for its extinction, yet the desire to do away with the evil was present with each. Those there were who believed in and advocated "immediate emancipation," regardless of political conditions or social complications; there were others still who, recognizing the rights of the slaveholder under the limitations and compromises of the Constitution of the United States, believed that only by moral agitation against its existence, and legislation which should prevent its extension into territory where it did not exist, could the cause be most effectively aided. The ideas of such men found exemplification in the so-called "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, by the terms of which slavery was prohibited in any territory of the United States where it did not then exist, north of a certain well defined line, viz., thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes north latitude. Again there were others who, professing an abhorrence of the unclean thing, deprecated any agitation which might offend the South and disturb the business relations of the two sections. This last class was in the popular language of that time aptly termed "Doughfaces."

The Republican Party which, under that name, was started in one of the Western States in 1854, was but the successor to and the inheritor of the ideas and principles of men and parties of prior days. First among these was the so-called "Abolition Party," the party of "immediate and unconditional emancipation," a party which claimed to be non-political in purpose, as that word is generally understood, and repudiated agitation of its principles through a special political association, hoping "to make it the interest of existing political parties to act upon abolition principles." There was, however, a section of the Abolitionists who felt otherwise, and organized "The Liberty Party," which in 1840 polled about seven thousand votes, and in the presidential campaign of 1844 had acquired such a following that in New York State it

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drew voters enough from the Whig Party to cause the loss of that State's electoral vote to Henry Clay, and so the loss of the presidency; for had Mr. Clay carried New York he, and not James K. Polk, would have been elected to that position. In 1848 was organized "The Free Soil Party," an antislavery body whose purpose and principles were substantially those of the Liberty Party and the Republican Party of later date.

In the summer of 1854 the Republican Party in Massachusetts was organized. The times were propitious for it. The public conscience had been stirred by seeing fugitive slaves arrested, the courthouse in Boston in chains and garrisoned by the thugs, bullies, and pimps from Boston's darkest parties who constituted the squad of deputy U. S. marshals hired to prevent any possible rescue of the fugitive, and to guard him, when he had been ordered back into slavery, to the national vessel which transported him to Virginia. It had seen this guard re-enforced by U. S. regular troops and marines from the National Navy Yard, who, with loaded muskets, cannon grape-shotted, and lighted linstocks, preceded and brought up the rear of the hollow square in the center of which the poor creature marched to his doom over the spot hallowed by the blood of Crispus Attucks and his fellow martyrs in the Boston massacre of March 5, 1770. And, more than all, the nation at large had seen in 1854 the wanton abrogation of the Missouri Compromise passed by the National Congress in 1820, and for more than thirty years acquiesced in by all parties as limiting the territory into which slavery might be extended. Then followed the invasion of Kansas by the border ruffians of Missouri; the assaults upon and murders of the Free State men of that territory, connived at and condoned by the National Democratic Administration and its territorial officers in "Bleeding Kansas." Then the North turned — not its cheek for another blow — but to face with Northern firmness and fierceness the proslavery influence to which it had too long yielded.

Massachusetts recalled the words of one of its own poets saying to her in her own vernacular:

> "Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
> Hain't they made your env'ys wiz?
> Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
> Wut'll git your dander riz?"

and, as its answer, sent forth a call for a convention, to be held at Worcester on September 7, 1854, to take measures for checking the aggressions of the proslavery Democracy. Samuel Hoar, the father of the late George F. Hoar, and the first signer of the call for the organization of the Free Soil Party in 1848, presided at this convention, which nominated Henry Wilson as its candidate for Governor. The party then organized was popularly known as "The Republican Party," and a few years afterward formally adopted that name in Massachusetts.

The year 1854 witnessed also the advent into the field of politics in Massachusetts of the so-called "Know Nothing Party," a secret organization whose members always responded, "I don't know," to any question asked them concerning it. Its avowed purpose was to check the alleged influence of Romanism, and the power in politics of citizens of foreign birth of that faith. This party had enrolled in its membership about eighty thousand voters. In the State election in the fall of 1854 it swept, like a veritable tidal wave, over the Commonwealth, bringing to the surface and depositing upon its political shores a motley collection of self-seeking politicians, religious bigots, and ignorant enthusiasts. It elected all its candidates for State offices, members of Congress, and nearly every member of the Legislature of the State. In the ranks of the "Know Nothing," or "American Party," as it was known to its members, were many who had, as antislavery men, been active workers in the Free Soil Party, and carrying their antislavery principles into their

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new political fellowship, did much in controlling its action in politics on antislavery lines.

The spirit and sentiment which organized the Republican Party in that year soon made their way into the lodges of the "Know Nothings," and the fear of papal aggression yielded to the indignation aroused by the aggressiveness of the slave power, and the dominating influence of the South. In 1855 the Know Nothing Legislature enacted the "Personal Liberty Law," designed to safeguard in Massachusetts the rights of alleged fugitive slaves. In June, 1855, the Massachusetts delegates in the National Council of that party, and other Northern delegates, withdrew from that body, because it demanded the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law and forbade the discussion, in any form, of slavery by the American Party in its councils.

In the same year (1855) the American Party elected Henry Wilson, who had late in the campaign of 1854 joined that party, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts. He had been one of the most prominent members of the Free Soil Party, and was in the 1854 campaign the candidate for Governor of the Republicans.

Henry Wilson was one of the practical political managers of Massachusetts; no man in the State was in closer touch with, or better knew the trend of opinion among the middling class of its population than he, though he made himself familiar with political conditions in any class. He would go from one end of the State to another, visiting workshops and factories, talking with the operators, or interviewing the managers; calling upon the party men of prominence — not forgetting to chat with those of the opposite party — thus getting at the consensus of public opinion and fitting himself for the contests which he saw were impending. He would not infrequently drop a word or make a suggestion other than those in which he believed, with the view of drawing out the company in which he happened to be. He was an especial favorite with the mechanic and farming element, for he had been one of them. He was born to a life of early poverty at Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812. His name as child and young man was Jeremiah Jones Colbath, for which he later substituted the name by which he is best known. His early education was very limited; he struggled along as best he might, keeping his life and his mind clear, at work as a farm laborer until he arrived at the age of twenty-one, when he walked from his New Hampshire home to Natick and learned the shoemaker's trade. He earned money enough to pay for his tuition for a few months at the Concord Academy. When his money was exhausted he returned to the shoemaker's bench. In the presidential campaign of 1840 he first became known to the public as a stump speaker for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," under the name of "The Natick Cobbler," and in later campaigns was in great demand at party gatherings of the Whigs. In 1848 he was a delegate to the Whig National Convention, which nominated General Taylor for the presidency on a proslavery platform, and, as an antislavery man, he, with Charles Allen of Worcester, bolted from the convention and took with Mr. Allen an active part in organizing the Free Soil Party in Massachusetts. He subsequently became President of the State Senate, United States Senator, and Vice-President; dying in office November 22, 1875.

In 1855 the Republicans nominated as their candidate for Governor, Julius Rockwell, who had been an antislavery Whig. He had been Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and for a short time a Senator of the United States; in 1859 he was appointed by Governor Banks one of the judges of the new Superior Court of the State. Henry Wilson and Anson Burlingame (one of the members of Congress elected by the American Party in 1854) publicly supported the Republican

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candidate; breaking their allegiance to the party which had placed them in office, and ever after acted with the Republicans. Burlingame was an old Free Soiler, and as such a candidate for Congress in the district which he afterwards represented. But the American Party was numerically strong enough to again elect its ticket for State officers and controlled the State for another year.

When the time came to nominate a national ticket for the election of 1856 the Republican Party had gained great strength in the Northern States. It met in National Convention, nominated John C. Fremont of California for President, and William L. Dayton of New Jersey for Vice-President. The nominees of the Democratic Party for those offices were James Buchanan of Pennsylvania, and John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky. The American Party placed in nomination Millard Fillmore of New York, who had been acting President after General Taylor's death, and Andrew J. Donelson of Tennessee. An antislavery section of the American Party nominated Fremont for President, and "a party by the name of Johnson" for Vice-President. The last-named ticket was soon withdrawn, as the great bulk of the rank and file of its supporters were, in the main, in practical sympathy with the Republican Party and openly advocating its principles.

The nomination of Fremont and Dayton and the platform of the party were most favorably received in Massachusetts. The conscience of the State was deeply moved and firmly determined no longer to submit to slavery's aggressions. As has been already said, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the arrest and return of fugitive slaves, especially that of Anthony Burns, which followed within about a month after that repeal, had substantially solidified public opinion. It seemed as though nothing was wanting to assure to the Republicans the control of the State. But the crowning act of Southern arrogance and Southern folly came on the twenty-second day of May, 1856, when Senator Sumner, who after the adjournment of the Senate remained at his desk quietly engaged in writing, his legs so tightly confined under the desk that he could not easily rise, was brutally beaten about his head with a heavy cane by Preston S. Brooks, M. C., from South Carolina, until he fell bleeding and insensible on the floor of the Senate chamber. This outrage was committed because of words spoken in debate by the Senator a day or two before.

Charles Sumner, the champion for many years of the moral element of the Free Soil and Republican parties in Massachusetts, was born in Boston and educated in her schools. He was a graduate of Harvard College and its Law School, and a member of the Suffolk County Bar, though not especially active in his profession. Of sufficient financial means to afford him the opportunities of foreign travel, in his earlier years he made the tour of Europe under most favorable circumstances, having letters of introduction to European notabilities which opened to him the homes of refinement and secured for him the entree to literary and scientific societies and the political and diplomatic world. Upon his return to Boston he opened a law office, which was the center for men of sympathies similar to his own. In 1845 he came very prominently before the people of Massachusetts, by reason of language used in his Fourth of July oration before the citizens of Boston at the celebration of the national anniversary. The title of his address was "The True Grandeur of Nations," and it was most pronounced in denouncing wars as unnecessary, armies and navies as things not to be encouraged, and far from complimentary to the citizen militia, several companies of which were present and took umbrage at his address. He early identified himself with men of antislavery sentiments, and in 1848 adhered to the Free Soil Party, advocating its principles. In 1851 he was,

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after a long contest in the Massachusetts Legislature, elected to the United States Senate for the full term of six years, in the last year of which he was, as elsewhere herein stated, assaulted by Preston S. Brooks. For nearly four years Mr. Sumner was a great sufferer from the effects of this assault, and during that period seldom able to appear in his seat in the Senate. He was obliged to go to Europe for medical treatment, and only obtained relief by submitting himself to the tortures of a red-hot iron applied to his naked spine. Massachusetts honored him and itself by re-electing him in 1857, although it then seemed that he might never again be able to serve her.

When the time came for the election in 1862 of a Legislature which should choose him or some other person to his place, a formidable movement was started by certain dissatisfied Republicans to defeat both him and Governor Andrew for re-election, but it signally failed. In 1863 he was again elected for a six years' term in the Senate, to be elected again in 1869. During his last term he had openly condemned the placing upon the flags of the regiments which served in the war of the rebellion the names of the battles in which the regiments had taken part, as tending to prolong memories unhappy to the South, and as keeping alive the animosities which the war had engendered. He had about this time openly opposed certain of the policies of President Grant, notably that one which contemplated securing a part of San Domingo, had refused to support the re-election of Grant and advocated that of Horace Greeley, the opposition candidate.

At a special session of the Legislature called after the great fire in Boston in 1872, resolutions were passed condemning his position in relation to the flags, but they were rescinded by a subsequent Legislature. He retained until his death the esteem of the people at large, and the affection and confidence of those who most intimately knew him. An extended statement of his work, life, and achievements would take more space than could be afforded here. They have been adequately set forth in the story of his life by his friend and biographer, the late Hon. Edward L. Pierce. Senator Sumner died in office March 11, 1874.

Brutal as was the attack itself, deeply as it stirred the people of the North, the indignation was heightened when the leading journals of the South justified the act of Brooks. Public meetings extolled it, and he was made the hero of the hour to the Southern heart. A motion was made to expel Brooks from membership in the House of Representatives, but it failed to receive the necessary two-thirds vote. Thereupon Brooks, insolently justifying his cowardly conduct, resigned his seat, returned to South Carolina, was re-elected, and in a fortnight after his resignation appeared in the House with his certificate of re-election. Strange as it may seem, no Democratic Senator, though practically challenged thereto, would move for a committee of investigation, and when, on the motion of Mr. Seward of New York, a committee of five was appointed to inquire into the assault and report, that committee consisted of five Democrats, three of them from Northern States. Their report was that the Senate had no jurisdiction. Mr. Wilson, Senator Sumner's colleague, characterized the outrage in fitting terms on the floor of the Senate, and was challenged by Brooks. This challenge he declined, as one who was opposed to dueling, at the same time announcing that he believed in the principle of self-defense, and for some time he went armed.

In the House of Representatives, however, Massachusettts had a member who believed in the duello, Anson Burlingame, born in New Berlin, N. Y., November 14, 1820, graduate of the University of Michigan in 1843, and familiar with the sports and hunts which were a part of every young westerner's training, came to the Harvard Law School from which he

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JOHN A. ANDREW ADDRESSING THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE

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graduated in 1846. He was a young man of pleasing address, winning manners, and a taking public speaker; though at first his oratory bordered upon the florid. He formed the acquaintance of and married a young lady of Cambridge, the daughter of the Hon. Isaac Livermore of that city, and so made the East his home and opened a law office in Boston in which, as "Warrington" (Wm. S. Robinson) says, "the clients he met were mostly the young and enthusiastic Free Soilers of those days." Burlingame had allied himself with the Free Soil Party in 1848, and was the popular orator among its young speakers. While effective upon the platform before average country town audiences, he was rather averse to the harder lines of political work. One of his intimates said of him, comparing him with Henry Wilson, "Burlingame never gets up, and Wilson never goes to bed." In 1852 he was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, and in the fall of that year the Free Soil candidate for Congress, in the district which embraced the northern wards of Boston; but his party was at that time in a woful minority, casting but fourteen votes in Ward 1 of Boston (it gave Fremont four hundred votes in the same ward four years later), and he failed of election.

In 1854, in company with many other active Free Soilers, he joined the so-called "Know Nothing Party," and was elected to Congress from the district in which he ran in 1852. It was while he was serving his first term as a member of that body that Senator Sumner was assaulted. Burlingame denounced the act of Brooks "in the name of that civilization which it outraged," and "in the name of that fair play which bullies and prize fighters respect." He, too, was challenged by Brooks; he accepted the challenge and, as the challenged party, named a place in Canada as the ground, rifles, at a distance of forty paces, as the weapons. To this Brooks refused to consent, alleging that in the state of public feeling at the North he could not get to Canada in safety; a mere subterfuge to avoid meeting the man he had challenged, for he could easily have gotten to Canada if he wished to; his courage, which was equal to murderously assaulting a helpless man, failed him when he was invited to face a loaded rifle in the hands of a man familiar with its use. Burlingame's conduct in this matter was a potent element in securing his re-election for his second term in 1856. He was re-elected in 1858; but at the election in 1860 was defeated, fortunately for himself, for defeat opened to him a field of action as a diplomat in which he obtained a renown almost world-wide. President Lincoln appointed him, in 1861, minister to Austria. Burlingame had, some years before, openly espoused the cause of the Hungarians in their revolt against Austrian rule and been the eulogist of Kossuth, the Hungarian leader, thus making himself *persona non grata* to the Austrian Emperor, who declined to receive him as our minister. He was then sent as our minister to China, where he remained until he had successfully completed negotiations with the Chinese government, securing to the United States many valuable privileges. Resigning as minister in 1867, the Chinese authorities appointed him special envoy to the United States and the leading European powers, for the purpose of framing treaties of amity; an honor never before conferred upon a foreigner. He, with a suite of Chinese nobles, visited this country, and was everywhere received with marked honors. He died in Europe before his work there was completed.

In 1856 the managing element among the Republicans deemed it wise, in order to secure as large a number of votes as possible, for the Republican National candidates, from men still attached to the Know Nothings, that there should be no opposition from the Republicans to the re-election of Governor Gardner; accordingly the Republican Party abstained from nominating a candidate for Governor. But a body of Republicans, under the

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HON. JOHN W. WEEKS OF NEWTON

ELECTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS FOLLOWING A LONG LINE OF DISTINGUISHED PREDECESSORS. HE IMMEDIATELY SUCCEEDS HON. WILLIAM MURRAY CRANE

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leadership of Francis W. Bird (father of Charles Sumner Bird, the candidate for governor of the new "Progressive Party" in 1912) refused to seem to be committed to the support of Gardner and put out "The Honest Man's Ticket," with Josiah Quincy as their gubernatorial candidate. This ticket polled about five thousand votes. "Frank Bird," as he was called by his familiars, was a most determined opponent of all shams; he was, in 1857, opposed to the election of N. P. Banks, the Republican candidate for Governor, supporting for that office Caleb Swan of Easton, on a "straight Republican ticket."

Francis W. Bird was one of the "Conscience Whigs," who in 1846 opposed in the Whig State Convention the pro-Southern attitude of the "Cotton Whigs," as the conservative element in that party was named. That same year Mr. Bird called together men who thought as he did on the question of slavery. For years they met almost weekly to dine and discuss politics from an antislavery standpoint. This politic social gathering, known as "The Bird Club," was for many years a potent factor in the Free Soil and Republican parties of this State and nation. It exists to-day in the Massachusetts Club, also a politico-social body of Republicans; the story of which and of the old Bird Club will possibly appear in this magazine at a not distant date.

The campaign for Fremont and Dayton was a most exciting one in Massachusetts. A grand barbecue, something heretofore unknown in the political campaigns of the State, was held at Fitchburg; the speaking was in a mammoth tent capable of holding thousands; orators from other States addressed the gathering, and an ox, roasted whole, was a part of the bill of fare. In all the large centers "Pathfinder Clubs" were organized, taking this name from one of the soubriquets of Fremont who, as an officer in the United States Army, had led an exploring expedition across the continent to California, then Mexican territory. Fremont, in conjunction with Commodore Kearney of our navy, raised "the Stars and Stripes" over that soil and, when California in 1850 came into the Union as a State, was one of its first senators in Congress. He had been one of the foremost advocates of making California a "Free State."

The romantic sentiment of the community was enlisted. On the platform orators related the love story of John and Jessie; how John, despite the objections of Jessie's father, who was no less a personage than Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years a United States Senator from Missouri, had pressed his suit, won Jessie's heart, and eloped with and married the girl of his choice. Fremont and Dayton carried the State, and all the State officials elected, except the Governor, were in sympathy with the Republicans. At the election of State officers in 1857 the Republican Party elected its ticket in full, and the Legislature of 1858 contained in both its branches substantial Republican majorities.

John A. Andrew was one of the new members of the lower house, making his appearance for the first time in a legislative assembly. Mr. Andrew had for years been identified with the positive element of the political opponents of slavery. He had been an early member of the Liberty Party, had participated in its early struggles, and in 1848 with most of its membership had gone into the Free Soil Party, with which he acted until the advent of the Republican Party in 1854, to which he gladly gave his allegiance. Up to this time (1858) he was comparatively unknown outside a limited circle, he was scarcely conscious of his own powers, but, all unknown to him, his hour was at hand.

The principal event in the Legislature of 1858 was the passage of the address to the Governor, requesting the removal of Edward G. Loring from his office of Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, which office he held when in 1854, acting as a United States Commissioner in the hearing on the rendition of Anthony Burns, an alleged fugitive

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from slavery, he had ordered that Burns be returned to the man who claimed him as his slave. The Legislature of 1855 had, in deference to the outraged antislavery sentiment of the State, aroused by the incidents connected with that rendition, enacted the "Personal Liberty Law," by the terms of which was declared, among other things, substantially, that no man holding office as a United States Commissioner should be allowed to hold a judicial office of the State. To this law Judge Loring paid no attention, and the Legislature proceeded forthwith to request his removal by the Governor, Henry J. Gardner. This the Governor declined to do. Similar request was made by the Legislature of 1857, but Governor Gardner adhered to his former position, in which he had the support of many antislavery men, who regarded the proceeding as an attempt to punish the judge for doing what he deemed to be his duty as Commissioner, and also as a blow at the independence of the judiciary.

Believing that Governor Banks would respect a similar request when made to him, it was introduced and referred to a committee. The Governor, willing, if not anxious, to avoid the responsibility, favored the passage of a bill which should consolidate the Courts of Probate with the Courts of Insolvency, thereby abolishing the office of Judge of Probate, and quietly getting rid of Judge Loring. Such a bill was introduced. Whichever measure was first reported would have the better position for immediate action. In the race for diligence the radicals won. By a tactical move Robert C. Pitman of New Bedford, in behalf of the committee on the address for removal, got its report in one day ahead of the report of the committee on the proposed consolidation.

The request for removal, although opposed by some of the leading Republican members, was adopted and sent to the Governor, who yielded to the majority, and in his message to the House called attention to certain defects in the "Personal Liberty Law" in language rather pleasing to the conservative members. Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, a Democrat (who had been Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Pierce, a man of commanding ability, and once a Whig member of Congress from the Essex District, and as such a man of pronounced Northern views), led the opposition, and in a speech of great power denounced the removal, arraigned the Governor, and condemned the law, calling it the Personal Slavery Act. So aggressive was his speech that the Republicans felt that the party should then and there be defended. The political editor of the Boston *Traveler*, who was present, said to an associate, "The man who can successfully reply to that speech ought to be made Governor of Massachusetts." The Republicans looked around the hall, turning first to one leader, then to another, then to a third, in the hope for the needed reply. But the three men, acknowledged Republican leaders, each failed to rise to the occasion. It looked as though Cushing had quelled the whole House. The hour had come! where was the man? A member who up to that time had not been conspicuous in the proceedings, serving his first term, sat uneasily waiting for some one to vindicate his party's action. A friend at his side whispered something in his ear. The new member took the floor, and in words hesitant, low spoken, without apparent earnestness, undertook that vindication. Then, said one who was present, "In a moment his voice broke out in a higher key . . . and for half an hour he spoke with a rapid, vehement, and overpowering eloquence which I never heard equaled before or since." The man was found. He was John A. Andrew. "When he took his seat," says the same auditor, "there was a storm of applause. The radical men had found their prophet. The House was wild with excitement. For a moment the Speaker was unable to preserve order, members cried for joy, others waved

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their handkerchiefs and threw whatever they could find into the air."

Cushing went to Andrew and shaking hands with him offered his congratulations. Notonly was this speech an effective answer to that of Cushing, it was a call to the antislavery men of Massachusetts to awake from their lethargy, to once more place in the forefront of the contest the old banner of "Free Soil, Free Speech, and Free Men," to show that antislavery was with them a conviction deep seated in their souls, at all times to be avowed and defended. The call was heeded. Thenceforth Massachusetts was a radical antislavery State, and her radicalism was exhibited when in the Convention of 1860, Andrew was placed in nomination for the governorship and elected on a radical platform.

BULGARIAN FOLK-SONG

JANAK MARKO AND PHILLIPPE MATZAVIN

Marko ate at supper with his mother,
With his mother, with his first love,
Of salt and of bread and of red wine which warms the blood,
And as the warrior ate, he smiled.

To the warrior Marko also spake his mother,
"Wherefore smilest thou, O my son, my Marko?
Thou smilest because the supper is good?
Or because of the first tenderness
Of my love, of my sweet hospitality?"
The prince replied, the warrior Marko:
"Mother dear, my darling mother,
I do not smile because of your repast,
Nor because of the most great tenderness
Of your hospitality, of your dear hospitality.
I smile because of Phillippe Matzavin.
He has destroyed sixty-six valiant kings.
They to him have given sixty-six fair slaves in exchange.
But at present it is your hour.
You circumvent the slave; O my first love!
Shall I go to him, or shall I wait him here?"

The mother of Marko spake these words:
"It is better for you to go and not to wait.
Your old mother would not laugh to see
The impious struggles of two heroes,
To see how the blood of her son flowed."

Then Marko rose and went,
And he encountered those sixty-six slaves.
"Salute you, the sixty-six slaves!"
"God guard you, oh great warrior, oh warrior Marko!"
"And I far from Phillippe the Madgyar?"
"Far? he has yet three hours of the journey."
"And what is the strength of that warrior, Phillippe?"
Then the sixty-six slaves replied,
"God has not created two heroes alike,
Equal to Phillippe the Madgyar.
He has lifted that rock to the height of his knee."
Then the offspring of a king, Marko,
Raised the rock, the rock so heavy,
And for three hours tossed it to and fro.
And said the offspring of a king, Marko,
"Hearken, ye, the sixty-six slaves,
Let each of you return quickly to his own country."
And each returned at once unto his land.
Marko went toward Phillippe Madgyar,
And he overcame him — Phillippe, Phillippe the Madgyar.

From the French of Jules Phillippe Henzay in Le Figaro.

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Shall Copley Square be Made or Unmade?

THIS is an all New England question and cannot be answered rightly without taking into the account a wider public opinion than is likely to respond to a local suggestion. Mr. Bourne's plan is said to involve too much money, and efforts are being made to shave it down.

Now the real difficulty with Mr. Bourne's plan is that it does not involve money enough. Why should we continue to afflict posterity with inadequate monumental work? Our forefathers have surely taught us the unhappy consequences of makeshifts of that kind. There are few things more difficult to get rid of than a bad monument. The monument can afford to wait until there is something that the people, with heartfelt earnestness, really desire to commemorate. We may then be willing to spend enough money to do it well. Mr. Bourne's plan is simple in outline and might prove to be very good if very well done. Mr. Bourne's plan, economized, will be an unqualified failure.

There is a moral effect in relative proportions that our architects sometimes fail to grasp. Few things are more depressing than monumental efforts dwarfed into insignificance by surrounding commercial structures. If a column is to be the monumental feature of Copley Square, it must be of such massive proportions and enduring solidity as to give to all adjacent commercial structures an appearance of relative unimportance. Otherwise the moral effect, the civic value of the thing is lost This is one of the principal reasons for the superior impressiveness of old-world monuments. They outclass their surroundings. We have few that are not commercially overtopped and overwhelmed. Not only must the solidity and proportions of a civic monument surpass surrounding commercialism, but so also must the beauty and perfection of its workmanship. That is an end not attained by searching for the cheapest way of doing the thing. If we are not ready to take up the work of making Copley Square a civic monument, let us confine ourselves to the more immediate and practical phases of the question.

A city square exists to admit light and air to crowded districts and to afford ready access to diverging streets. The full area of the square should be conserved to these ends, for though we do not need it now, we will sadly need it as the city's growth increases the congestion of what is already ceasing to be an up-town district.

Public comfort demands easier access to Huntington Avenue from Boylston Street for pedestrians than now exists. Any plan to be seriously considered should facilitate that important line of communication. To do this is very easy, involving a little change of sidewalk lines that would not at all interfere with any artistic development of the area. The same improvemant would facilitate access to the Back Bay station from lower Boylston Street. The present situation is awkward and, with the increase of traffic that must follow the growth of the city, will become dangerous. The real solution of that problem lies in closing the Copely Square end of St. James Street, and carrying the sidewalk more directly from Boylston Street to the very important thoroughfares of Huntington Avenue and Dartmouth Street. Such a change is demanded by public comfort.

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GUINEAS AND HA'PENNIES

A STUDY OF SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE COTTON MANUFACTURING DISTRICT OF ENGLAND

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

AGED MANCHESTER MILL WORKER WHOSE DESCENDANTS OF THE THIRD GENERATION ARE NOW MILL OPERATIVES. SHE HAS PASSED THROUGH ALL OF THE GREAT CRISES AND LABOR DIFFICULTIES THAT HAVE FOLLOWED THE ESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND OF COBDEN'S FREE-TRADE POLICY.

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SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM ON THE MANCHESTER ROYAL EXCHANGE

"TO Manchester! Why? Really, you are wasting your time!" How often was that said to me, and how gladly would I spare a page to refute the well-intended advice, for to an active intelligence Manchester makes a strong appeal.

Unrecognized as a capital city by the political geographers, the smoke-flags that float from her thousand chimneys exercise a dominion more real over an empire more vast than any sovereign state can call its own, an empire of trade as broad as the globe is round.

And how proud are her citizens of their black city with her eternal pall and the ceaseless whir of her spindles!

Standing there, at a certain point of vantage, the eye sweeping a not distant horizon may behold at a single glance mill property representing an investment of forty millions of dollars—a portion only of the vast cotton manufacturing equipment of Lancashire.

It is impossible for an observer of any degree of intelligence not to feel the inspiration of the enterprise, the patience and foresight of capital, the manufacturing sense, business acumen and indomitable perseverance of which this is the mighty achievement.

Here is the last word in factory construction and mechanical equipment. Unrivaled organization stands behind and safeguards the vast business interests involved. A gathering of cotton manufacturers in the beautiful town hall of Manchester brings together a total of business skill and probity that may well excite the pride of England and the wondering admiration of other nations. There is much here to be approached as a scholar approaches a master.

But the American of to-day, to whom is being presented the suggestion not only of competing in the markets of the world, but of freely opening our own markets to the unrestrained competition of this gigantic industrial facility, cannot but turn first to that other investment over against these vast

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HOLDSWORTH MILL, NEAR STOCKPORT

millions in mill and machinery and equally visible from the same viewpoint, of some paltry thousands devoted to the erection of the simple and straitened dwellings that house the toilers of England. Is this the ultimate of unhindered competition? The mind travels back from this sea of low-eaved structures, these two and four room hovels, ro the thriving and beautiful manufacturing villages of New England, teeming with every comfort, white under the green trees and bright in the sunshine.

I, for one, am unwilling that our people should decide the grave issues

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RUTLAND MILL, NEAR OLDHAM — A THOROUGHLY MODERN PLANT

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PLANT AT LEIGH, NEAR MANCHESTER, SHOWING MAGNIFICENT MILL AND WRETCHED TENEMENTS

involved in a radical change of our tariff system, without some comprehension of this darker phase of the subject and of why it is that the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire can undersell the world.

For even the traveled American brings back false ideas. There are two countries in England, the land of the guinea and the land of the ha'penny. Or, as we might put it, two populations,— those who receive and those who give gratuities. The American traveler knows little beyond Regent Street or Bond Street prices. He is a giver of gratuities, in fact, the prince of all tippers. He finds many cheap luxuries and marvels — cheap service in particular, and a thousand and one economies over his cost of living at home, particularly where service is a heavy element in the cost. Of the cost of living where the element of service is eliminated and luxuries forever out of the question, the cost of meeting the bare minimum of subsistence, he knows nothing. He is a citizen of the land of the guinea. He has absolutely no knowledge of prices in those tiny and obscure markets where the ha'-penny is the medium of exchange.

English cotton workers have been trained as have few others of the world's skilled workers in the science of poverty. As recently as our own Civil War, privations of such severity were forced upon Lancashire by the difficulty of obtaining cotton that the wage-earners were reduced to the last straits of necessity, and the memory of that epoch remains as the background against which the present is measured, while the grandfathers and gradmothers hark back to the still more disastrous years of the early fifties. And these terrible and long-continued epochs of privation, when the price of skilled labor fell as low as four or five shillings a week and employment even at that pitiful dole was only for the favored few, exercises to this day a profound influence upon the prevalent standards of living.

An English American, revisiting the scenes of his boyhood in Manchester after forty years' absence, told me that

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neither in the appearance of their homes nor their manner of living could he discover any material change to have taken place in that period of nearly half a century.

The dwelling-house of the British cotton worker, like everything else that has felt the pressure of that stupendous system of production, assumes an inevitable and stereotyped pattern. Built in blocks of from six to a dozen doors, each dwelling occupies an average ground space of 14 x 20 feet, and in height reaches from twelve to sixteen feet to the eaves. It has a door and three windows in front and a door and two windows in back, and is divided into two or four rooms, according as the rent is three shillings and nine pence (90c) or five shillings and seven pence ($1.34) a week. There is no cellar until the rent reaches seven or eight shillings a week, a figure prohibitive to the great majority of families.

The ground floor is paved with slabs of rudely dressed sandstone or shale laid on the earth. The open fireplace serves all purposes of heat and cooking. This fireplace is similar in construction and use, but about one-third the size, of those used by our New England pioneers. It serves all purposes of heat and cooking for the establishment. If the house is of the better grade (for there are differences of rank even in these primitive structures) an oven is built into the chimney on one side of this open hearth, and a compartment for hot water on the other. A simple damper throws the slender blaze to one side or the other of the flue according as it is desired to heat the oven or the tank. This, the kitchen, is the front room of the house and the family living-room. It opens directly upon the street without hall or entry. To the rear (if it is a four-room house) is a smaller room, or scullery, fitted, in the better tenements, but by no means in all, with a rude kind of sink, or "slop-stone," as it is called.

The walls of the tiny and primitive living-room, or kitchen, are usually papered in bright colors and its single window is elaborately draped with a cheap lace curtain and adorned with a bit of bright china. This window and the doorstep are the two glories of the house. The stone sill of the one and the stone step of the other are daily scoured with a brick that leaves them either white of yellow, and whatever may be the distress within, the lace curtain, china image or flower pot, and scoured window and door sills never fail.

If the family furniture is not temporarily absent (for the pawn shops refuse nothing) the kitchen will contain a dresser, chairs, a table and a lounge or bed, and a bit or two of carpet on the floor. The dresser is the *pièce de resistance* of the outfit and is often an heirloom. Upstairs, under the low roof, are one or two bedrooms according as the tenement is a two or four room structure. These are fitted according to family demands.

These simple structures are roofed with slabs of split stone, from an inch to two inches in thickness, and so heavy as to cause a perpetual sagging of the beams and very questionable looking weather conditions. Great daubs of plaster here and there bear out the natural surmise that the roofs have rather a sorry time of it.

In order to furnish a sufficient draft the chimneys must rise several feet above the low ridgepoles, and these up-standing chimneys, rising from the low, rough and twisted roofs, give, to American eyes, a singular impression of primitive simplicity. At American prices the entire simple home could be erected for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars and furnished for twenty-five dollars.

I suppose that the actual cost in England must be somewhat less. The investment appears to be sufficiently inviting to attract builders who erect them by the thousands in the closest possible proximity to the mills. The margin of profit, however, is not large, and wherever improved tenements have been erected, unless as a somewhat ill-advised charity, it is found

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necessary to raise the rental, and the houses, in consequence, are more likely to be occupied by grocers' clerks and small tradesmen than by mill workers.

Such homes as above described can be maintained for a family of four or five persons at prevailing English wages if at least two members of the household are workers and unite their earnings, or if the head of the family is a spinner (or "minder") on high counts (that is, very fine yarn calling for the highest skill) in the best mills where he may earn as much as thirty shillings a week ($7.20) if work is plenty and the mill running full time. Such a condition is, of course, the exception. The usual thing is for several members of the family to pool their earnings. The average spinner cannot earn more than twenty shillings ($4.84) a week, which leaves him, after paying a rent of four shillings and sixpence, three dollars and seventy-six cents a week, a sum that will not suffice to feed and clothe a family even in the primitive fashion that obtains. And even this scanty allowance is depleted by his Union and Friendly Society dues and, latterly, by his non-employment and sick-benefit government tax.

Other taxes, unless he is a property holder, only appear in the price of that which he purchases. For let it not be supposed by the innocent reader of free-trade literature that a tariff is the only tax that is added to the price of commodities. Few countries in the world are more heavily taxed than "free-trade" England, and it is John that pays the tax. For the increase principally appears in the articles which he consumes. His only luxuries, beer and tobacco, are heavily taxed. The land-tax appears in his rent. For it if were not for the ground charges, his rent, calculated at ten per cent of the improvement, could be reduced from an average of five shillings a week to an average of five shillings a month.

The land-tax also appears as a heavy item in the cost of all farm produce which he consumes. Corporation and income taxes appear in the price of his clothing and of all manufactured articles. If any one is so credulous as to believe that free trade exempts the toiler from the tax imposed by a tariff, let him study the family expenses of the wage-earners of England.

It is one thing, as I have already intimated, for the moneyed traveler to be astonished at the low prices of certain classes of articles for sale in high-class shops as compared with the prices for similar articles in America, and it is quite another thing to go out with a slender purse and buy the bare necessities of existence. The fine, soft woolens and dainty wares of Regent Street are not for John's home. These things, the luxuries of the rich, are, it is true, heavily taxed by the American system. And if our laboring population sometimes feels the pinch of these taxes, it is because the purchase of luxuries is not so remote from their experience as from that of their British fellow workers. The tax borne by the laborer of England affects, not the luxuries that are forever beyond his reach, but are assessed against the necessities of life — not directly, it is true, but none the less inevitably, because so large a portion of them are borne by the landholding and shop-keeping classes who pass them on down by increased rents and higher prices. Seldom indeed does John or his wife appear as a purchaser in the great stores or markets of his city. Every block, or two blocks at most, of the mill districts reveals a tiny shop than which nothing can be more curious to American eyes. In these microscopic emporiums of trade, with a floor space of about ten by twelve feet, and a small counter across the dark end, the necessities of life are doled out into the smallest possible purchases. The medium of exchange is the ha'penny, and an examination of the staple offerings is as instructive as it is entertaining.

The prevailing articles of food are coarse fish, pork, the lower grades of beef, mussels, including snails, cabbage, bread, potatoes, and into the price of every one of these articles, unless it is the small mussels and snails, enters as

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an element practically every tax known to the British system.

A penny (2 cent) loaf of bread in Manchester resembles a flat bun, and is but little larger than the "rolls" sold by American bakers at ten cents a dozen. Cabbage, pork, and beef retail in these small quantities at practically the same price as in America. A very small and inferior potato is somewhat cheaper than in our markets, although with us few potatoes of so low a grade get into the market at all. In England nothing that can support life can be wasted. Fruits of all kinds are much more expensive than in the United States. Small apples are four pence (8 cents) and good ones six pence (12 cents) a pound. Small, wretched bananas are 2 pence (4 cents) apiece. Good ones are scarcely obtainable. Native grapes are tasteless, thick-skinned and watery, and sell at from 4 pence (8 cents) to 6 pence (12 cents) a pound for ordinary and as high as a shilling a pound for fancy varieties.

As to articles of clothing, shoes are about the same price as in America, and many American-made shoes are on sale. But John buys few shoes. His daily footwear and that of his family is the far-famed "clog," a cheap, wooden-soled shoe of primitive manufacture. This shoe, protected with iron and brass, is of great durability, but little can be said for its style or comfort. It sells for from three to five shillings — and for the latter price good leather shoes can be purchased in America. His cotton cloth he buys on "cheapening day," when remnants are sold in the open air markets. Comparatively little of the lower grades of cotton goods are manufactured in Lancashire, and much is imported from Germany, Japan, and America. The price does not differ materially from that of other markets of the world.

From this glance at the offerings of the smaller provision shops of the Lancashire district in England (and the reader should remember that the prices ordinarily quoted in statistics are of the wholesale markets and can only be rightly interpreted by those who understand all the elements of profit and cost of distribution) it appears that the lower grades of meat and ordinary vegetables are about the same price as in America and bread and fruit higher. No fish of so coarse a grade as supply the cheaper markets of England are considered edible in America. They are universally thrown away when caught by our fishermen and do not appear in our markets. The food actually consumed by the working people is much simpler and coarser than in America and the prices about the same and certainly not lower. At the same time wages are about half, or in some cases less than half, of that for the same grade of employment in America. It should be remembered that, as yet, we have no labor capable of producing the highest counts of yarn, where alone such wages as 25 shillings ($6.00) a week obtain.

As to clothing, the men go to work in clogs, blue jeans, a cotton shirt, and a cloth cap; and the women in clogs, knit stockings or no stockings, a full dark skirt, cotton waist, and the never-failing shawl thrown over the head and shoulders. These simple garments are practically a uniform by which the cotton worker may be instantly known. But, alas, he needs no such distinguishing marks for his identification!

It is true that children do not work in the mills as young as was common a generation ago; but the majority of workers still begin at a very tender age. This, however, is only one and, perhaps, the most easily corrected of the causes of the physical stunting of the textile workers of England. Insufficient diet and cramped living quarters have made terrible inroads on the stamina, the bone and brawn of a once physically powerful race. For these men are the descendants of the stout yeomanry of England. Far be it from me to speak slightingly of any race or class of human beings, and least of all of the workers of England. A less sturdy race could never have endured the struggles for existence which they have survived. Long en-

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during, loyal and patriotic to a fault, they are England in a far truer sense than the drones of the gilded halls of London. Theirs is the glory of the empire, and upon their shoulders rests its maintenance. From their ranks must be recruited the beauty and genius of the land, and many a comely face, bright and intelligent eye, and finely modeled head does one see among them. Proud should England be, proud might any nation be, of such workers as these.

Nevertheless the truth must be admitted that generations of such living as has been their lot has differentiated them into as distinct a physical type as have the influences that create species in the animal world. No holiday attire which they might don could conceal their identity from those who know the hall-marks of their class. And these marks are unquestionably the sign-manual of physical deterioration. A pennyworth of beer may replace, in temporary lift and stimulus, substantial food, but it cannot nourish bone and brawn. The sudden daily change from the overheated mill to the damp stone floor of a poorly heated room shortens the breath and narrows the chest and closes the skin-pores. Generations of this kind of thing, but little modified by any immigration or introduction of new blood, has its effect on the entire physique of a race. Small of bone, low of stature, and lean of habit are the cotton workers of England, with white faces and nervous motions. Their adaptation to their environment is all the more pathetic for its completeness. Like everything else in this wonderfully organized industry that adaptation seems to have been carried to the last possible stage. But, unhappily, it is an adaptation to a condition not good for humanity. Nature for too many generations has been answering the question, "To how small a demand on the supply of nourishment can a human frame be reduced?" The result is a kind of universal stunting of all parts and all functions. Having been associated as closely as possible with them for a brief time, I can with confidence select them from any throng. More than that, I can walk up to American-born children and grandchildren of these men in our own country and say with confidence, "Your father or your grandfather was a Lancashire cotton worker." It will require many generations and much interfusion of new blood to efface the marks of the evolutionary process that has produced this type.

American labor cannot compete on absolutely even terms with this perfected adaptation to a low standard of living, without deliberately facing the same privations and the same ultimate physical deterioration. One possessed of any humanity of feeling cannot look upon that truly pathetic spectacle of the deterioration wrought in the original stock of her splendid yeomanry by the factory system of England without saying to himself, "This must not be for America." Unimpeded world-trade must await the gradual and inevitable uplift of other nations to our standard of living. It must not be based on a reduction of our standards to theirs.

But does such an attitude hold out any hope for the fine ideal of unimpeded world commerce?

I think that it does. Let us take the case that we have under immediate consideration, that of this cotton industry of England. English labor is highly organized. At least 90 per cent of the adult male cotton workers are union members. Every advance, every favorable business condition, is zealously watched by the organization leaders, and made the occasion for a new demand for higher wages. It must be evident that England cannot long continue her industrial struggle along the present lines of cheap labor based on a low standard of living. There must be a gradual approximation to the American standard. The strength of the industry to-day rests too largely in the heavy employment of women, and particularly of girls and boys at wages of from 7 shillings ($1.68) to 10 shillings ($2.40) a week. These latter classes of labor

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WOMEN DOING HEAVY LABOR IN MIXING ROOM OF A MANCHESTER COTTON MILL

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GIRL WORKERS WINDING THE YARN ON A BOBBIN IN A BURY MILL

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TYPICAL GIRL WORKERS OF MANCHESTER

are scarcely organized at all. The pressure of family necessities and the desire for a home of their own drive them to work at the earliest possible age, and it is on this labor that the largest margin of profit appears. But the inevitable progress of civilization must steadily reduce the availability of labor at these wages, and the manufacturers of the United States

CHEAPENING DAY IN A MANCHESTER MARKET

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A HA'PENNY PROVISION SHOP IN THE MANCHESTER MILL DISTRICT

WOMEN AND BOY OPERATIVES SEEM TO BE IN THE MAJORITY IN THE COTTON INDUSTRY OF ENGLAND

A SNAPSHOT OF WORKERS LEAVING A MANCHESTER FACTORY

need only to continue to maintain their standards by protecting their markets to see the possibility of underselling them by the exploitation of cheap labor made forever impossible. Our country has no greater mission than that of holding to her high standards in this respect.

TYPICAL COTTON MILL WORKERS LEAVING THE MILLS

A TYPICAL TENEMENT SHOWING FRONT WINDOW AND SCOURED DOORSTEP

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BOY WORKERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MILL. THESE WORKERS ARE PRACTICALLY UNORGANIZED AND THEIR AVERAGE WAGES ARE EIGHT SHILLINGS ($1.32) A WEEK. THE NEXT GREAT LABOR STRUGGLE OF ENGLAND IS LIKELY TO BE FOUGHT OVER THE HOURS AND PAY OF THESE YOUTHFUL WORKERS

INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL MANCHESTER MILL WORKER'S TENEMENT, SHOWING THE STONE AND EARTH FLOOR AND OPEN HEARTH OF THE KITCHEN, OR LIVING-ROOM

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THE GUARDIAN*

By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

CHAPTER XVIII

God Joins Together

THE shifty-eyed gentleman recommended to 'Gene by the landlady as a Justice of the Peace who performed the functions of his office at bargain rates for all friends of hers certainly did his duty in the present instance both reasonably and expeditiously. In less than ten minutes after 'Gene and Bella appeared in his rat-hole of an office he declared them to be man and wife, and issued to the girl a certificate announcing to all whom it might concern that she, Bella Agnes Parmelee, spinster, had on May third been united in the bans of holy wedlock to one 'Gene Thomas Page, longshoreman. As Bella received the paper, she lifted her face to be kissed by her husband. At that moment even Justice Barney was conscious of a slight thrill as he saw the plain face of rather an ordinary-looking girl suddenly flash beautiful. He hurriedly tucked his three dollars away in his wallet, almost as though fearing he might be tempted to bestow them upon her as a wedding gift. He was disturbed by such miracles.

For that matter, so was 'Gene. He had entered into this compact merely as the easiest way of preserving his comfort, but now he seemed to catch a hint of something more serious. When he came out of the dingy office into the sunshine with Bella clinging to his arm, he was at first sober and then suddenly elated. He felt quite proud of her and equally proud of himself. There was something in her joyful dependence that glorified him. He came back to the rooms distinctly well pleased with himself. He threw himself down in a chair with a comfortable grunt of content, while Bella whisked off her bonnet and proceeded to get his supper.

"This is something like," he observed, as he began to fill his corncob pipe.

The next evening after work he started with her in search of a flat. They did not have a very wide range of choice, and before dark decided on four rooms not far back from the Ferry. The rent was ten dollars a month. The following day Bella bought, on the installment plan, what furniture they needed, and two days later they were fairly settled in their new home.

Though there was plenty to do in the flat, Bella at the same time managed to enjoy her honeymoon trip. She took at least a half-dozen rides each day on the Michael Regan. Doubtless many brides have made longer journeys on more ambitious craft, but even so they couldn't have been any prouder or happier. When one is so utterly and completely happy as to be ever on the verge of tears, why, that is the ultimate, and whether one be the wife of a prince or a pauper makes no great difference. From her seat in the bow, Bella watched her big husband at his duties, and thrilled every time he balanced himself on the snub-nosed point of the vessel as he made ready to heave the rope and make all fast when they neared the wharf. She had never seen a braver man, and as the busy horde hurried past him she wondered why they did not each and all stop to admire! Many of them did. There was a saucy shop-girl or two who did it rather openly, but they only made Bella prouder by their glances. It gave her a queenly sense of ownership. They might look at him as a cat may look at a king, but he was hers — all hers. She felt like the hostess of the vessel. As

*Begun in the February number.

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far as she was concerned, 'Gene was owner, captain, and engineer. Those who scrambled on and off did so by his grace.

But again, whether bride of a prince or pauper, honeymoons must end. At the end of a week she sternly forbore all further extravagance and attended strictly to her duties at home. In the first place she must learn to cook. They had been living largely on bakers' stuff, but 'Gene did so much talking about the good things he used to have at home that she bought a secondhand cook book and started to master this science. She had had no training at home, so that her first attempts were sorry failures. She produced one evening an apple-pie that had every outward appearance of being a very good apple-pie. But 'Gene had no sooner tasted the first mouthful than he shoved away his plate.

"Isn't it good?" she trembled.

"Next time take the leather out of one of my old shoes for the crust," he answered. "Gee, this would kill a horse."

"I worked all the afternoon on it," she assured him.

"Tastes like ye'd worked six months on it," he replied.

"I guess I didn't put in lard 'nuff," she apologized. "But lard is awfully high, 'Gene."

"Ye'd better give up. Buy the next one at the bakeshop."

Bella's lips came together as she suppressed a sob, but she had no idea of giving up. That wasn't her way. The next morning she made another, but it wasn't much better. She threw it in the fire and, investing a few cents she had put away for some gingham for new aprons, bought another pound of lard. This time she met with fair success. She ventured, at any rate, to produce it that night for dinner, and had the tremendous satisfaction of watching him eat it and call for a second piece. He made no other comment.

"How's it go, 'Gene?" she asked.

"Not so bad," he answered.

Before the end of the summer she made of herself a fairly competent cook.

She rose every day at dawn and sang and worked until dark. It was amazing how much she found to do in those four rooms. She worked as hard as ever she had worked in her life, but she did not know it. The hot summer days which in the restaurant used so to drag and leave her exhausted now sped by as in a wonderful dream.

'Gene was good to her, very good to her. He came home regularly after work, and on Saturday nights brought his unopened pay envelope without a word of protest. She paid a little each week on the furniture, kept the rent paid up, and yet lived very well indeed. She did not stint on the table, though she did a little in the matter of clothes. Every Sunday they took an excursion to the beach, where they both got into the water and lolled in the sand. She was very proud of 'Gene in his bathing suit. He looked like one of the life-guards. She saw more than one glance of admiration cast at his powerful legs and arms. She herself did not show to very good advantage in comparison, but she didn't mind that. Her pride in him was big enough to make her willing to sacrifice her own.

Now and then, especially when the heat grew suffocating in the city, she tried to question him a little about his life back home. There was a certain wistfulness in her questions. In the first place, she longed to know about his early days in order to share with him even those years. She could not get over the feeling that he still belonged back among the hills. She herself had seen little of the country, but that little had whetted her appetite for more. Happy as she was here, she could have been still happier with him out of the dust and confusion of the city.

"'Gene," she said one night, "are your folks still living?"

He looked up quickly.

"Yes," he answered bluntly.

"Your ma and pa and brother?"

"Yes; why?"

"Nothin'," she answered, seeing that she displeased him.

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But after a little while she dropped her sewing again and asked:

"It's queer you don't never hear from them."

"I don't see nothin' queer about it," he answered.

"Don't you never expect to go back and see them?"

"No," he replied curtly. "Cut it out, will you? I want to read the paper."

"All right, 'Gene."

But when the summer passed and cold weather came, Bella noticed a change. The work became more disagreeable to him as the novelty wore away. Sometimes she found a dollar missing from his pay envelope. This was invariably accompanied by a trace of drink in his breath. She said nothing the first time or two, though it kept her awake the best part of the night. Finally, however, she plucked up her courage to warn him.

"'Gene," she said, "I'd cut out the booze altogether if I was you."

"What's that?" he demanded.

He was always aggressive at such times.

"I'm talkin' to you straight, 'Gene," she said.

"Can't a feller have a bit of something hot to keep from freezin'?" he challenged.

"Honest, I wouldn't."

She placed her hand upon his arm. He shook himself free.

"It's all right for you, shut up in the house, to talk. You don't know how damned cold it gets with the waves splashin' over you."

"Yes, I do, 'Gene," she answered tenderly. "It's bitter cold. If you'd let me come down with some hot coffee —"

He laughed.

"I'd look fine drinkin' hot coffee with the boys all in Mooney's."

"Coffee would be better fer you," she insisted.

"Forget it," he replied.

The very next Saturday night he came home in a worse condition than ever. She said nothing, but when after supper he was for starting out again she found her courage once more.

"Don't go."

"Ye'd think I wasn't ten years old," he growled.

She smiled.

"You wasn't much older when I found you, 'Gene," she reminded him.

"Bah! I was a Rube then."

"I liked you when you was a Rube," she said.

He did not answer at once. Even he could not forget her kindness to him at that time.

"'Member how you came down to the Ferry that night?" she asked.

He nodded uneasily.

"'Member how we set on the bench in the park?"

"I ain't forgot," he answered. "I was only goin' out to pass the time of day with Sullivan."

She nestled closer to him.

"Ah,' Gene, stay here with me tonight," she pleaded.

He threw down his hat and remained, but he was no very pleasant companion.

In spite of these worries it was about this time that a new and holy light warmed Bella's eyes. At first she hugged her secret close, for it left her quite breathless. It seemed for a short while too sacred a thing to confide even in her husband. It so occupied her thoughts that for the matter of two weeks she left 'Gene a free rein. He took advantage of it and one night turned up penniless and helpless.

With a great gulping choke she put him to bed and sat up all the rest of the night rocking slowly to and fro in the dark.

And her thoughts this time were neither of 'Gene nor of herself.

He awoke late the next morning in no very good humor. He wished to get out of the house. In his present fit of depression the sight of her annoyed him. He was disgusted with himself and with his whole life here. For the first time since he had left home he was homesick. He felt a longing for the clean sweet air of the

(*Continued on page 537*)

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FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND

By A FARMER

I HAVE been gathering my harvest. A part of it is over the fireplace, a stalk of deep red hollyhock in a tall vase on the mantelpiece. A bowl of it is beside me — gay yellow nasturtiums which have bloomed in spite of frosty nights, in the shelter of the feathery asparagus. Branches of autumn leaves are in a jar in the corner. There are hardly places enough in the little farmhouse to put the armfuls I gathered to-day.

With a heart full of thanksgiving I will tell some of the reasons why we have chosen a New England farm for our home.

Knowing that the time will come when office life will be a burden to one of us, and the flitting of the children to their own work will leave the other of us empty handed, we thought best to establish a substitute for the office, and a home with interests and cares enough to keep minds and hearts busy and young. We want to be needed by our work. It is easy, in the city, to turn all home cares over to hired helpers, and be forced to hunt amusement. It is equally easy to close the house and know that it makes no difference whether we stay away months or years. The country home is always calling. Orchard, garden, and animals do best for those who love them, and no one is too old or too young to find work and interest with growing things.

However complete a farm home may seem when bought, the creative instinct is strong in the country, and with Kipling, we feel that "we may of our love create our earth." So our farm becomes, in some degree, an expression of ourselves.

Fortunately we knew before we began farming that the tales of fortunes awaiting the city man who turns his office-trained mind to the business of the farm were better turned out. The farm-trained mind is more versatile than the office-trained mind, and the salvation of the city man who goes a-farming is the generosity of his neighbors who lend a helping hand. But a good-sized farm, well equipped, will pay even the city man when he learns how to run it.

We began with twenty acres, an old house and barns, and a view. We did not make money off this with which to stock the place, buy land, build barns, and live in plenty. A Chinese gardener might, but an American family can't.

Mr. Farmer, not being born or trained a farmer, galdly earns his living in the city, and when vacation times comes he hurries to the farm and works and studies and plans, so that when it will be time to leave the office for good he will come back to the land with some training for the life.

Mrs. Farmer and little Miss and Master Farmer live in the city during the winter months and on the farm all summer.

Mrs. Farmer raises flowers and vegetables and poultry, with the very necessary assistance of men who know how. She puts up fruit for winter use and for Christmas gifts, and shares the house and farm with brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews and friends who haven't quite decided to go and do likewise, but feel the charm of country life, or at least wonder what it is, and come to see.

We urge no one to give up trips abroad and life at summer resorts to

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"WE BEGAN WITH TWENTY ACRES, AN OLD HOUSE AND BARNS"

"WE CHOSE GUERNSEYS"

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"THE CHURCH WAS BUILT BY MEN AND WOMEN WHO KNEW AND DEMANDED BEAUTY"

join the growing fraternity of country folk. The call is loud enough to those who can hear it. The cities must be filled, and God wisely made some people deaf to one call, and other people deaf to another, and each man goes his appointed way. We are glad that our way led us to the hills of New England. Perhaps the farms are rockier than those of the western plains, and the winters colder than in the land of orange groves, but it does not seem as though there can be a fairer spot on earth.

Our farm has the charm of having been in the family for three generations, that is, we are the third, and we dream that the hands of our great-great-grandchildren will turn the spinning wheels in the old attic that is now the delight of our children.

The farming instinct skipped a generation, and for a time the land was rented or left alone to cover itself with witchgrass and brambles as it chose. For each of five years we have spent some time and some money improving the place. It has not paid its own expenses in money yet, but in fun and health it has more than paid, and the other will come. The old house has been made modern enough to be comfortable, and left old-fashioned enough to be lovable. The barns are bigger and better than they were. More acres and buildings have been added, until we find from statistics that we have an average farm in size, and we are determined to make it more than average in productiveness.

Already a bull of our own raising has taken first prize at the fair, and a new joy came with the knowledge that our stock is good. We have chosen Guernsey cows. The principal reason for the choice is perhaps the same as that which a neighbor gave for choosing Ayrshires: "Because we like them." We are keeping records, and trying to select the best

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of the many new ways of caring for the dairy. Until we have built a silo, and put enough land under cultivation to raise most of the feed, we can give no reports as to how profitable a small dairy of Guernsey cows may be. We are slowly working towards a model dairy.

Our pigs are Berkshires, and the piggery is in the same undeveloped state as the dairy. Our Shropshire ewes have not yet given us our first lambs, so we are not an authority on sheep raising.

We are practising on a few chickens, intending to go into the poultry business when we know more about it. That and the flowers, vegetables, and small fruits will be Mrs. Farmer's special care. She hopes to take short university courses to add to the practical knowledge already gained.

The young folks are more interested in having a good time than in making the farm pay expenses. But even they take some part in the work. The daughter and her guests pick flowers, shell peas, help with the housework, and add much to the joy of life with their enthusiasm over the arrival of each calf, pig, lamb, and chick. The boy and his friends are builders of hen-houses and doers of innumerable small farm chores, besides being general errand boys. All of the young folks keep us informed as to which cherries are ripest and which plums are sweetest, and when the lake is warm enough for a swim.

Mr. Farmer is paying especial attention to rejuvenating of an old orchard which was one of the late additions to the farm. It will take some years for the trees to recover from the first pruning given them in many years. The apples this year were few, but cultivating, spraying, and fertilizing gave us the finest of fruit, and we expect to some day raise prize-winning apples as well as stock.

THE VILLAGE HIGHWAY

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A STUDY IN GREEN AND WHITE

This fall we plowed the orchard and sowed it to clover, timothy, and rye, and next spring the sheep will help destroy any weeds that dare appear, and improve the apple crop.

Bees too are expected to do their share in making the trees bear fruit, while laying up honey for themselves and us.

Our woodland is waiting for attention. A sugar camp will be fitted up in time. There is endless thinning, training, and planting to do on the hillside, thickly wooded with many kinds, sizes, and shapes of trees, and carpeted with ferns and wild flowers.

Catering has a new charm when menus are suggested by a walk through the garden and fields. Appetites flourish when tempted by fruit and vegetables freshly picked and yellow cream from our own dairy. We used to enjoy duck at the city club, but now we wait for our big Pekin ducks with their nearly white slices of breast.

We are too near to our neighbors to raise turkeys, but do not despair of having even those when a new breed arises which will bear confinement, or the fence around the wood lot is high enough to keep them on our own premises.

Our pheasants are just putting out their gay striped and iridescent feathers, and are as tame as chickens.

Each spring a few new fruits, flowers, and vegetables are tried, and some of them added to the permanent list. This year, besides an orchard of greening and king apples, we have set out new varieties of cherries, crab apples, and dwarf early apples.

We made a specialty of asters in the flower garden, and though the cold late spring and rainy summer nearly proved the death of the asters, we had such masses of wonderful sweet peas that the drowning out of our chosen specialty was forgotten.

Swiss chard and eggplant were added to the vegetable garden. The Swiss chard throve mightily, but we

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shall try other methods with the eggplant another season. Garden peas rejoiced in the damp cool season, and were as plentiful as sweet peas, serving us until the first of October. Garden peas and corn seem to bear no relation to grocery peas and corn. Other vegetables may be bought, those never.

Next year an iris garden and white raspberries are to be on the list, which grows with every hour we spend planning.

The church in our community was built by men and women who knew and demanded beauty. Perhaps the wonderful view from the churchyard of Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks in the west, and the Green Mountains in the east, made ugliness in other things impossible. Certainly most of the buildings in the village are good.

The school is excellent. We are more content while our boy is in the country school than when he must march with the multitude in the grades in town.

Every land and water sport is in easy reach, whether we take our outings afoot, with horses, boats, or automobiles. New England is too small for the most remote farm to be many hours from city pleasures, which are ever ready if a rainy week makes country life seem dull.

We may spend the morning on the hillside sorting apples, and the afternoon at the matinee, and the apples will be better sorted because we feel that we may be part of the madding crowd when we choose, and the matinee will be more enjoyed because we know that the orchard awaits us at home. The nearness to every sort of life is one of the great charms of farming in New England. Most people want to be of the world most of the time.

We are more firmly convinced each year that city comforts may always be had for the asking. Luxurious living and the entertainments, rush, and clatter of city life are easy to get. When winter settles down upon mountains and forests and lakes, we dare to leave the beauty for a time, knowing that Jack Frost will hold even the wonderful colors of the view until, tired of travel and the music and art that men can give, we come back to revel in God's painting and the music of life.

THE GUARDIAN

(*Continued from page 531*)

hills, for the quiet of the old farmhouse. He wanted a sight of Julie's clear eyes.

Bella without a word of reproach prepared his breakfast, but he ate little of it. After that he hung around the house all day strangely moody and silent. It was not until he went to work Monday morning that she referred to his debauch.

"'Gene," she said, "are you comin' straight home to-night?"

"You bet your life," he answered. "I've had enough of that."

She lifted her lips as she had in the office of the Justice of the Peace.

"Kiss me, 'Gene."

He kissed her and went out.

'Gene was not himself all that week. With the crisp fall air his fit of homesickness grew on him. It was as though he had awakened from a dream. He went back again in his thoughts to the day he had left Julie by the side of the road, and felt again the brush of her lips. He cursed himself for a fool and grew sulky. The only thing that held him at home was a certain awe he felt for the marriage relation itself. As far as Bella was concerned, he would have left her without hesitation. She was able to care for herself. She could go back to the restaurant with him out of the way. Probably she would forget him in six months.

It was Friday evening that he picked up the paper and saw an item

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that sent the color to his cheeks. It was to the effect that one Barney had been arrested for posing as a Justice of the Peace. The reporter discoursed at some length in a semi-humorous vein on what the probable outcome might be on those whom the "Justice" had married. Barney had done a flourishing business in that line, and it was roughly computed that at least a hundred couples were victims of his false claims.

From behind his paper 'Gene glanced at Bella. She was bowed over a bit of sewing. She had been very busy of late with her sewing, often working far into the night. The steady toil told on her. Her face was colorless and there were dark rings below her eyes. For a month now 'Gene had noticed that she was looking unusually plain.

He took a quick survey of the room. It was clean as a whistle, but there was no breathing space. At this moment he felt a sense of being crowded. He folded the paper and shoved it in his pocket. He must get out of doors. He rose and took down his hat. Bella glanced up anxioulsy.

"Oh, I'm only goin' for a walk round the block," he assured her irritably.

"You won't be long?"

"No," he answered, starting for the door.

"'Gene," she called.

"What is it?"

"I — I wish you'd kiss me."

He returned, kissed her in a perfunctory way, and went out.

The night air was crisp, but in place of the earthy smell scented with the perfume of nuts which he knew now flavored the air at home, he was greeted with a salty foulness. To-night this nauseated him. He tried to get away from it, and at the end of a half-hour's walk found himself in the park. He sat down on a bench near an electric light and once again read the news item about Barney. So, as a matter of fact, Bella was not his wife at all. She had no claim whatever upon him. So far as the law went, he was as free as when he left home. Home!

The word gave birth to a day-dream. He saw himself getting off the train at St. Croix and walking over the road to the little red schoolhouse. He saw himself waiting outside until school was over. He saw Julie come out; saw her start at sight of him; saw himself stride towards her. He had not figured in a really dramatic episode for several months now. This appealed to every sense in him. It brought back to him the moment of parting as vividly as though it had been yesterday. It flushed his face and quickened the pace of his heart.

He rose and turned down the avenue towards Rooney's. He felt the need of a drink, but at the door he hesitated. He went through his pocket and found a dollar bill which he didn't know he had. This decided him. As he stepped forward, he heard a voice:

"Say, shipmate."

Turning, he found himself confronting a bronzed thick-set man with a parrot on his arm.

"What ye want?" 'Gene questioned with growing interest.

"I'm down an' out," answered the fellow. "Give me a half for the bird an' he's yours. He's worth a fiver if he's worth a cent."

"Where'd ye get him?" inquired 'Gene.

"In South Americy. I'm just ashore an' I'm stony broke."

"South America?" exclaimed 'Gene.

The word acted on him like magic.

"Th' same."

"I'll take him," 'Gene answered quickly.

The two passed through the doors together, and 'Gene secured change at the bar. Then he reached out eagerly for the bird. The latter sputtered a protest.

"Damn! Damn! Damn!" he cawed. Then, as an afterthought, he added, "Rio de Janeiro."

"Where'n hell he picked up his cussin' is more'n I know," the sailor apologized.

"That's all right," put in 'Gene. "Have a drink?"

"Will I? My throat's one long stretch of sandy desert."

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"Ye say you're just back from South America?"

"Docked three days ago."

"Ye didn't happen to visit Rio de Janeiro, did ye?" questioned 'Gene.

It was the only cue the man needed, and for an hour 'Gene listened breathlessly to adventure after adventure in that and other ports. When he came out, he felt that he had been at sea himself.

'Gene left his parrot with a friend on the first floor and made his way uncertainly up the stairs to his own flat. As he expected, Bella was still up and still sewing. She greeted him with that same maddening, patient smile which for three weeks now had never left her face. He stumbled to bed.

The next day was Saturday. 'Gene came home sober and with his pay envelope intact. He felt a bit repentant and wished so far as possible to justify himself. That evening he was unusually decent to her. He helped her wash the supper dishes and swept the floor for her.

"'Gene," she faltered, "sometimes you're so good you make me ache."

His cheeks grew hot.

"Don't ye b'lieve it," he said quickly. "Ye'd be better off without me."

"Without you?" she faltered. "I wonder sometimes how I ever pulled it off long's I did without you."

"That's only the way ye feel now."

"More'n ever now," she answered.

For a second she seemed upon the point of saying something more, but she was unable to muster up the courage. With a soft little laugh to herself she turned away.

'Gene was up at daylight the next morning,

"You lie where you be," he urged his wife. "I'm kinder uneasy. Guess I'll take a walk."

"Where?" she asked in surprise.

"Just round. Oh, ye needn't be afeerd I'm goin' to tank up. See, here's the money."

With some ostentation he counted out his full week's salary before her and tossed it on the bed.

"If I wasn't so sorter tired, I'd go with you, 'Gene," she said.

"Sleep as late as you can. Don't bother 'bout breakfast."

When he was dressed, he leaned over the bed and kissed her. With sudden passion she reached up her thin arms and drew his sandy head to her breast.

"'Gene," she whispered, "I ain't never goneter scold you again, no matter what you does."

"I don't mind," he answered uneasily. "I tell ye I'm only a bother anyhow. Ye'd be better off if I was gone."

"Don't never say that again, 'Gene," she pleaded.

"It's God's truth," he answered. "Good-by."

He pulled himself free and stooping kissed her again. Then he left.

He stole down the stairs like a thief and called for his parrot. Then he hurried down one street after another until he found himself facing the suburbs and moving towards the east, towards St. Croix.

The only comfort he had was that he didn't have a red cent in his pocket. Everything that he had in common with Bella he had left behind. That was what he would do if he died, and to all intents and purposes he was dead to her. This was better and saved her the expense of a funeral. The thought cheered him into smiling and gave more spring to his long legs.

(*To be continued*)

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Newer Aspects of Pageantry

By ELEANOR RANDALL STUART

TO New England is due the importation and fostering of that glowing, panoramic form of outdoor drama which is now country-wide — the art of pageantry.

It is an art which since its incipiency has undergone many changes. It had its beginning in England in medieval times, forming a link between the old morality and miracle plays, and such indoor pageant dramas as "King Henry V." The word comes from *pagus*, a plank, probably denoting the rude wooden planks or floats on which the scenes of the early pageants were mounted, and then drawn in procession through the English villages and towns. Very naive and restricted were these first pageants, and rivaled by the playhouses and masques of Elizabeth's day, the pageant fell into disuetude, only to be revived again with "pomp and circumstance" in this present century. But in the long interim the matter and spirit of the pageant had greatly changed. It was no longer the crude affair of medieval times. It was still acted in the open air, but on a greensward instead of a plank. Great trees and ivied castle walls formed its background: in as far as possible the participants played the parts of their own ancestors, and the pageant became the chronicle of a town told in stirring scenes that swept from the dawn of that town's history to the present day. Music, spoken speech, pantomime, dancing, singing,— all the arts were combined to make perfect the art of pageantry. The pageant fostered local pride, and woke a new interest in history and the outdoor drama. It crossed the sea, and, like many another new idea, received its primal impetus in New England.

The St. Gaudens Pageant, produced in Cornish, N. H., some six years ago, was the first American pageant, soon followed by the Historical Pageant of Springfield, Mass.

Since then town after town has been dramatized, but though the spirit of pageantry has spread beyond New England's borders, it is in New England that it still remains most vital and significant. And while the American pageant lacks in a measure the magnificence of the English pageants, it substitutes ingenuity for splendor, new ideas for ornateness.

The past season has been particularly rich in pageants. In more than twenty New England towns this communal form of drama has revitalized the past. It has given a new meaning to Old Home Week, and has lent itself as a colorful means of celebrating the anniversary of the founding of various towns. Among these Miss Margaret McLaren Eager's historical pageant of Great Barrington, Vt., was a notable example, for it portrayed not only a history of the town, but included a portion of one of the earliest American plays written by one of the town's inhabitants some hundred and fifty years ago. This was a fine example of the outdoor *communal* pageant, pure and simple. But the experimental spirit is abroad, and other forms of pageantry have begun to make their appearance. The little village of Tyringham, in the Berkshires, long famous as the place in which Hawthorne wrote his "Tanglewood Tales," gave as the celebration of its hundred and fiftieth anniversary the Hawthorne Pageant (by Constance D'Arcy Mackay), a pageant which, instead of celebrating the history

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PURITAN SCENE IN THE HAWTHORNE PAGEANT, TYRINGHAM, MASS.

of the place, celebrated instead the genius of its once presiding spirit. The scenes, linked with choruses and dances, were taken from Hawthorne's works, and the pageant was acted (quite appropriately) on the lawn of Tanglewood, one of Tyringham's many beautiful estates. This was a literary form of the pageant, yet still *local* and applicable. It is in such pageants as these, perhaps, that will be found the answer to the question that is now being asked, After the historic pageant, what? After a town has had a local historic pageant, what can it do next?

The question is a pertinent one. Throughout the country there is a newly awakened delight in dramatic action, in community expression, in the joyful sense of participation, of working together for something definite. Must all this cease when a town has had its history dramatized? Is there to be no further use for the open-sir stage, the grand stand, the home-made costumes, the heirloom "properties"? For the pageant has other uses than those of local centenary celebration. It is of national importance also. A number of cities have already discovered that the pageant is an ideal form of commemoration for Memorial Day, Patriots' Day, and for fitly celebrating the Fourth of July. These national holidays call for something more than local themes. Their pageant-dramas must deal with episodes of national import. The leading characters in their scenes must be the heroes who belong to America as a whole, and not to a restricted locality. It becomes evident that besides community pageants there must be national pageants of artistic and educational value, an answer to the recurrent query of what a town can do. This is a new idea, and it has already been demonstrated that it is an effective one. For its safe and sane Fourth this year the city of Boston, through its Citizens' Celebration Committee, produced in Franklin Park Miss Mackay's "Pageant of Patriots," unique in that it was the first children's historic pageant of America, a pageant

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INDIAN MAIDEN IN "PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS"

dealing with the youth of American heroes. Five hundred youthful citizens from the North, South, and West ends of the city took part in it.

Here indeed was one of the newest aspects of pageantry, for the characters portrayed were (with a few exceptions) of the same age as the children who acted them. In one episode young Priscilla Mullins formed the central figure, and the occupations and manner of the youthful Pilgrims were clearly shown. In another episode George Washington appeared as a lad engrossed with the adventures and difficulties of his first surveying trip; still another scene showed an encounter between young Daniel Boone and the Indians — a bit of pioneer life savoring of wilderness and hardship. In contrast to this was a glimpse of Boston Common on a summer afternoon in 1720 with young Benjamin Franklin dividing his time between flying his kite and selling his father's candles. There he meets a quaintly garbed old crystal gazer who predicts his future greatness, and presently he falls asleep and dreams of what she has told him. In the dream appears the court of France, and an older white-haired Franklin, now world famous, being presented to Marie Antoinette. A fête is given in his honor, and this gave opportunities for charming stately dances by hosts of little girls who represented shepherdesses and milkmaids from the Betit Trianon, with dresses of pale blue and violet and rose showing rainbow-like against the green. In all the pageant dialogue the real words of Franklin, Washington, and Boone were used; and participants and spectators were made to feel the actuality of the scenes presented. The plea for true patriotism ran like a leitmotive through the pageant, and again and again it was brought home to the children that the great men of America succeeded in the face of tremendous difficulties by the power of their own efforts. Little citizens were shown that there was "a chance for all." The stirring prologue, spoken by the Spirit of Patriotism, bade them "keep their purpose high and true." And the great audience of some six or eight thousand people made instant response.

Thus, phase by phase, a new form of drama is being upbuilt, not by the theaters, but by the citizens of America themselves, — a form of drama

BOYS ENJOYING THEMSELVES AS INDIANS IN THE "PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS," BOSTON, JULY 4, 1912

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LITTLE CITIZEN, "PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS"

instinct with life, purpose, and variety. Its results and its future can hardly be overestimated. Its spirit and its scope are still growing. It is ever changing, ever new. It is bringing inspiration to the leisured, pleasure and zest to the toilworn, and it is teaching the eager immigrant the true and glorious history of "the land of promise."

DANIEL BOONE SCENE, "PAGEANT OF PATRIOTS"

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Music for Children

By ETHEL SYFORD

WHEN you speak of your child's education I wonder whether you have music in mind as a part of it. Personally I do not believe that there is any mental occupation which is more capable of making for broad-minded, sympathetic perception and refinement than is music. For some time we have been accustomed to witnessing with delight the increased progress and interest which little folks show when their mental tasks are picturesquely presented to them. Music is most susceptible to interesting treatment, and it yields readily to picturesque presentation, — almost more so than any other subject; but how many poor little innocents one sees trudging to their music lesson with lack of interest or even dread in their hearts because it means a tiresome lot of "musts" and "don'ts" and dry explanations which they hardly comprehend!

Mabel Madison Watson has made it possible to make the elements of music study infinitely more interesting to the little learner. Instead of asking it to try to remember the placing of the eight notes on either side of middle C, Miss Watson has contrived "First Visits to Tuneland," — a collection of twenty-three rhymes and tunes which gradually lead up and down to the octave on each side of middle C, using the C scale fingering and always five note positions. Children are past masters in the art of "make-believe," and Miss Watson has made the "tunes" tell the same story that the rhymes told. I can easily imagine the earnestness of a little tot's trying to make "The Old Man in Leather" say, "How do you do, and How do you do, and *How* do you do again," as vividly on the piano keys as though the old man were within them, and lo and behold the little tot has been unconsciously getting hold of the rhythm of triplets by a perfectly natural process, and it has been having a delightful imaginative experience at the same time. In other words, the child has been having a profitable good time. Think of the fun of learning the bass notes of the octave down from middle C by making them say, "Ride away, Ride away, Johnnie shall ride, and he shall have Pussy cat tied to one side, and he shall have little dog tied to the other, and Johnnie shall ride to see his grandmother." It is simply a means of making musical results come perfectly naturally. Miss Watson had this in mind when she says in her preface, "They are not only to be correctly read through, but should be played as rapidly as one would speak the words and with the same accents. Do not be satisfied unless the piano 'talks' as easily and intelligently as the words can be spoken. This should be accomplished by review playing. By frequent consecutive repetitions the pieces would be learned by heart instead of being read at sight." "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief, Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef, etc.;" and in giving Taffy his just dues the enthusiasm of the little pupil, in trying to make the tones "act it out," has accomplished some sturdy strengthening of fourth and fifth fingers, a considerable sensing of what a phrase means, and excellent drill in reading from changing clefs. These little pieces can not be excelled, I am sure, in their usefulness nor in their ability to fascinate the child, and I am sure that by the time he has reached the last "tune" in the book, — "Ding Dong Bell," — he will have

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made considerable use of his imagination, he will have acquired quite a little practice in finger and muscle strengthening and will have gained in development of concentration, and he will have the pulsing of rhythms naturally induced; all this accruance is far more valuable and far in excess of the possibilities of the usual uninteresting struggle which this stage of musical study usually means. Also, all of these little "tunes" make excellent material for first lessons in transposition.

As a sequel to "First Visits to Tuneland" comes "Twelve Magic Keys to Tuneland," which comprises thirty pieces in all the major keys. There are "Snowflakes" which fall down the C scale and "Four and twenty sailors who went to kill a snail," and in trying to run away they scoot up the G scale and "The Three Wise Men of Gotham" in E major, and a chimney sweep who drops "to the bottom from the top" in A flat major, and some wonderful happening for each major key. "A Second Trip to Tuneland" continues the excursions into imagination, in the different major keyes. "Three Black Crows" and "Old King Cole" are little dramas in tuneland.

"Warps and Woof" are eleven little tunes and rhymes for independent part playing, and in her preface Miss Watson says, "Did you ever sing a 'Round'? Some one starts a tune, after a measure or two some one else starts it, keeping always that much behind the first voice, perhaps several others to join in one by one until they are all singing the same notes or words together. It is like a game of 'Follow the Leader.' Very few tunes would sound well sung in this way. When one is adapted to such treatment it is called a canon. A small pupil of mine always calls canons 'copy-cats.'"

Each one of the eleven different tunes is treated to at least two ways of development, — a veritable lesson in counterpoint and the foundation for excellent training in listening to the different parts without mental confusion. The children who are drilled with these eleven tunes and their transformings will certainly not flinch quite as hopelessly when they come to Bach Inventions as have some that I have seen.

Besides these eleven tunes and rhymes, the book contains two pages of examples of different ways to treat a theme (to be played and explained), and four themes which are to be written out in as many ways as you can.

These works that I have just mentioned are as interesting to children as are picture books. In fact, they are picture books with tones to be used for crayons. Miss Watson has shown a unique and sympathetic understanding of the most accurate and telling means for appeal to the child mind. With such excellent means at hand as these works by Miss Watson, the most telling results are obtained from children but three and four years old. And in order that children may not be allowed to become foreigners to the meaning of music, they *should* become acquainted with it at an early age.

A little more advanced — first grade — are the interesting "Summertime Stories," — five rhymes and tunes: "Merry are the Bells," "Goldilocks," "The Fair Maid," "Little Streams" and "The Soldier Dog." Also, "Out of Doors," — six characteristic pieces which have such suggestive titles (to aid their receiving a dramatic portrayal) as "Round and Round we Go," "Hop Scotch," "Let's go Walking," etc. "Scenes from Tuneland" are six little pieces on five notes, — "The Sheep Pasture," "In the Long Grass," "The Dancing Dolls," "Moccasin Dance," etc.

The "Children's Party" is a set of six compositions which have the same clever usefulness for "first pieces"; they are "Tableaux, a Dream Waltz," which will fascinate completely, and it contains the same contrivance for unconscious technical gain. The "Jig-Saw Puzzle," "Music Box," "Battledore and Shuttlecock," "Playing Horse," and "Going to Jerusalem"

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are the others of the "Children's Party," and they are all most attractive.

The "Marionette Ballet" might be called a musical Punch and Judy show, and fully that interesting will it be to its little players. There is the "Harlequin," "Pierrette's Waltz," "Columbine's Dance," "The Fairy Queen," "Puncinello's Dream" and — grand culmination of excitement — the "Wedding March of Pierrot and Pierrette," "Pierrette's Waltz" and "The Fairy Queen" quite pretentious little first grade pieces; also the "Wedding March," which will make the little player as proud as can be when he acquires it. This "Marionette Ballet" is the most fascinating set of first-grade pieces that I have seen. That Miss Watson has imagination in abundance herself, and that through it she has given us music for youthful players that is definitely artistic in its appeal to and its call for imagination in the child, means that the bigger growth of the child and the more sincere love of him for music is able to be called forth. Miss Watson has done much toward helping to make music an interesting and greater reality for children.

THE OLD COLONY BACKGROUND

FROM A FORTHCOMING HISTORY OF TAUNTON

By RALPH DAVOL

Won it by the axe and harrow,
  Held it by the axe and sword,
Bred a race with brawn and marrow,
  From no alien over-lord.
Gained the right to guide and govern,
  Then with labor strong and free
Forged the land, a shield of Empire
  Silver Sea to Silver Sea.

D. S. SCOTT.

THE stalwart Pilgrim fathers, wading through the curling surf from their shallop (a "bow-shoote" distance) to the welcome sands at the point of Cape Cod, and bearing in their arms the loyal Pilgrim mothers, coming ashore to do their belated washing, make a homely and amusing, but very significant, picture of the landing of our "Mayflower" ancestors. The presence of those women betokens that the sea-worn home-seekers had come to stay — to breed a new race which should perpetuate their vital principles as an abiding influence in the land. The genesis of this new provincial type, now known throughout the world as the "Down East Yankee," was in this Old Colony, and on Cape Cod — a "Clam Yankee," the Dixie folks call him.

Those descendants of Norman and Saxon brought sturdy bodies, evolved by long warfare against other races, and a moral fiber nerved by religious conviction and stiffened by persecution. Their most conspicuous quality was courage — not so much courage to *come* (for in time of persecution the line of least resistance is to migrate), but courage to *stay* in this new country, to put the plough into this stubborn soil and not turn back with their returning ship. It is this "staying quality" which compels our reverence.

Hunger brought them hither — soul-hunger for the worship of God according to their light. With heroic strength of mind they held tenaciously to their Nicene Creed, and rebelled against formalism and ecclesiastical pomp; tolerated no intermediary between themselves and their Maker; recognized two sources of power — God and the devil; thought it difficult to tally a happy life with a virtuous one, guided their lives by the King James Version (loath to question its

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teachings); and considered piety the chief end of man.* They felt they had crossed the ocean in fulfillment of some divine revelation of human progress. The beckoning finger of Cape Cod was a providential guide to this location.

Peculiar characteristics differentiate this Old Colony Yankee from the rest of mankind. The natural features of a country are said to mould its inhabitants. In this Old Colony there are no mountains, great rivers, waterfalls, or prairies. The four indigenous factors influencing them were, the surrounding sea, the fickle climate, the stingy soil, and the gloomy wilderness concealing treacherous neighbors.

The sea invites exploration, demands a wide horizon, inspires expectancy and curiosity. The capricious climate is a test of physical quality, with its range of weather from arctic to tropic on short notice, and compels the Yankee in self-protection to become a close observer of nature, and may explain his remarkable propensity for guessing. To fortify his constitution against these mercurial changes, he discovered that hard cider and Jamaica rum were agreeable accessories, driving out fever in summer and warming his stomach in winter; and incidentally of value in bargaining with red men or in prolonging the pastoral call. The Yankee was not always a good match for John Barleycorn. He was sometimes trundled home in a wheelbarrow from the muster; after an installation festival, ministers were known to be gently tucked in bed by kind-hearted parishioners; gin-sling, toddy, flip, and punch gave Saturday a Donnybrook finish; in Taunton, the store-town of the Old Colony, was a shed on Jockey Lane known as the "Morgue," where maudlin victims snored off their week-end sprees.†

* John D. Long has pointed out that they were not all "saints"; the varied elements of human nature cropped out in the first shipload.

† There were then, in proportion to the population, five times as many resorts in Taunton, licensed to sell liquors, as there are to-day. The public conscience did not look upon this drinking habit as an enormous sin.

Damp weather produced pulmonary complaints. The demise of the New England winter was accompanied by a train of ailments. Wells stagnant in summer bred autumn fevers, which carried off the little ones. Salt meats and heavy foods produced lank, dyspeptic bodies. "Tell me, what you eat, and I'll tell you what you are," says a Frenchman. Diet determines mental and moral capacity. Vegetarianism was an unknown virtue. Pies of mince-meat, pumpkin, apple, chicken, clam, and rhubarb were a mainstay, interlarded with "Injun" pudding, doughnuts, sausages, hogshead chesse, "b'iled dinner," codfish balls, johnny-cakes, baked beans, succotash, and pandowdy.

From the soil they acquired a quality called "grit."

> "Winning by inches,
> Holding by clinches,
> Slow to contention, but slower to quit;
> Now and then failing,
> Never once quailing,
> Let us thank God for our Saxon grit."

Inland it was so rocky that they declared the ballast from the Ark went overboard there during the flood; toward the shore it was so sandy, some one remarked, that the farmers might be judged insane, like the feigning Ulysses when he ploughed the seashore at Ithaca; down on the Cape the thin garment of soil was sadly "out at heels and elbows." In places the turf was sown thick with arrowheads and domestic mementoes of the vanishing Indian.

How to deal with the aborigines was a vexatious problem. The newly arrived white men found themselves between two fires; Canonicus in the Rhode Island territory was hostile to Massasoit in southern Massachusetts. The red men dwelling in this corner of the Atlantic seaboard were hardly more developed than the beavers building their dams along the rivers, the deer that migrated in families through the forests, or the colonies of crows holding caucus in the treetops. The Indian had made little advancement beyond the making of a bark canoe to cross the ponds; pointing his

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arrows with flint and eagle claws; baking clams in seaweed; fertilizing corn with fish; and curing skins of moose or wild cat to provide clothing and shelter. Along comes the white man, who proceeds to subjugate the four elements of air, earth, fire, and water, as vassals to do his work. He cuts down the primeval timber and fashions comfortable dwelling-houses (often with gambrel roof, in memory of the Pilgrims' sojourn in Holland); he harnesses the rivers to make nails, boards, and cider; he taxes the wind to turn sails for grinding corn into meal; he digs and smelts bog-ore into rude implements. With patient labor he converts the forests into pastures, the pastures into cattle, the cattle into beef, the beef into brawny arms to fell more forests and drive his enemies from the earth. These discoveries the red children of the forest had not dreamed of; even as those pioneers had no vision of our modern electric servants and aerial conveyances.

The red men were, for the most part, treated contemptuously by the white men as treacherous vermin. King Philip was persecuted with barbaric ferocity; the head of the Princess Weetamoe was displayed on a spontoon in Taunton to terrify Indian captives; Annawan, after his capture by the daring Captain Church, was taken to Plymouth and executed, in spite of Church's promise that his life should be spared if he surrendered without resistance. Yet there was some show of justice. Governor Bradford proudly recorded that every foot of the Old Colony had been paid for, though the Indians often sold their lands for a mess of pottage. Several white men were once hanged for the murder of an Indian, but we imagine these white men were "undesirable citizens" of the tiny republic. There was an attempt to Christianize the savages. Coadjutors with Eliot — Bourne and Treat of the Cape, Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard, and Danforth of Taunton — were measurably successful, leading a large number of converts into semi-civilization, teaching them to get a poor living by farming and whaling — the latter a not uncongenial sport. But praying Indians were a decadent race, and at Mashpee, Eastham, and Assawampsett aroused almost as much suspicion as their unregenerate brothers. Having little regard for property rights, they walked into town and took what they needed without apology. Many became slaves; one, named "Quock," was long in the family of Ephraim Leonard. Miscegenation with the imported blacks produced a less savage but no less fierce-looking type of man. The Indians were more capable of adopting the white man's vices than his virtues. "Fire-water," first offered them on their meeting with Governor Carver, was much to their liking and contributed toward accelerating King Philip's War a few years later. Algonquins circled in the rear of the seaside settlements "like the scythe of death ready to mow them down at any moment." Scalping-knife and tomahawk brought dread alarm to young and old. Often the valiant housewife sat in the crotch of a tree with loaded flintlock to protect her husband's scalp as he hoed the growing corn.*

*These Algonquins first used the word "Yankee." Having no "l" in their language, they could come no nearer to pronouncing the word "English" than "Yengeesh," which became corrupted into "Yankee." A towering, gigantic, iron statue of King Philip, with uplifted tomahawk and full savage regalia, should be erected on the summit of Mount Hope as a memorial tribute of the Yankee to the former tenants of this land, and an object lesson in history.

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